Nov. 21, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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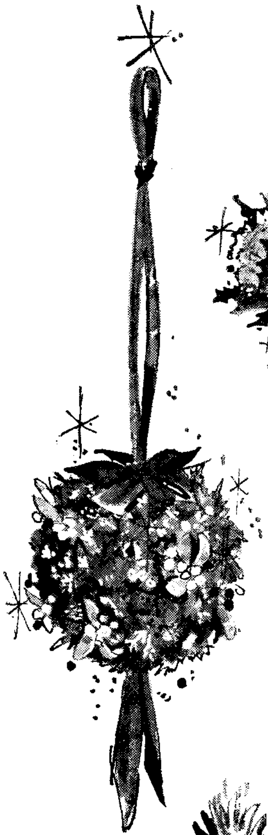

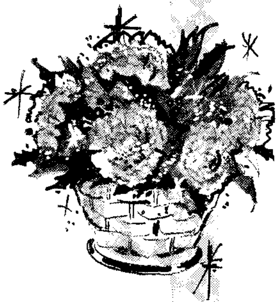

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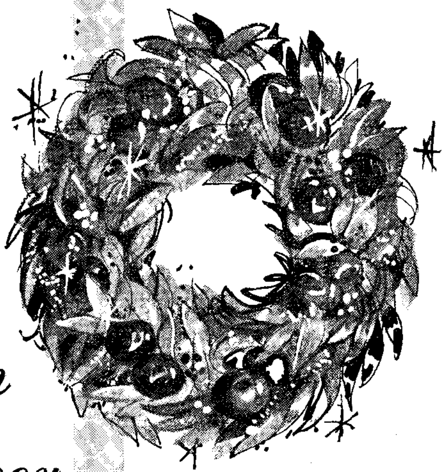

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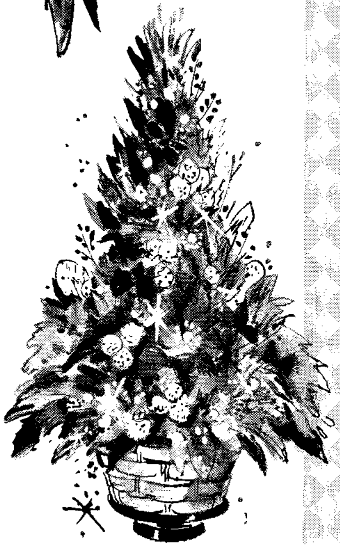

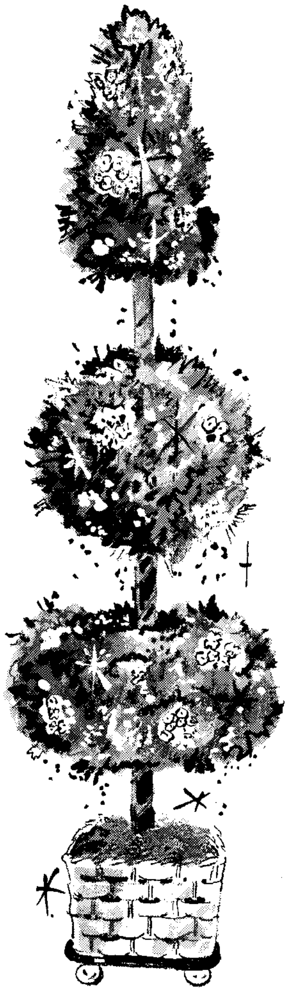

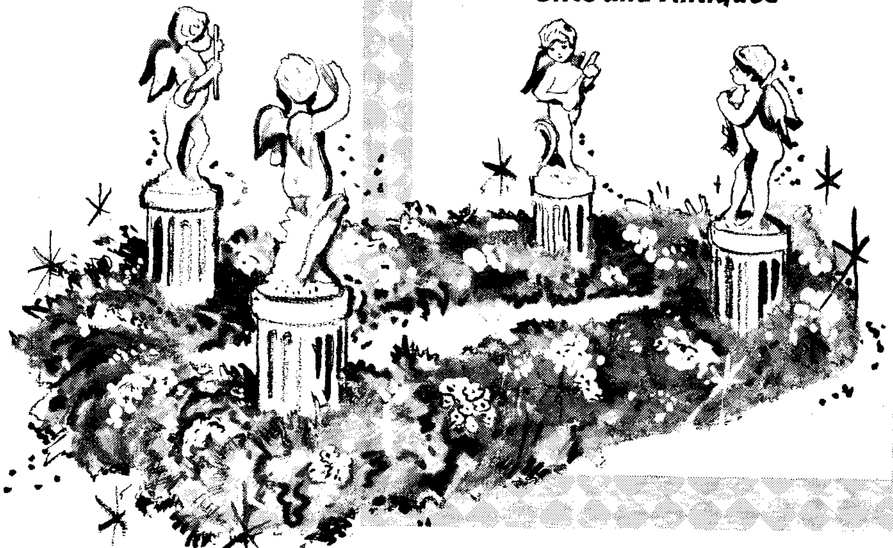

BONWIT TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Droll stuff by Ira Wallach having to do with a freewheeling scientist's attempt to conform to the standards of a stuffy corporation. Fred Clark is splendid as the scientist, and he has plenty of help from an excellent cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

I Was Dancing—Burgess Meredith and Orson Bean in a comedy adapted by Edwin O'Connor from his novel of the same name. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer David Merrick. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 21.)

Luv—A funny triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—and has been wonderfully arranged by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Physicists—A murky effort by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, which has to do with some allegedly crazy nuclear scientists immured in an institution populated by not only the quick but the dead. Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, George Voskovec, and Jessica Tandy are capably on hand. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

Poor Bitos—A clutch of upper-class bounders out to make mock of a poor, proud member of the proletariat. Very old hat, although Jean Anouilh wrote it only a half-dozen years ago. Donald Pleasence is exciting as the put-upon non-establishment man. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A Severed Head—Robin Bailey, Heather Chasen, Sheila Burrell, and Paul Eddington are apt entertainers in this comedy by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, but they never manage to make themselves quite understandable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 21.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Lorraine Hansberry's description of how things are among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stodgy sister-in-law, help him along, as do most of the others in the cast. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Frank D. Gilroy is the author. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce, by Muriel Resnik, about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** About a young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Moves on Monday, Nov. 23, to the Morosco, 45th St., W., CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, starring Diana Sands and Alan Alda. A presentation of Philip Rose, Pat Fowler, and Seven Arts Productions, directed by Arthur Storch. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Ben Franklin in Paris—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—*Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro.* (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Joseph Stein did the adaptation. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin and Kay Medford. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—All about the way things were when the War to End Wars was in progress. Sardonic would be the word for this one, and so would hilarious. The cast, directed by Joan Littlewood, is laudable. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Something More!—An author escapes, to no purpose, from Mineola, Long Island, to Italy, where there is wine and laughter, presumably. The laughter, however, is not very evident in this show. A pair of dancers—Jo Jo Smith and Paula Kelly—give the thing a bit of zip

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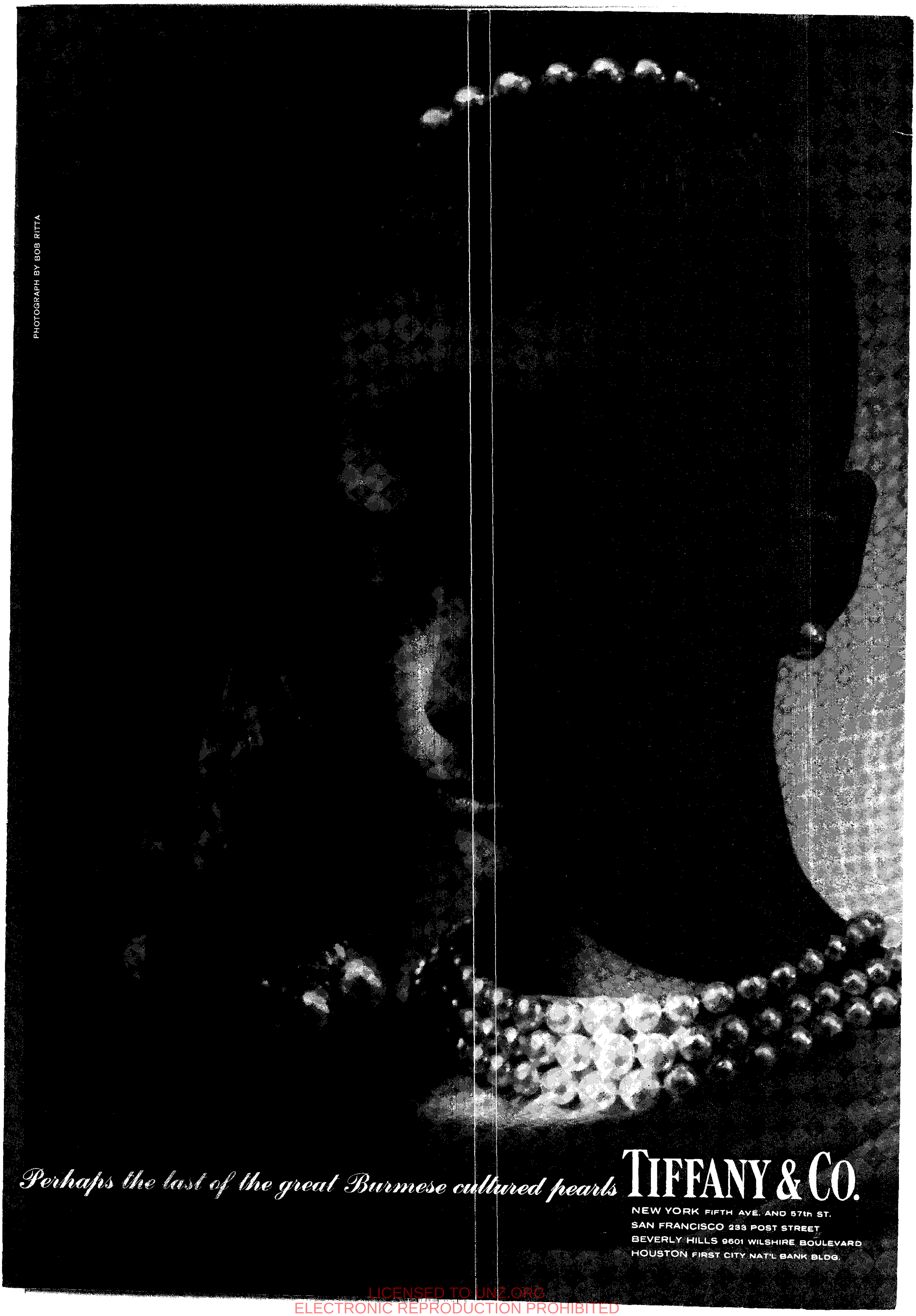
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

intermittently. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**HELLO, DOLLY!**: Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Ronnie Welsh is the youth on the upswing, and Jeff De Benning is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

P. S. I Love You—Geraldine Page in a comedy adapted by Lawrence Roman from André Roussin's "Un Amour Qui Ne Finit Pas." The producers are Morton Gottlieb and Helen Bonfils, and the director is Henry Kaplan. Opens Thursday, Nov. 19. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Zizi—Roland Petit's Paris revue, with a company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians headed by Zizi Jeanmaire. Presented by Columbia Theatrical Enterprises and Claude Giraud Productions. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bajour—A musical based on the articles about gypsies that Joseph Mitchell wrote for this magazine, with a book by Ernest Kinoy, music and lyrics by Walter Marks, and a cast that includes Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr. Directed by Lawrence Kasha and produced by Edward Padula, Carroll and Harris Masterson, and Norman Twain. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, at 8:40, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 23. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"The Changeling," a play by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, was *the thing* to see back in 1623. As put on by this company, under the direction of Elia Kazan, it isn't now. Performances Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 8:30; Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's "Incident at Vichy" will be the second in this season's series of four plays. Previews Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8:30. Opening on Thursday, Dec. 3. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

Schiller Theater—In its first appearance here, this company of a hundred from West Berlin will present a two-week repertory, in German, of Schiller's "Don Carlos" and Carl Zuckmayer's "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick." The engagement opens on Tuesday, Nov. 24, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 6. "Don Carlos," with Ernst Deutsch, will be performed through Sunday, Nov. 29. Simultaneous-translation doodads may be rented at each performance. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A five-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore"; Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8; Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8; Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 20.)

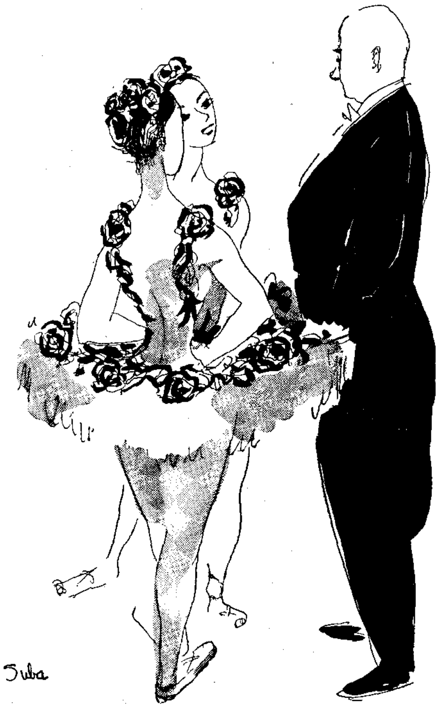
Amato Opera Company—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving Day at 8:15.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Faustus—A fussy production of Marlowe's great tragedy. Mostly sideshow and very little play. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Giants' Dance—Boris Tumarin in a comedy by Otis Bigelow. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

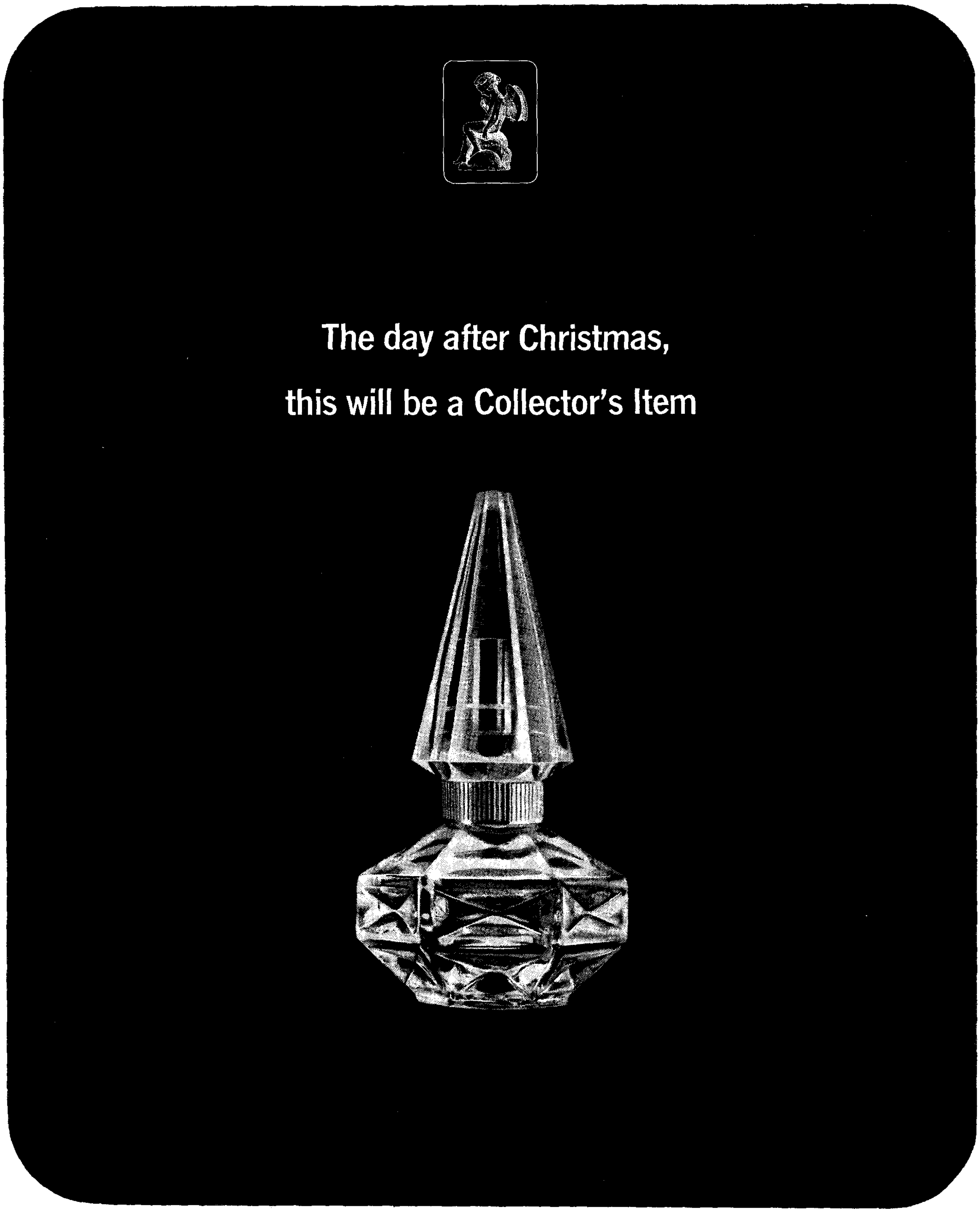
The Old Glory—Nathaniel Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and Herman Melville's "Benito Cereno," both of them dramatized by Robert Lowell. The first, as produced, is a posturing nuisance, but the second makes a quite stirring play that does some justice to the magnificent story it is based on. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is very good as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Route I—A double-bill by John Wolfson. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of stinging and funny one-act plays by Will Holt. For the second of them, Mr. Holt has written songs that manage to be satiric and tuneful at the same time. The performances are good, too. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées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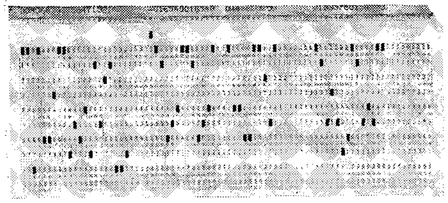

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

American Dance Theatre—A new repertory company of thirty, in a program of modern-dance works, by Doris Humphrey, José Limón, Donald McKayle, and Anna Sokolow. The second of two performances. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Rosemary Clooney, never in danger of being penalized for unnecessary roughness, winds up her slow, easy, and sunny recitation of an assortment of good ballads on Tuesday, Nov. 24. She appears in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, where there is dance music (the best of it by the band of Lee Evans) all along. The Royal Box will be closed on Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Thanksgiving Day. The enterprise reopens on Friday, Nov. 27, to admit Monique Van Vooren, who will be arrayed like the Taj Mahal and prepared to sing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The newest British colony, and one that wishes to preserve all the prerogatives of royalty. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra move the populace to mild exercise. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler waves a reasonably magic wand at a fiddle. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—By now, as it approaches its eighteenth birthday, this is a link with our past, when the town went to bed much later. Angelo's band reports at the little dance floor around nine, and it and Bobby Gosh's songs and piano take turns for a long time thereafter.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a plaza with Roman antecedents, I Cavalieri di Roma supply, from eight to one every night but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day, music that can be danced to by Americans but that never loses its Roman stripe.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Alex Geraldo, the resident guitarist, does, though; he disappears on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Robert Goulet, a sterling example of man-power, has been given a satisfying repertory of arias to knock about at dinner and supper time, along with a lot of dialogue that would last one night on the Broadway stage. The scene is the Persian Room, where Emil Coleman's big, sturdy band and Mark Monte's gadflies play around for hours on end. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs cut classes every Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. Sundays are silent.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's fount of inspiration yields balm of Gilead, milk, and honey, on which his big band diets all evening long; Quintero's crew has looked upon Latin music, found it good, and plays it even better. They are in the Maisonette. Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Both of these establishments are shut Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The broken-field running on the dance floor, which gets machine-made music that is as chipper as the hand-made stuff, is one of the seven wonders of the modern world; the stage set is among the seven wonders of the ancient world. Eight to four is the deal.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Little Leslie Uggams is essaying the transition from air waves to solid earth—which is to say the Empire Room, where she is singing for her dinner and her supper. The best of the Meyer Davis bands, run by Emery Davis, and a group run by Horace Diaz are on duty all evening. The room ends its season on Saturday, Nov. 21.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, both Latin and local, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, Tuesdays at eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. Aldo Bruschi, basso profundo and robusto, and pianist as well, is the patron saint of the young Rodolphos and Mimis and Cio-Cio-Sans who pour their hearts out a couple of times an evening. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, he leads a tiny dance band, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, is applying supercharged technique to both piano and lyrics in a scene taken from a terribly fashionable spa—quite possibly this year at Marienbad. He checks in at ten-thirty, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. There's solo piano too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. No dining. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The trappings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (421-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one close to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, a calm but calorific guitar is wielded, from eight until one, by Gustavo Lopez. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the Andalusian guitar of José Luis Franco, who is on the scene from eight to one. No music Mondays; closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week. Sundays, two other office workers do the job. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio begins at eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-

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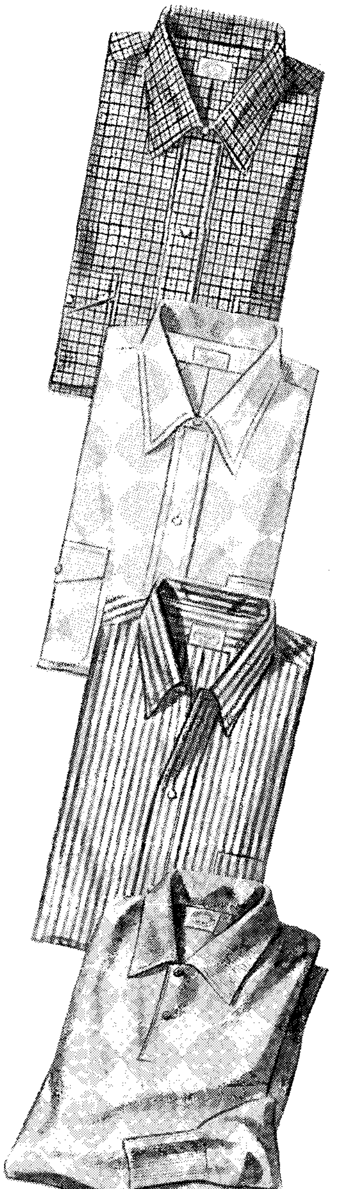

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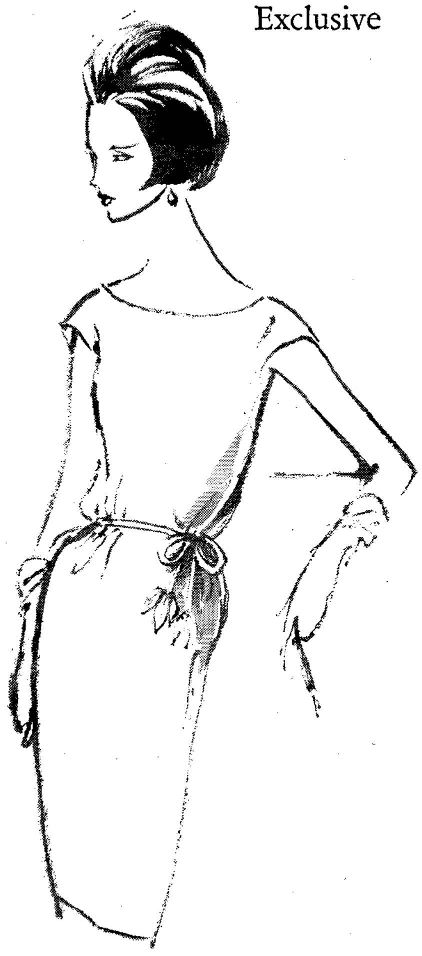

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The current roster of court musicianship reads like this: Daphne Hellman at her harp from seven to nine on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Joyce Rosenfield at another harp, and at the same time, the other days of the week.... **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A small but vocal set of pedestrians, guitars in hand, make one circuit after another of a plaza in which the dining, like the music, has more than a touch of Latin America. The circuit riders function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers from wherever Spanish is spoken.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The music in this countinghouse parlor is strawberry jam from the piano of George Feyer, who intersperses homemade jokes among his chords. He is on duty from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Time and tide operate on the Roman calendar, and the tide bears along a six-man troupe of strolling musicians. Closed Thanksgiving Day.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a split-level living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is the word, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The captain's bar of a well-appointed small cruise ship, with—from nine-thirty until one—guitar of American (not Andalusian persuasion by Al Valenti. He is not around Mondays. No dining.... **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): From Glen Cove and Syosset, from St. James and the Hamptons come the customers to visit Ralph Strain, who is playing piano that makes one think of summer sailboating with one's best girl or walking her along a moonlit coral strand. His stretch is seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night," the newest of the almost continual sorority soirées put on by the management, has just begun its career, and an Olympic Games variety of girls are giving all their spare time to make a go of it. This year's choreographer is Dick Barstow; this year's leading lights are François Szony and Nancy Claire, those lighter-than-air balletomanes, and the Dagenham Girl Pipers, a large set of kilted young British musicians. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Shelley Berman, who has been under self-analysis for years, is making his findings public and pungent; Della Reese is putting her favorite ditties through her patented blowgun. Closed Sundays.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Kaye Stevens conducts a walking, talking, singing marathon whenever Nipsy Russell, whose wit may be too seamy for some of us, does not have the floor. In between, the big blond Copa ballerinas turn the establishment into a practice hall. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies of '65" is a euphemism for burlesque, but burlesque with bigger, prettier, livelier girls than ever before, not to mention better singers, belly dancers, and strippers, two splendid comics (Irving Benson, Jack Mann), and a remarkable pantomimist, George Carl. Twice a night is the rule during the week, three times on Saturdays. Dancing.

CABARETS

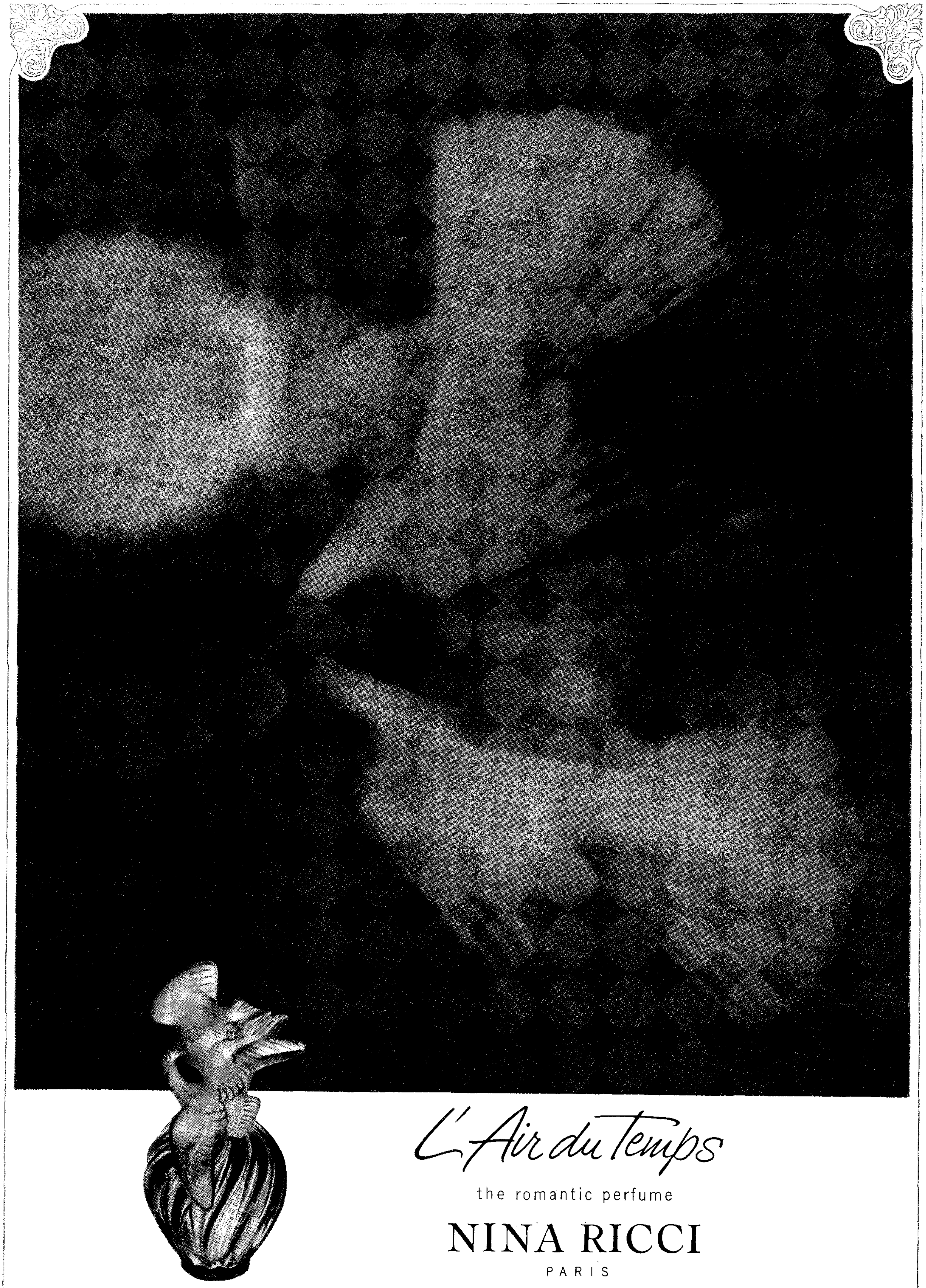
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speedwriting (and also speedreading) is given, at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday, by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who bring nuance to the pink of perfection, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Those grand occasions of public mourning—that is to say, flamenco singing and dancing—have been restored to these premises. Most of the partakers are mere girls, but—led by Rosario and Esperanza Galán—they carry the evening. Grave and portly Pedro Vargas, a South American troubadour, adds a finely timbred voice to the proceedings. They appear at dinner and supper every night except Sundays when there is one show at ten-thirty and also tea dancing in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too.... ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing that "The Game Is Up," a new miniature revue, does is to restore R. G. Brown and his keen sense of the preposterous to our night life. His principal companions are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who have their moments, too. The sketches run the gamut from fair to first-rate. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," the English revue, has been transplanted, along with its six men and solitary girl, from Broadway. Its jocosities, mostly second-*cru* "Beyond the Fringe" stuff, are repeated at eight-thirty during the week, at eight-thirty and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, at three and eight-thirty on Sundays. Ray Bryant's terse trio does the music. Mondays are dark.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A call to arms (mostly loving) is issued by Felicia Sanders in a voice filled with animal magnetism. Her glittery support is led by Irving Joseph's piano. Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn play double piano now and then. Miss Sanders departs on Sunday, Nov. 22. Her successors need not be mentioned. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): What happens here keeps on being mysterious and mostly amateur, but it is a known fact that Anita Sheer, an American flamenco guitarist who sounds completely Seville, will be on hand through Sunday, Nov. 22.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The great ideas that come to Bill Evans are instantly transmuted into chords on the local piano. His trio alternates with the Roland Hanna duo on the podium. The two groups appear Sunday afternoons, beginning at four-thirty, as well as every evening but Monday.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Swingle Singers, the most novel of the *nouvelles vagues* to come from the shores of France, are doing their wordless lyrics to all sorts of music. Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Cree folk singer, is also around, and Herbie Mann's septet will be added to the cast on Tuesday, Nov. 24. Mondays are assigned to drop-in performers.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Far and away the best of the Village coffeehouses. Its specialty is folk music, which at the moment is overshadowed by Danny Meehan's calisthenic delivery of a bunch of good Broadway musical-comedy songs. His last night is Monday, Nov. 23. Tuesdays are assigned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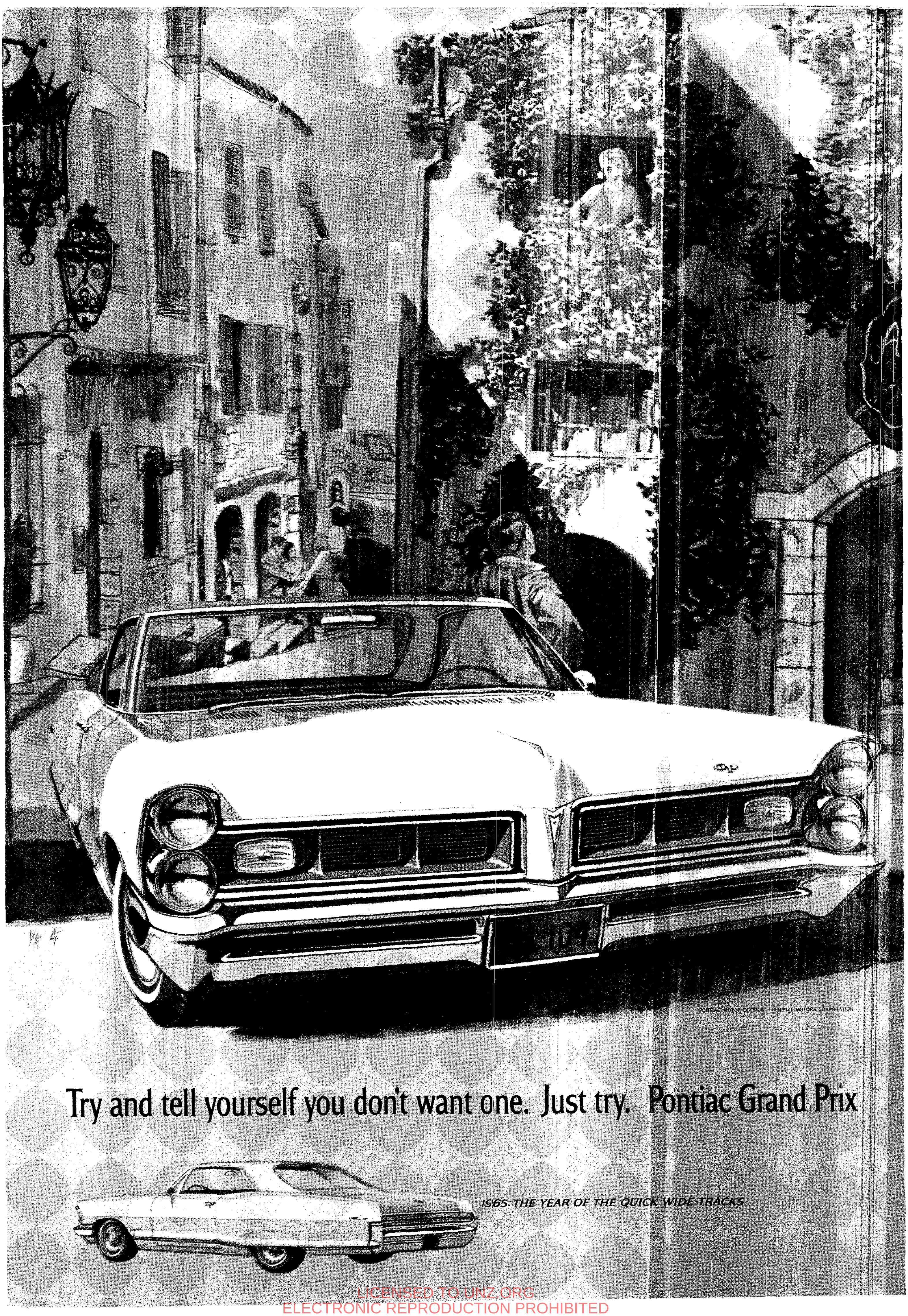
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to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace perpetually on the verge of blasting. Assault-and-battery noise prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then a good-old-days band run by Max Kaminsky and a fire-brand group run by Red Allen take the stand. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The quintet led by Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, who are very nice goers, signs off on Sunday, Nov. 22, and Horace Silver's fivesome (which is much ado about precisely what?) and Carol Sloane, a bust-them-wide-open soprano, move out the same night. On Tuesday, Nov. 24, Woody Herman's cluttery, clattery band and Les McCann's trio move in. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The alterations in this home of the hero sandwich and the new jazz come thick and fast: the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer is being replaced, on Friday, Nov. 20, by John Coltrane's quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Walter Bishop's threesome retires from this emporium on Sunday, Nov. 22, and on Tuesday, Nov. 24, Teddy Wilson's triad begins its even-tempered, jolly threnodies once again. Randy Weston's new-vogue sextet stays on. Mondays, a quartet headed by David Amram hangs out instead. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing piano, indulges herself in many a flight of fancy. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are the layers down of these laws. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5853): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko keeps changing the cast of his steeped-in-tradition band, but it is plausible that among his current crop of assistants you will find Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is conducting a warm and rackety band (Sidney de Paris is also in it) that declares its faith in the past. On Sundays, a trio fills in. Dancing every night. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four, and on Sundays it's given an extra Twist and turn.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Dec. 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—Two paintings, "Winter" (on which he has worked for two years) and "Children in the Tree," together with preparatory (and other) drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

DANIEL BRUSTLEIN—Portraits, landscapes, and other subjects; through Dec. 5. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD BUFFET—Landscapes and flower paintings by this French artist; through Nov. 30. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract oils, constructions, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Tasca, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative sculptures in stone; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JIM DINE—Paintings by this New Realist; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings and sculptures by this Paris modern; through Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—New paintings of Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

FRED FARR—Sculptures in bronze, mainly of prancing chargers and other animals; through Dec. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Optical abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALBERT GLEIZES AND THE SECTION D'OR—Paintings by Gleizes, against a background of paintings and sculptures by Léger, Lhote, Archipenko, and other participants in the 1912 exhibition the "Salon de la Section d'Or;" through Dec. 5. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HARVEY—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID V. HAYES—Semi-abstract figure and animal sculptures in forged steel and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings in white (1952-60); through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

DORIS KLEIN—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Granite, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Thanksgiving Day.)

HANS MOLLER—Semi-abstract oils of Maine; through Dec. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Abstractions by a Nicaraguan artist; through Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN MÜLLER (1922-58)—Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Abstract wood sculptures; through Dec. 12. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND PARKER—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Posters; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.)

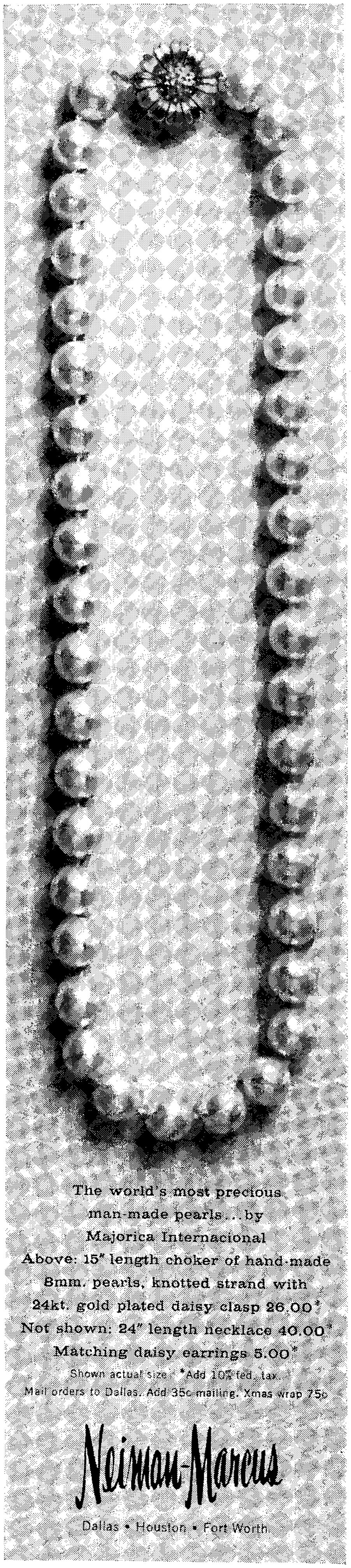
SERGE POLIAKOFF—Abstract oils and gouaches by this Paris artist; through Dec. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUDY POZZATTI—Prints and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

JAMES PRESTON (1873–1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by this close friend of the artists of the Ashcan school; through Dec. 12. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RICHENBURG—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Satur-



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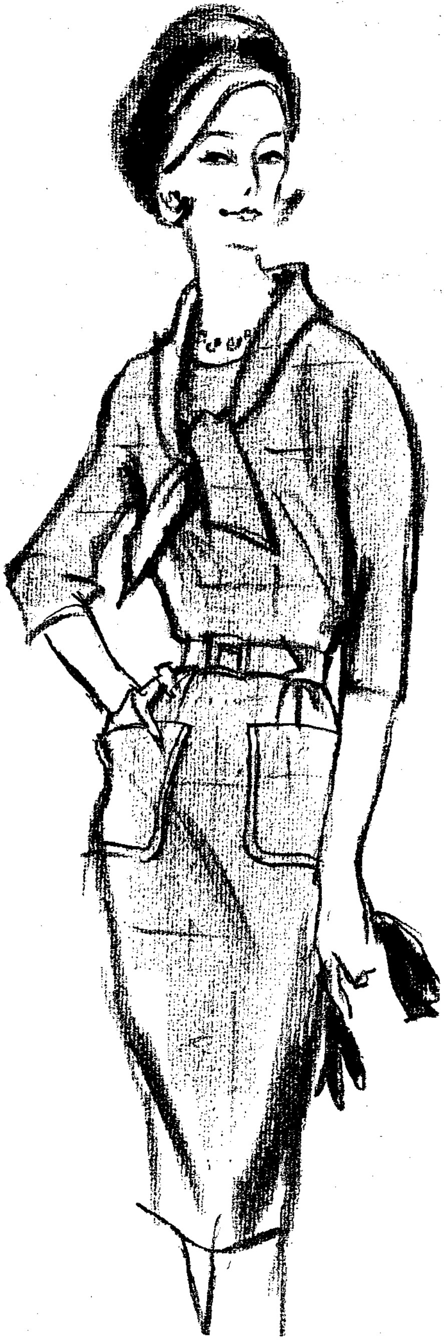

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Georges Rouault—The first New York showing of the set of fifty-four paintings (1930-38) used in making the wood engravings for André Suarès' poem "La Passion;" through Dec. 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Paintings; through Dec. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jason Seley—Welded-steel sculptures; through Dec. 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Byron Thomas—A retrospective of paintings (1929-64), mostly landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Anthony Toney—Figure and landscape paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—Portraits of relatives, friends, and family retainers, in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Dec. 15. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

John von Wicht and Robert Cronbach—Paintings by the former and sculptures by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Édouard Vuillard (1868-1940)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty paintings by the French artist; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Wilhelm Woeller (1907-54)—Expressionist paintings and drawings, plus sculptures, by this German artist; through Dec. 5. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St. Open Thanksgiving Day until 4.)

Karl Zerbe—Recent acrylics; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lehman Collection—A second chance to tour the Robert Lehman mansion at 7 West 54th Street, with its collection of paintings, furniture, glass, and tapestries. (Monday, Nov. 23, from 2:30 to 5:30; Tuesday, Nov. 24, and Thursday, Nov. 26, from 9 to midnight; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29, from 2:30 to 5:30. Twenty-five-dollar admission charge, which goes to the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University; for information about tickets, call TE 2-8138.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual exhibit, made up of pieces by seventy-two members, including Cleo Hartwig, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach; through Thursday, Nov. 26. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Association of Women Artists—Selected oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Dec. 2. (Pepsi-Cola Building, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

African Art—"Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements in wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA AMERICAN HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: This new gallery, devoted to art of the 1880-1930 period, in its opening exhibit has works by (for instance) Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fifty-first annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Sunday, Nov. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Nov. 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

French; Group Show—Paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Dec. 12. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres in the round; through Feb. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Paintings by the contemporary Korean artist Kim Whanki; through Friday, Nov. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A survey of paintings (1928-64) by the French artist Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures from the collection of Caroline and Erwin Swann, including pieces by Francis Bacon, Degas, Miró, and Rodin; through Nov. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and four others; through Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries from the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne;" through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Jan. 16. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York City: Host to the World, 1679-1900," a display of engravings and lithographs of city views and landmarks, as well as invitations, menus, and theatre programs illustrating how the Prince of Wales, in 1860, and other prominent guests have been entertained. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings, drawings, and black-and-whites by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, Elfego Esparza, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Carlotta Ordassy, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Joann Grillo, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: The one-act ballet "Les Sylphides;" and "Don Pasquale," with Gianna d'Angelo, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Gladys Kriese, Otto Edelmann, Jess Thomas, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8: The one-act ballet "Les Sylphides;" and "Don Pasquale," with Gianna d'Angelo, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Carlo Bergonzi, Nicolae Herlea, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Manon," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Verreau, Gabriel Bacquier, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Otello," with Raina Kabaivanska, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8: Act I of "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Otto Edelmann, and Barry Morell. Act I of "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi, Calvin Marsh, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. Act I of "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland and John Alexander. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—A Copland-Bruckner program on Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 20, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3 (no soloists); a varied program on Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2:15 (both with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone); and a varied program on Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3 (both with Daniel Barenboim, piano).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Emil Gilels, piano, and Lili Chookasian, contralto. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Thomas Dunn conducting—An all-Bach program, with Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ An all-Handel program; no soloists. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; and Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with José Iturbi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 23, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Joseph Eger conducting, with Ann Rylands, violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

HERMANN SCHERCHEN—Directing the New York Chamber Orchestra in two performances of

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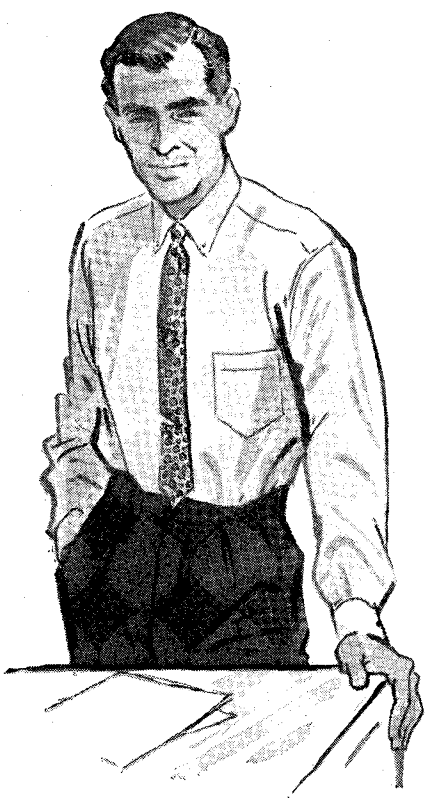

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mozart's Requiem, in memory of President Kennedy, with Marilyn Tyler, soprano; Joanna Simon, contralto; William Wolff, bass; and the Westminster Choir. The last in a series of programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 6:30 and 9.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Solomon," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; Blake Stern, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; and Harriet Wingreen, organ. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Möller directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Jan Gorbaty—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Margaret Roggero—Mezzo-soprano. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:40.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30, the first two in a series of six varied programs. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, the first two in a series of three all-Beethoven programs.)

Judy Collins—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:40.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor, with members of the City Center Orchestra directed by Julius Rudel, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Sestetto di Bolzano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Soprano and baritone, in Hugo Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fourth in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:40.)

Irina Arkhipova—The mezzo-soprano of the Bolshoi Opera, in her first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Claremont String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Note—Salvatore Accardo will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 23, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Irish Regiments—The Regimental Bands and Pipe and Drum Bands of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Royal Ulster Rifles, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, plus Irish dancers from the Women's Royal Army Corps. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—João Gilberto and his Brazilian All-Stars. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Gerry Mulligan's band, with Odetta. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at midnight.) . . . ¶ Ray Charles, pop singer, and his orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 4:30 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 21: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28: Knicks vs. St. Louis. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Carl (Bobo) Olson vs. José Torres, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 21 (all at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 28 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 12. Post time will be at 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 21; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 28.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—Huge balloons (among them Donald Duck and a lion) soaring along above sixteen floats, a dozen bands, and hundreds of costumed marchers. Starts at 9 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10.

Music—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 21, at noon and 2:30.) . . . OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR: Edith Möller directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "Folk Tales." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. *Children under five not admitted.*) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "Gabriel Ghost." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . PENCIL BOX PRODUCTIONS: "Fee Fi Fo Fum." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays at 1 and 3, Sundays at 12:30, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS: "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, Sundays at 12:30, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . .

STAGE 73: "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 27, at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space;" through Nov. 30. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Until Dec. 1, when the nineteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—C. Day Lewis reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ James T. Farrell reading from his unpublished poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—Chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors, displayed with a Japanese motif. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 22.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL EXHIBITION—First editions of his fifty-one books, four paintings signed W.S.C., three hundred photographs, a palette and paint brushes, and other memorabilia, in a show arranged to celebrate Sir Winston's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 30. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The sixteenth annual exhibit will include twenty-eight frames of postal stationery of the United States and foreign nations and a collection of unused blocks of the 1893 Columbian Exposition commemorative stamps, together with large displays from the Post Office Department, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Cardinal Spellman Philatelic Museum. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 22, from 2 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 1:45: French and English furniture, porcelains, silver, Tiffany glass, paintings, and rugs; from the estate of Bertha R. Conyngham and from other sources . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 1:45: Oriental art, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 21.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 24, tentative.)

Cleopatra—The famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Fail Safe—Henry Fonda as the President of the United States, in what one hopes is a contemporary fairy tale. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 24.)

The Finest Hours—A satisfactory documentary about ninety years in the life of Winston Churchill, a man joyous as well as great. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 24.)

Let's Talk About Women—Vittorio Gassman is the star of this Italian comedy about an inexhaustible and nearly always invincible womanizer. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Nov. 25, tentative.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as, respectively, a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. Showings daily at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at midnight. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Soft Skin—François Truffaut's compassionate examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress, all of whom behave as well as they can but with sorry consequences. Starring Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorleac. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 25.)

Topkapi—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 24-25.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; and Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 19.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 24.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 20-23.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 20-23.)

Don Quixote (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 20-22.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 24, tentative.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy life of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 24.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 23.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 19.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 25, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 24-25.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 23.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 19.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 19.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of the William Golding novel. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 19.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 20.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 20-22.)

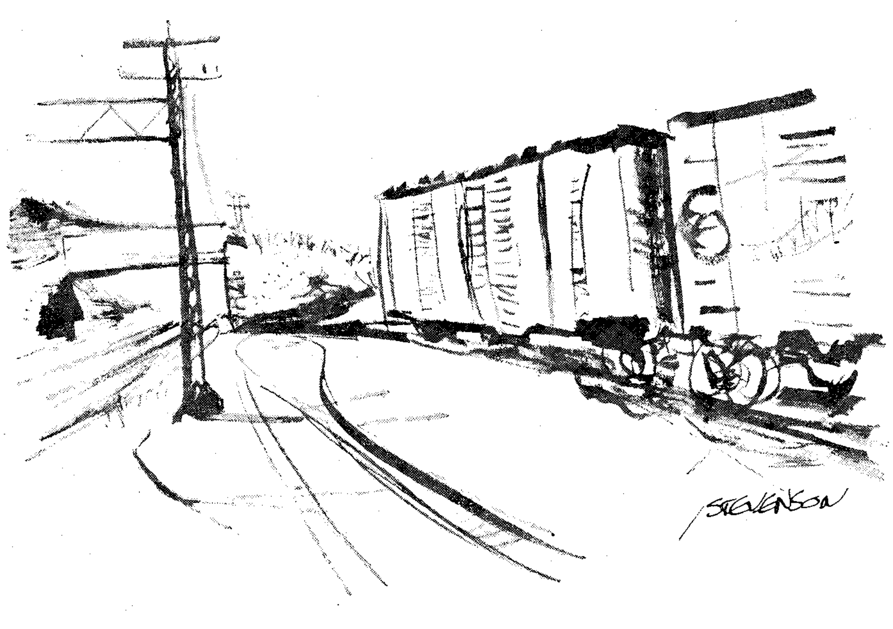
My Name Is Ivan (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 19.)

Potemkin (1925)—The celebrated Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 23-24.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 25.)

The Youth of Maxim (1935)—Revolutionary affairs in the Russian manner, with Shostakovich music. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 21: "Forgotten Faces" (1928), with Clive Brook. . . . ¶ Nov. 22-25: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), with Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 24: "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.
From Nov. 25: "First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Nov. 22: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.
From Nov. 23: "Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 24: "Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.
From Nov. 25: "Godzilla vs. the Thing;" and "Voyage to the End of the Universe," Dennis Stephans.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Unholy Desire" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 24: FAIL SAFE.
From Nov. 25: THE SOFT SKIN (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 24: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Nov. 25: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 24 (tentative): BECKET.
From Nov. 25 (tentative): THE HUSTLER, revival; and "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

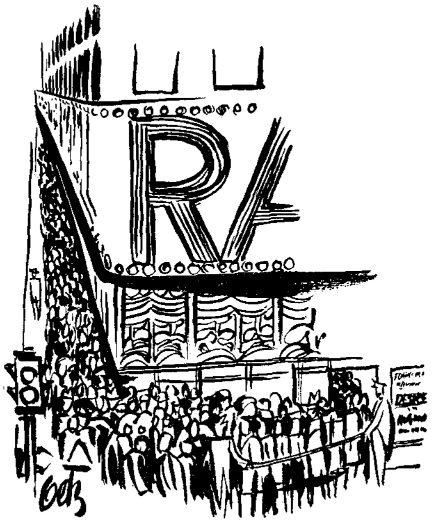
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 22: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 23: "Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Nov. 23: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette.
From Nov. 24: "The Terrace" (in Spanish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 23: "The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.
From Nov. 24: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 24: "Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.
From Nov. 25: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Ready for the People," Anne Helm, Everett Sloane.



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 22: "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.
From Nov. 23: "Les Abysses" (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE PUMPKIN EATER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Guns at Batasi," Richard Attenborough, Jack Hawkins.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Nov. 19: L'AVVENTURA (in Italian), revival; and BREATHLESS (in French), revival.
Nov. 20-22: THE MISFITS, revival; and "Detective Story," revival, Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker.
Nov. 23: KEY LARGO, revival; and HIGH SIERRA, revival.
Nov. 24-25: AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, revival; and I AM A CAMERA, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FINEST HOURS.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 24: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Nov. 25: THE SERVANT, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 24 (tentative): THE EASY LIFE (in Italian), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Nov. 25 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 24: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Nov. 25: "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
CLEOPATRA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 24: BECKET; and "The Buccaneer," revival, Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston.
From Nov. 25: "First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 19: L'AVVENTURA (in Italian), revival; and HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French), revival.
Nov. 20-23: CITIZEN KANE, revival; and BREATHLESS (in French), revival.
From Nov. 24: THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival; and THE 400 BLOWS (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 24: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Nov. 25: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 24: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 25: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Nov. 19: LORD OF THE FLIES, revival; and THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, revival.
From Nov. 20: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 24: BECKET; and "The Buccaneer," revival, Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston.
From Nov. 25: "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis; and "Ring of Treason," Bernard Lee.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "The Safety Match" (in Russian), revival.

23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
CLEOPATRA.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills, Eli Wallach.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Nov. 19: "Twelfth Night" and "Mumu" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Nov. 20-22: DON QUIXOTE, revival; and "Fate of a Man" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 23-24: POTEMKIN (silent); and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 25: THE YOUTH OF MAXIM and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Inheritance," a documentary film on the American workingman, narrated by Robert Ryan.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian).

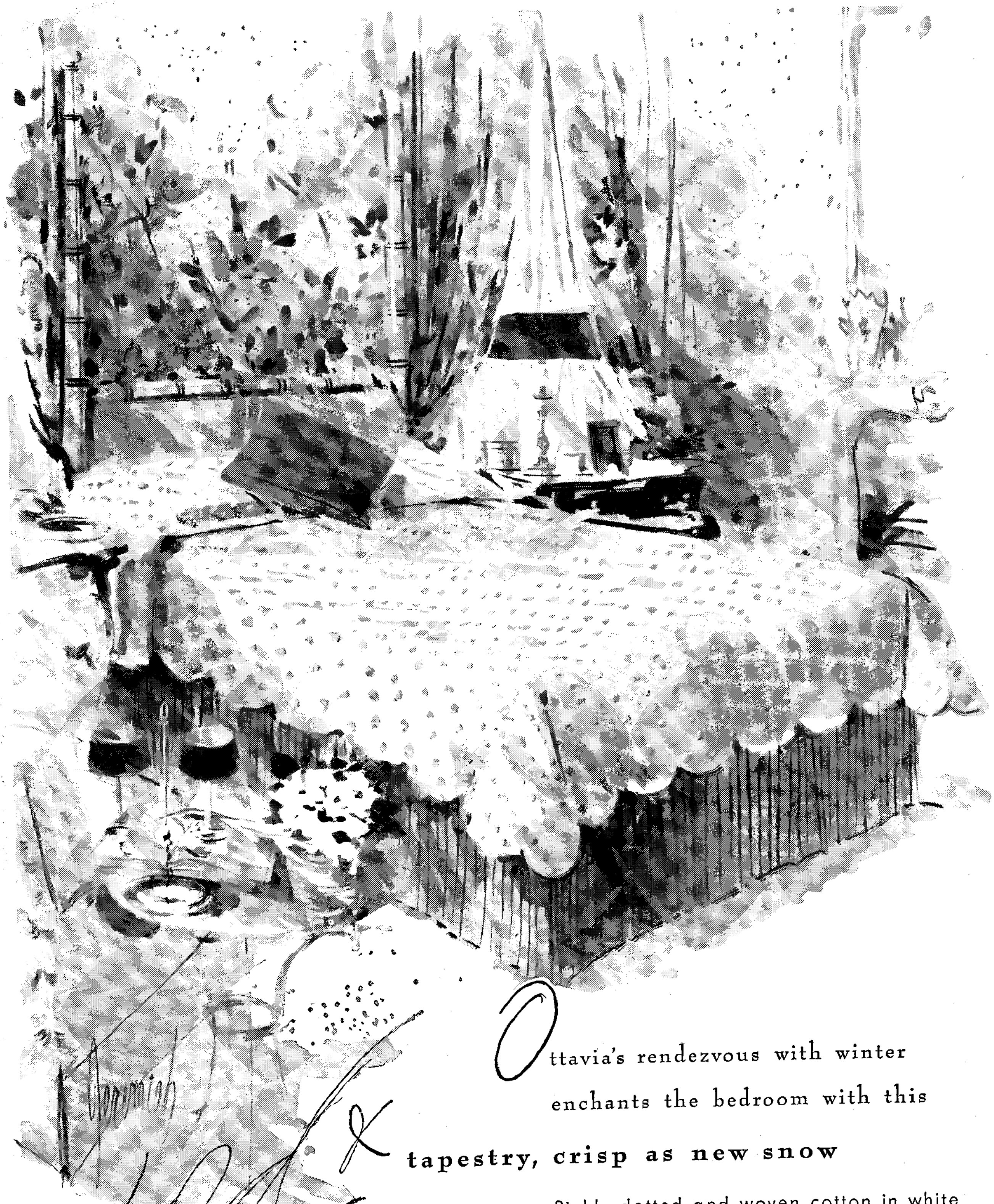
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Nov. 22: THE SOFT SKIN (in French).
From Nov. 23: "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Il Bidone" (in Italian), Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 24: "Invitation to a Gunfighter," Yul Brynner, Janice Rule; and "The Great Escape," revival, Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Nov. 25: THE SERVANT, revival; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 19: KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish), revival; and MY NAME IS IVAN (in Russian), revival.
From Nov. 20: MAJOR BARBARA, revival; and "Magnificent Sinner," revival, Romy Schneider, Curt Jurgens.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).



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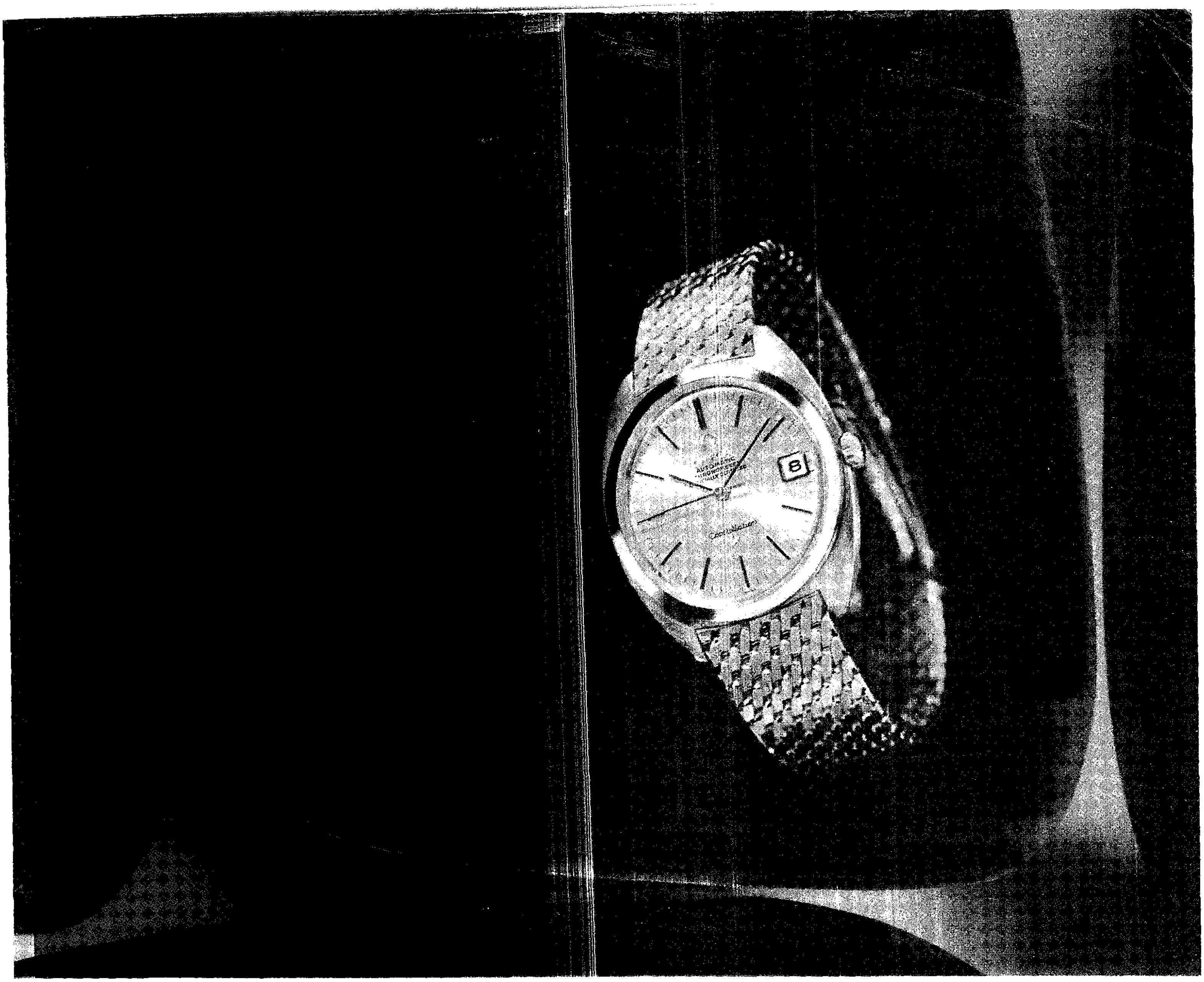

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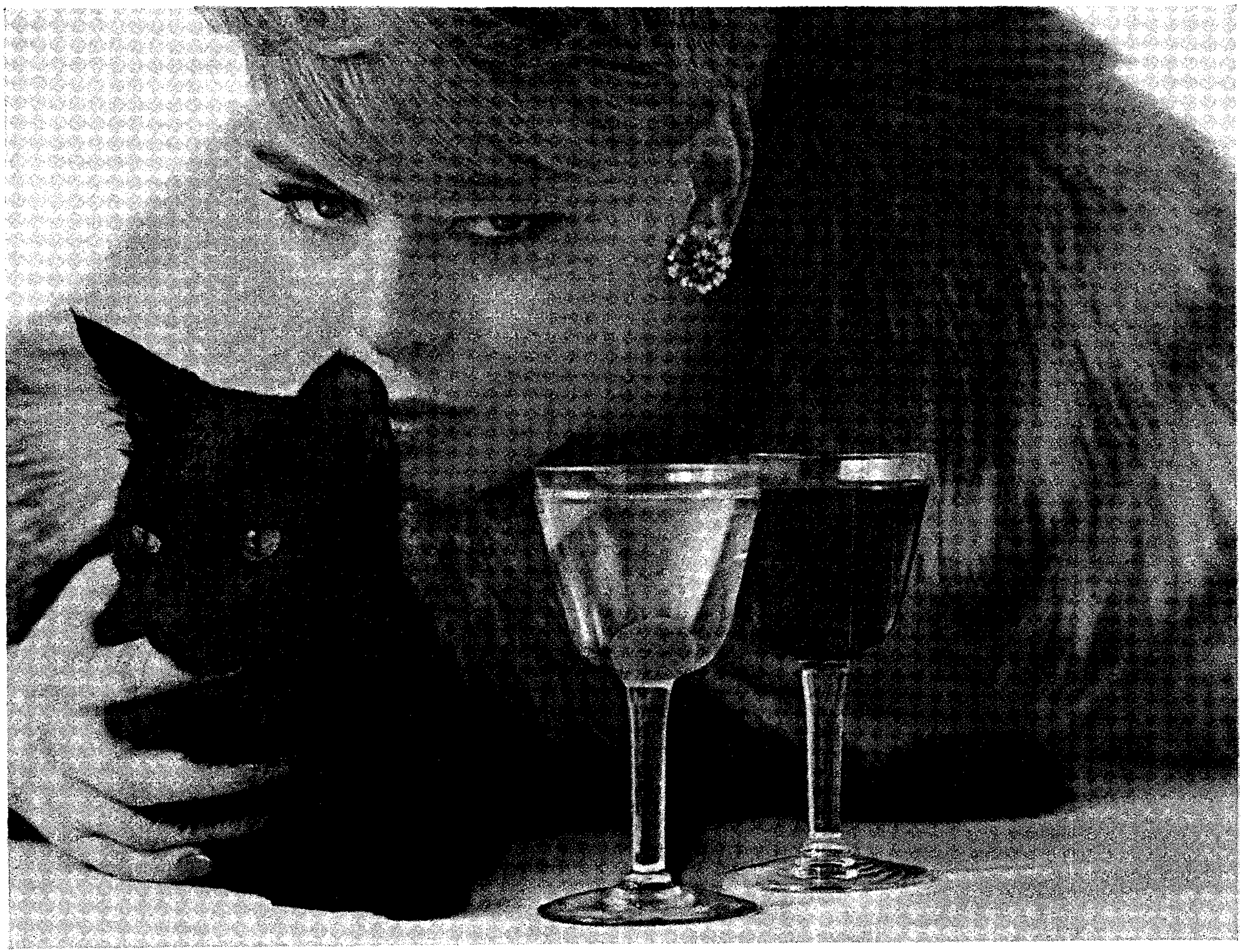

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This is a love story.

It starts in a city (not Paris). She was wearing Teal Traina's dashing gendarme plaid—and Indigo. She dropped a copy of Brecht. He picked it up. He was enraptured by her profundity, her ankles—and Indigo (the marvelous new perfume by Dorothy Gray that is the start of so many love stories).

©Dorothy Gray, Ltd., 1964

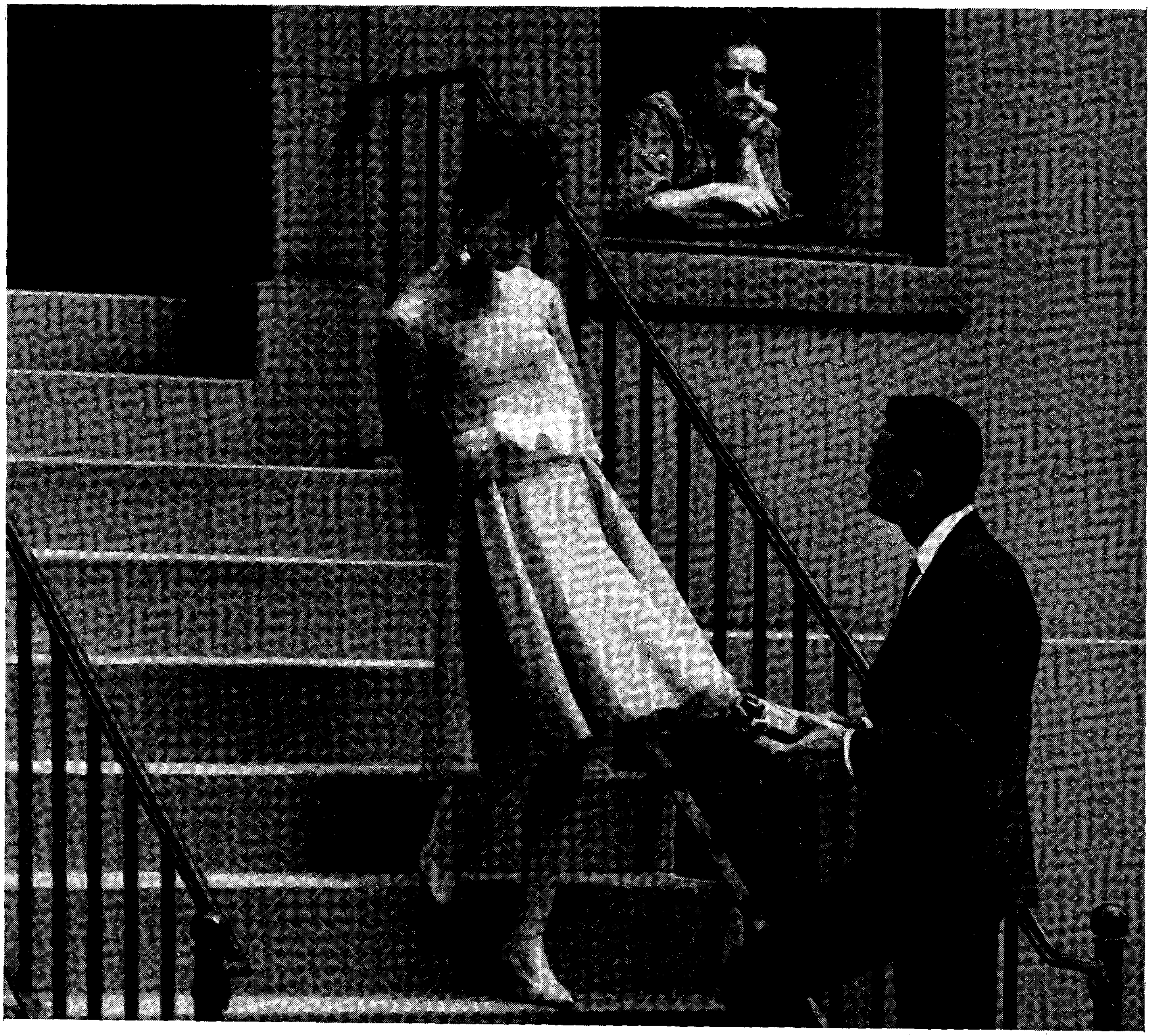
She dropped a copy of Brecht…he picked it up.

OR KNOCKWURST
SKIRT STEAK
STEAK

©Dorothy Gray, Ltd., 1964

He took her to the theatre. He took her to tea. And still she smiled, and shook her head (wafting Indigo). She was very sure of herself in a truffle-toned silk and worsted sheath (again T. T.)—and a great perfume. For Indigo by Dorothy Gray (perfume, cologne, dusting powder) even has the power to fascinate innocent bystanders—witness the waiter.

He took her to tea...



He presented it to her that evening...

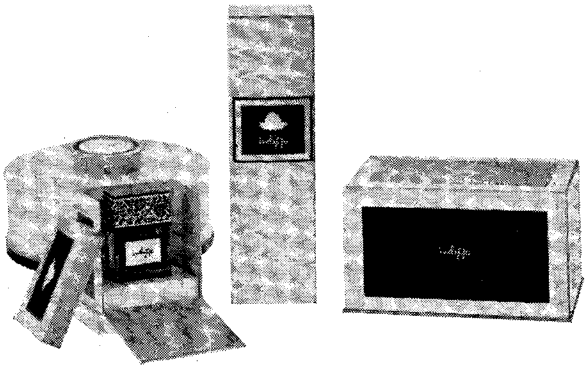
He searched high and low for a gift to change her mind. Not jewels (for he was not only nice-minded but also handsome and impecunious). Then he knew. He rushed to the store, had it gift wrapped, and presented it to her that evening when she floated down the great staircase in Teal Traina's marvelous moth gray silk organza. Her perfume—the only one possible.

She smiled. She nodded (as she had intended all along). They lived happily ever after in the Eiffel Tower (a West Side luxury development).

They lived happily ever after...

MORAL:

indigo—always "with love"



all the Indigo in the world:
—by Dorothy Gray
Perfume (4 drams 7.50)
Essence (2 oz. 3.50)
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Quick.

Next time *your wife* buys a big-occasion dress, treat yourself to an After Six tuxedo. She'll feel twice as beautiful on your arm — and you'll go to her head like champagne.

Once this debonair look is yours you'll find reasons for going formal more often. Throw a black

SPECIFY THE SATIN NOTCHED LAPELS ON MOHAIR AND WORSTED

tie dinner party for your closest friends and let them in on the fun.

And if it's been that long since you've worn a tuxedo, you'll find wearing one a surprise. Now fabrics are light weights–

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So get into an After Six, grab your startled wife and go dancing on the ceiling. You don't need a formal invitation.

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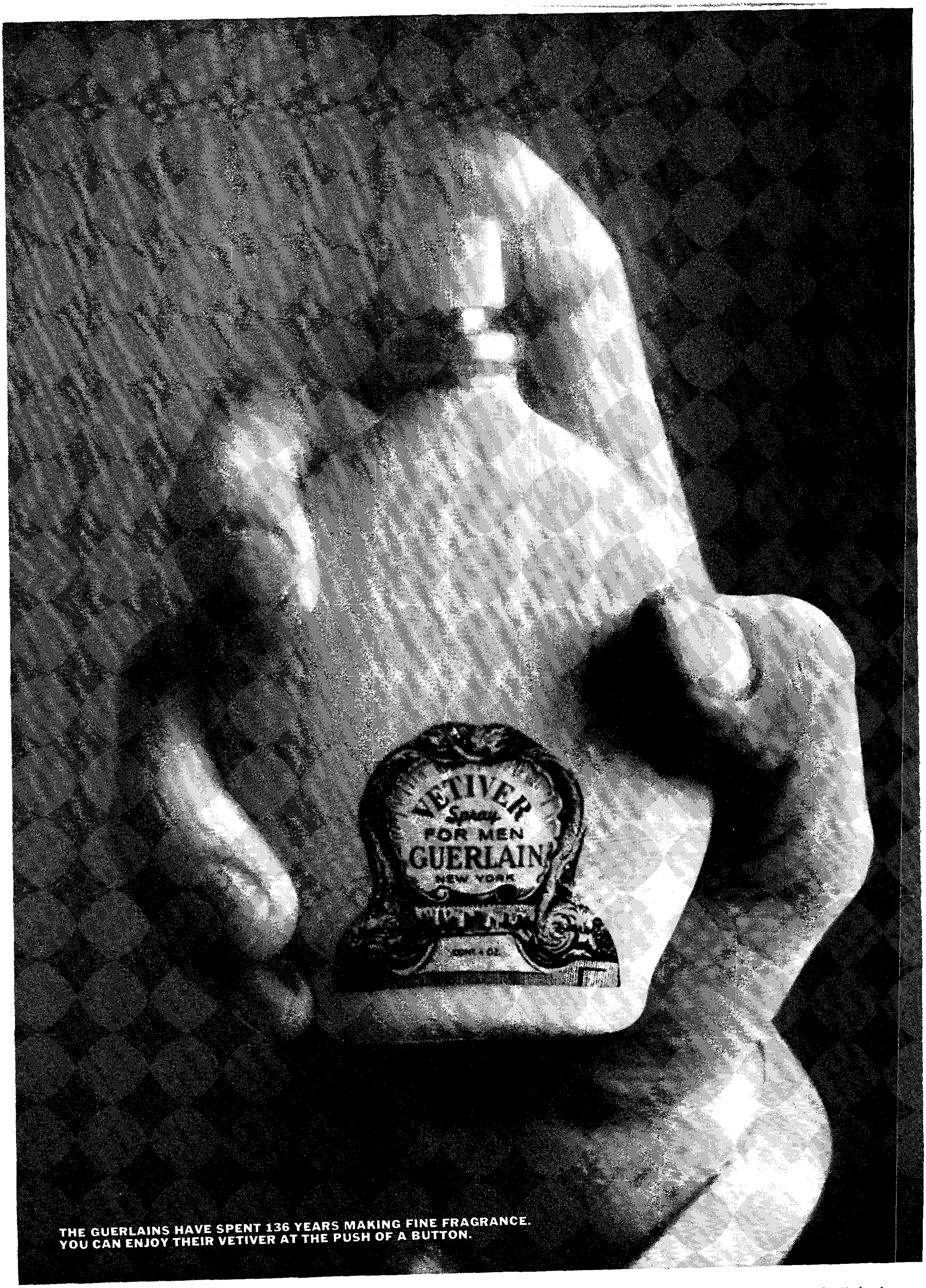
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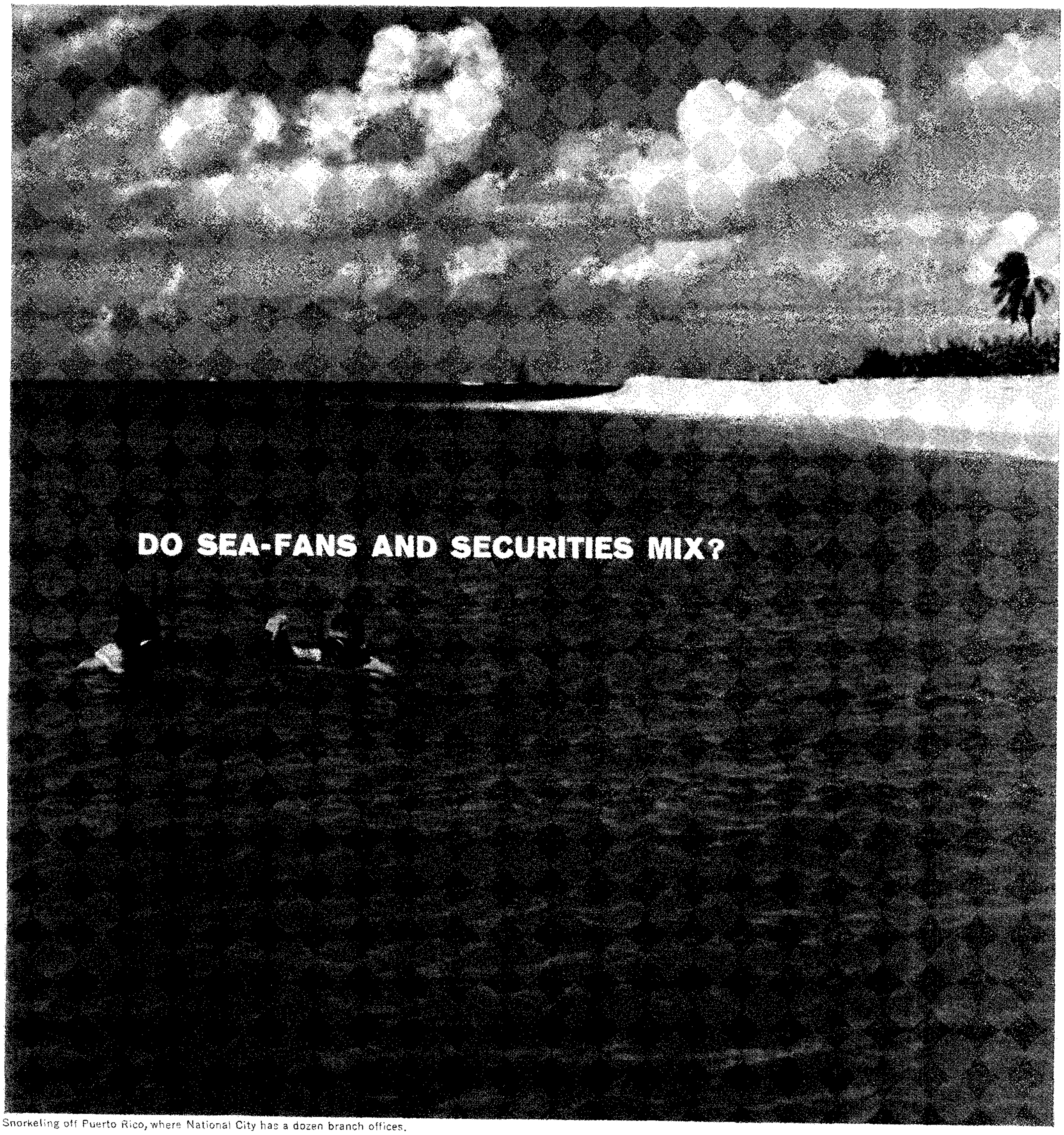

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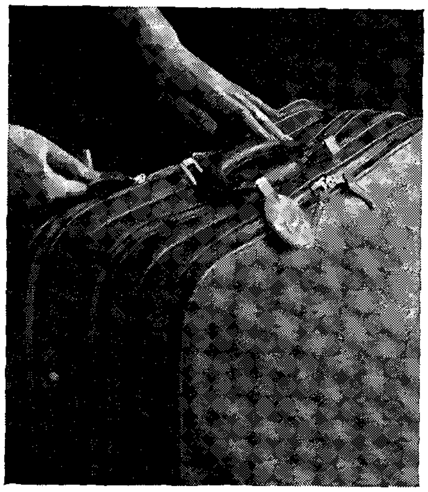
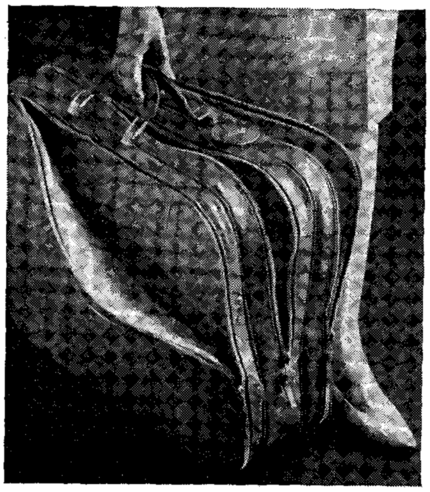
Some people think this Soft-Pak is only a handsome piece of luggage,





until they discover that its 3 soft-sided compartments take the stacking out of packing.

Holds jackets, suits or dresses in one compartment (kept wrinkle-free by a removable frame),

pajamas, nightgowns, robes, socks, shoes, toilet kit and books in the second compartment, and...

...sweaters, shirts, blouses, underwear in the third—with plenty of room to spare.

What a luxurious new way to travel!

People who travel with a Soft-Pak never want to travel with any other luggage. This new Lark creation with its three soft-sided compartments, not only organizes your packing, but takes the prospecting out of unpacking.

It has so many advantages over conventional luggage. All your travel needs are neatly arranged in three separate compartments. No more stacking, ever. A removable taut frame in one compartment keeps suits or dresses unmussed and ready to wear even after miles and miles of travel.

Soft-Pak is a great flight companion, too. It weighs in at only 2½ to 7¾ pounds, depending on size and covering. The *featherlight duraluminum frame* just won't break no matter how often it's low bag on the baggage truck. And the steel core padded handles won't ever part from the frame, or try to part your fingers from your hand.

Larks are known for their luxury, and Soft-Pak with its distinguished Continental styling is an outstanding example—inside and out. The covering laughs at water and scoffs at scuffs. The three precision engineered zippers are trouble-free...you can open and close the three compartments as often as you want. And, as in all Larks, the lining is as lavish as it is long-wearing.

If you travel at all, even if it's only for an occasional week-end, Soft-Pak is well worth looking into. In 27 colors and coverings. From $30.00 at the very finest stores.

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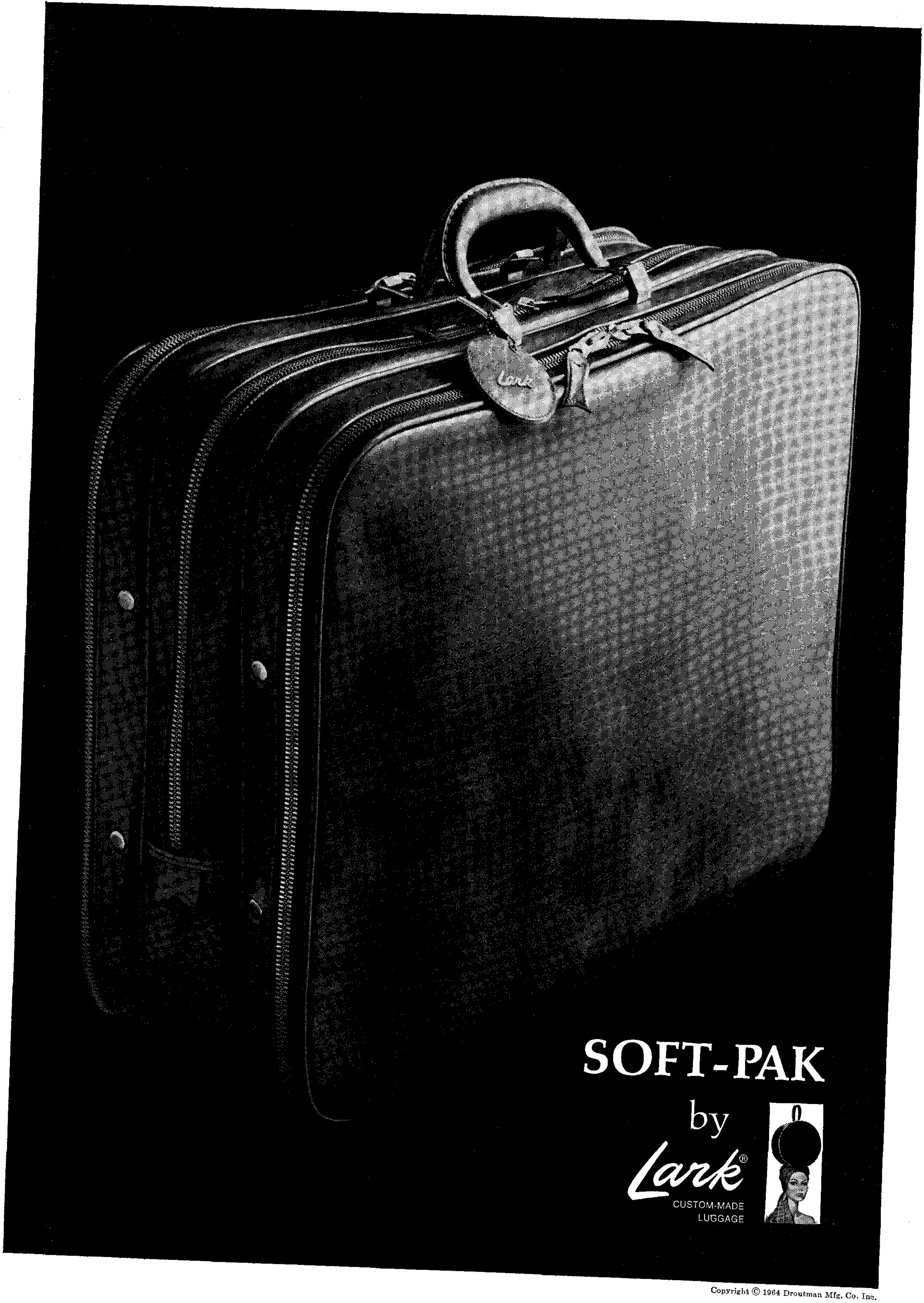
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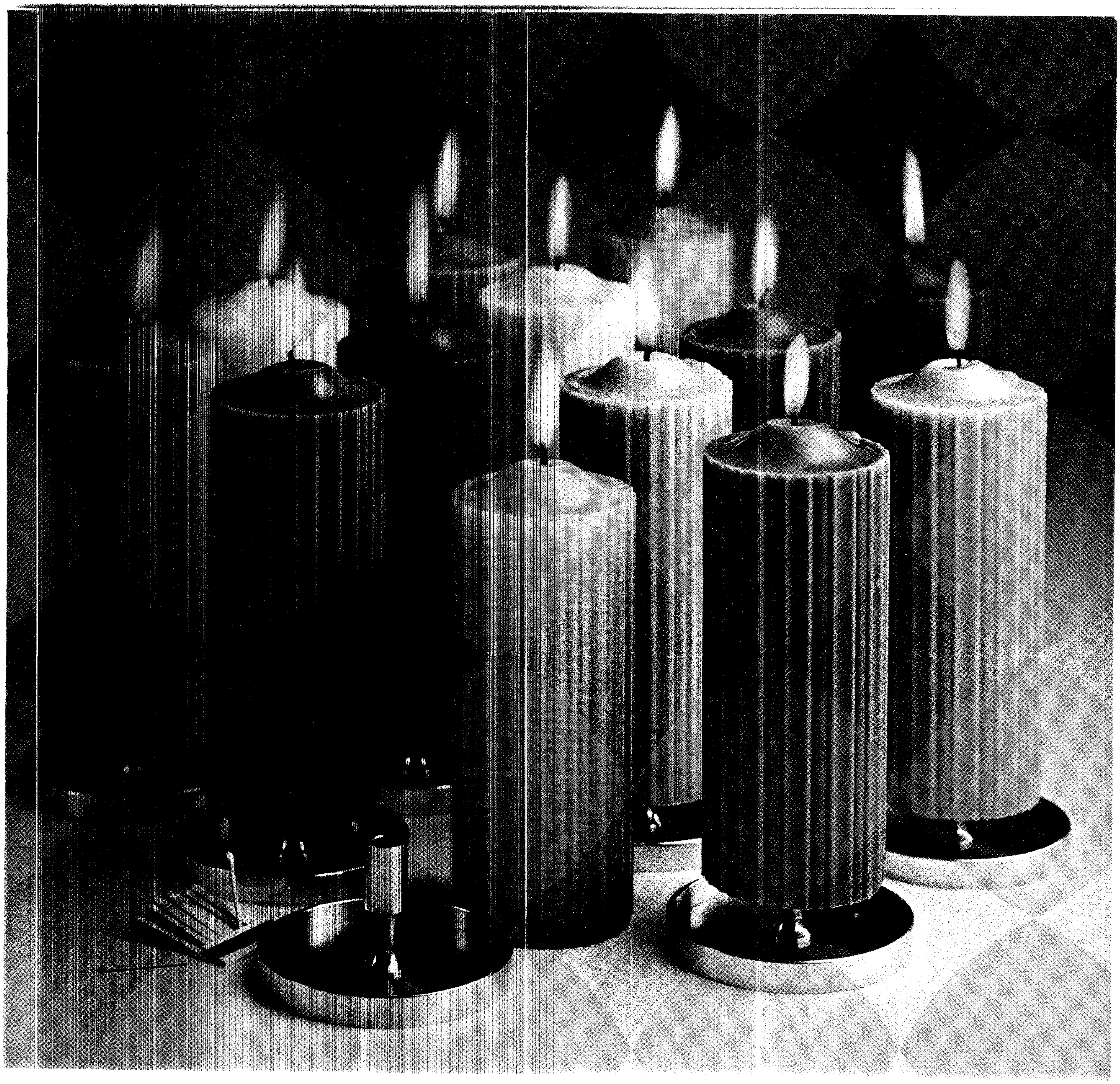

Here's how two snowbound Scandinavians warm up a holiday.

With candles. Fat fluted columns of candles. And color. Thirteen throbbing hues. And even the blues are as warm as the Aegean.

Because the Dansk people know that when it comes to candleglow, the Nordics have the knack.

And so they asked their bearded Dane, designer Jens Quistgaard—and their flaxen-haired Finn, Ritva Puotila, to create a candle worth celebrating.

Jens (say "yens") is a master of form in everything from teak to tallow. His candle column almost out-Greeks the Greeks. Classic, fluted (to catch the shadows), and beautifully proportioned.

In fact, Dansk admired it so much, they asked him to put it on a pedestal. And from that came his new pedestal candlestick. Solid brass and brushed steel, intriguingly paired. The center spike fits neatly into a hollow in the base of the candle, so that it floats above the base.

Miss Puotila, (say "por-til-uh") is Dansk's prize fabric designer, and a demon with the dyepot. So they had her come up with a new palette of candle colors. Ritva created a brilliant dozen, from Kumquat through Plum Purple. Plus a frosty Olympian white for purists.

The slightest occasion can snowball into an event with these candles. In 7½ inch heights $2.50—4 inch shorts $1.50. The candlestick, $2.95. And you've already had your free course in pronunciation.

For your free course in great design, send for our free gift catalog. It shows 493 other ideas from the Dansk Top-of-the-Table Collection. Write Dansk Designs, Box CP, Great Neck, New York.

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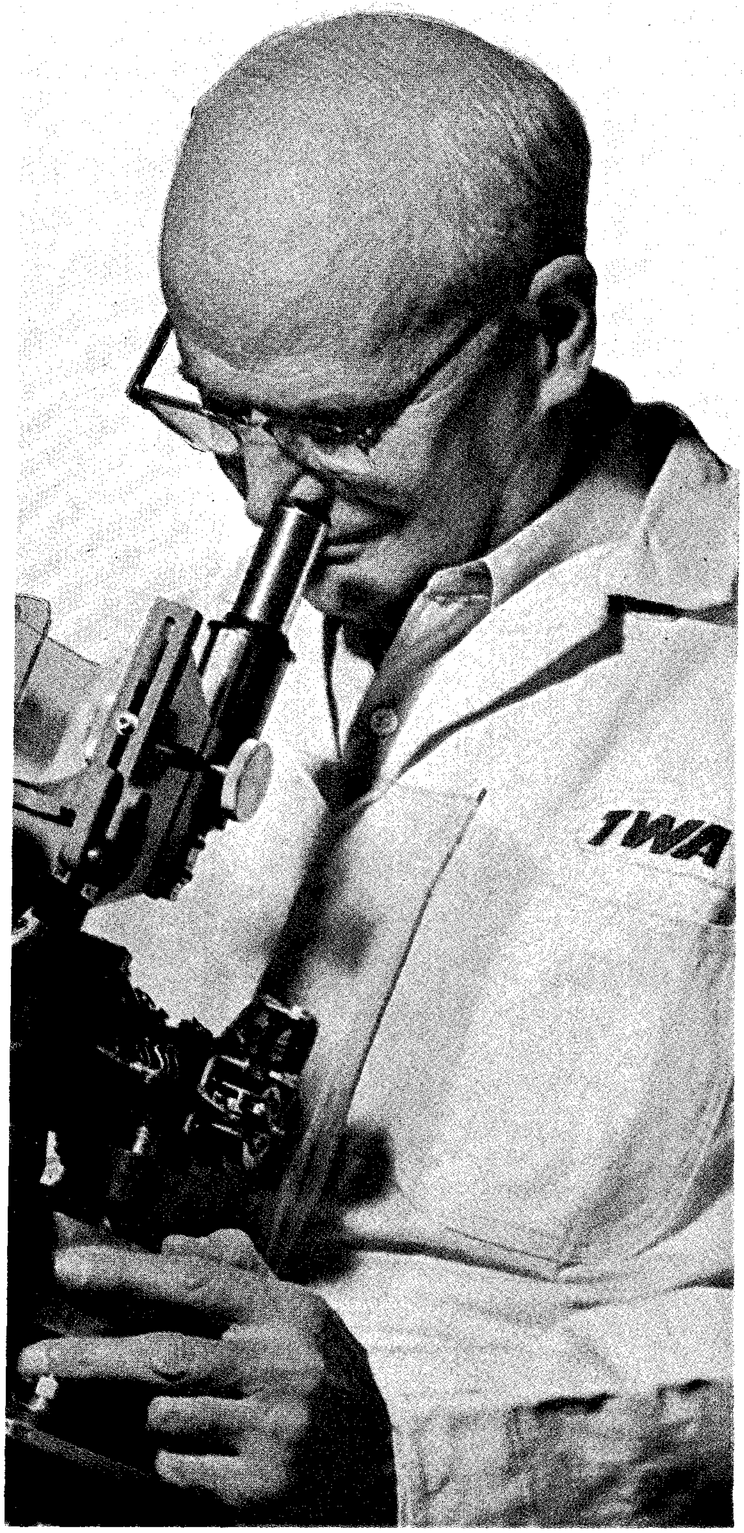

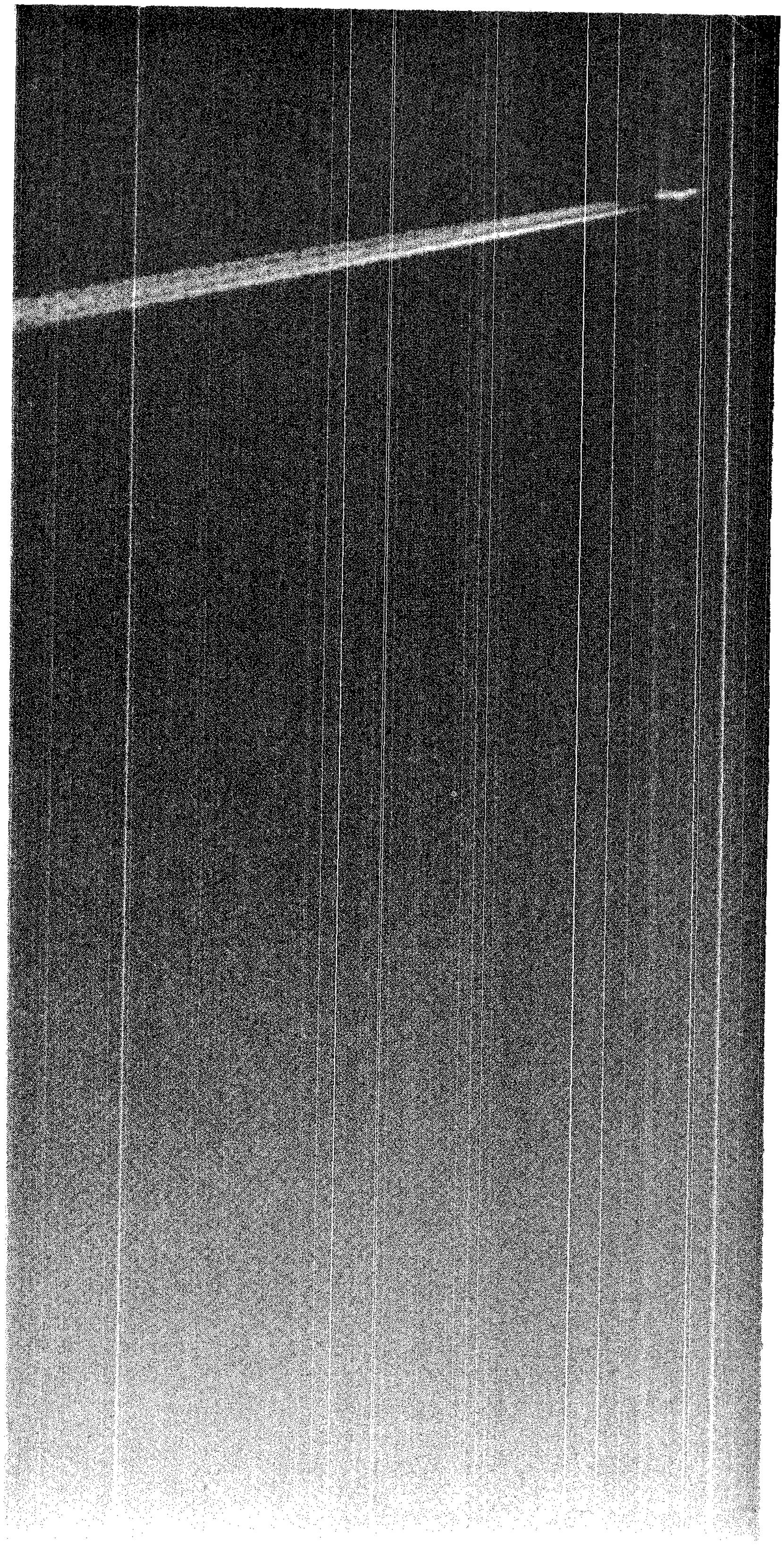

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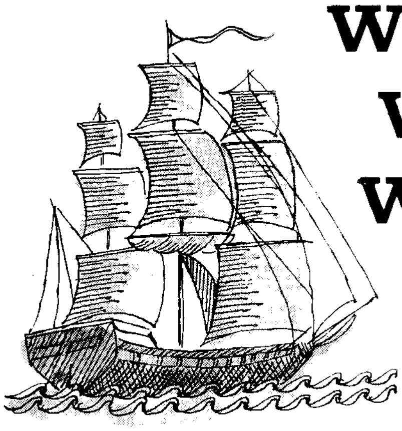

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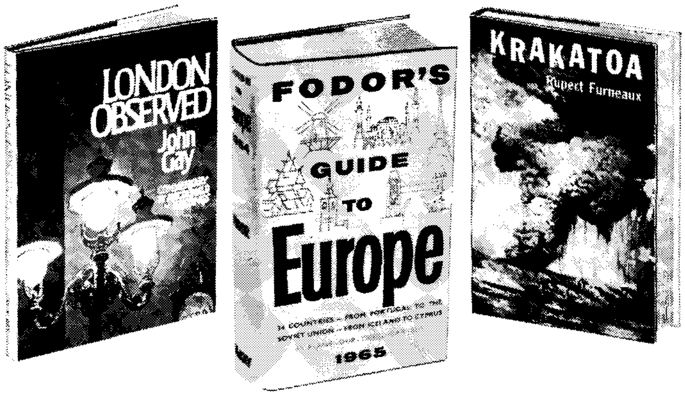
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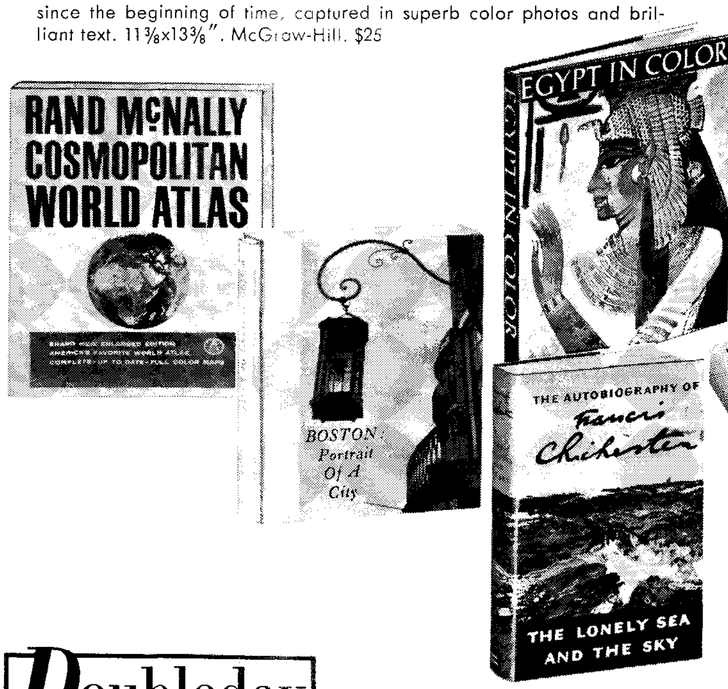
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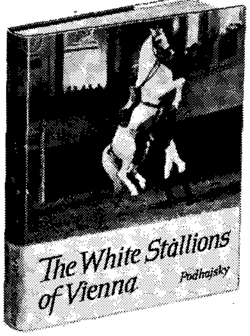
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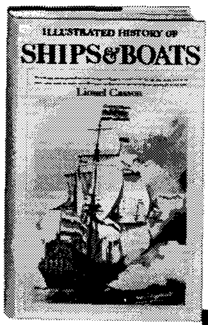
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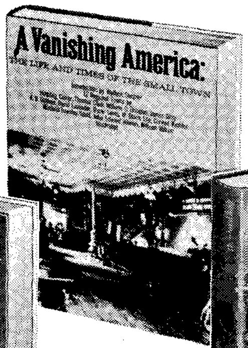
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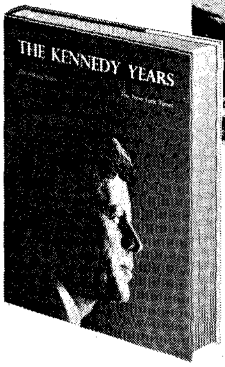
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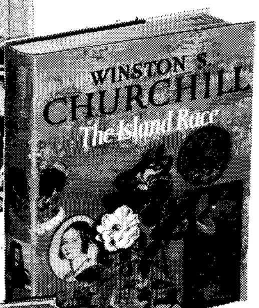
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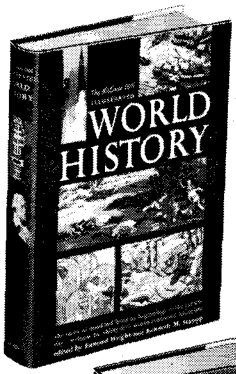
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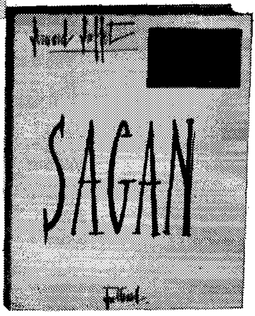

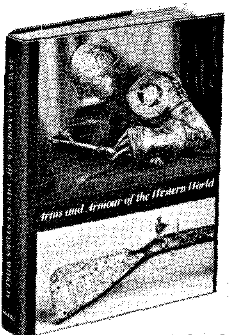
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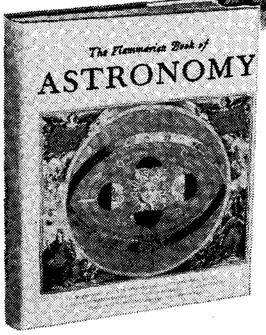
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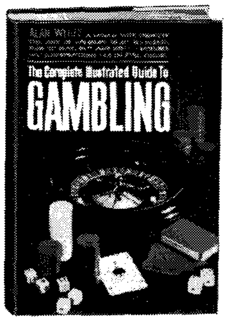
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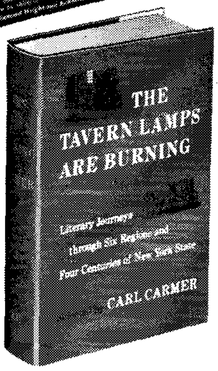
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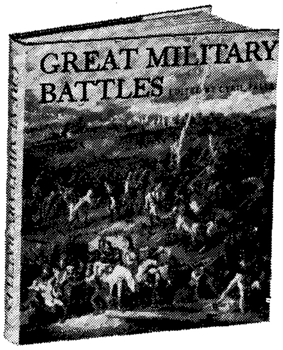
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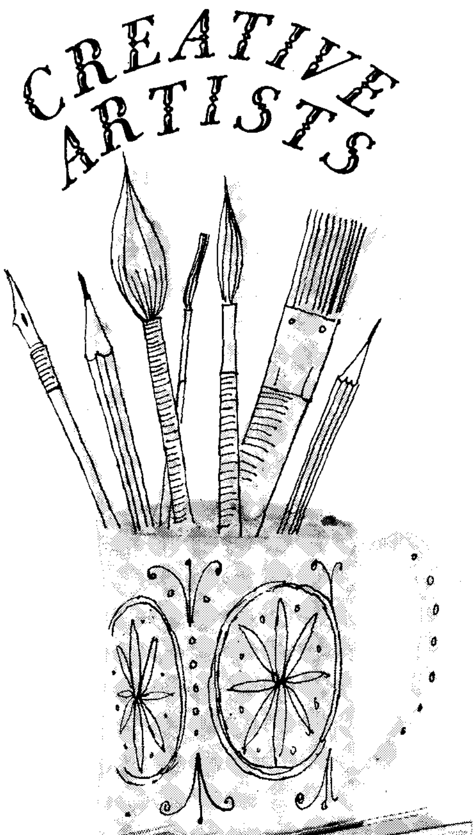
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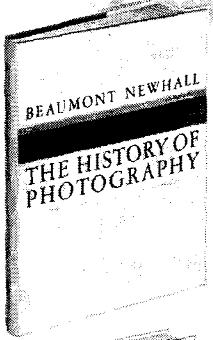
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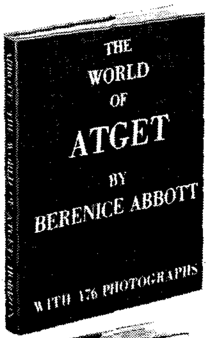
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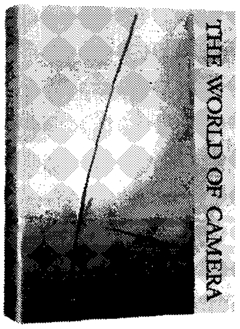
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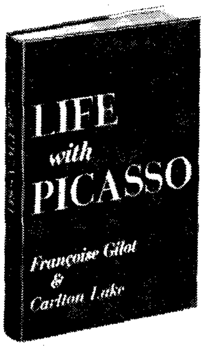
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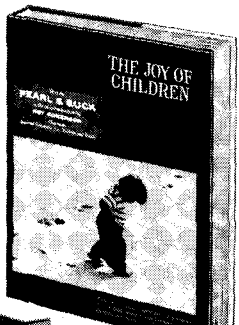
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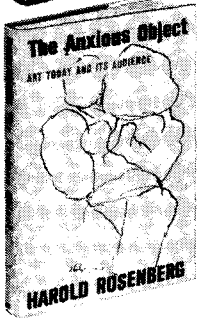
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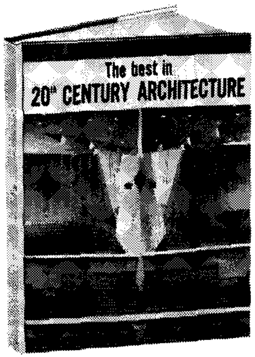
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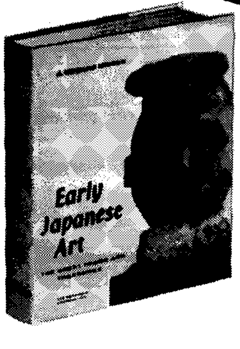
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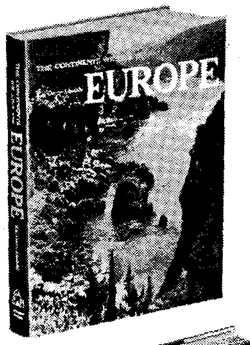
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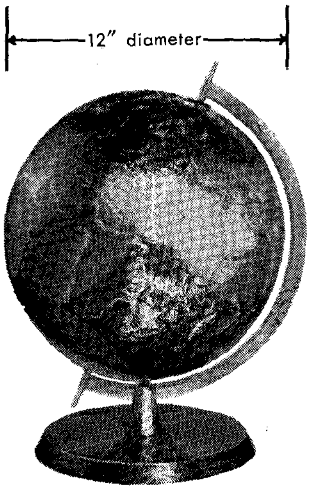
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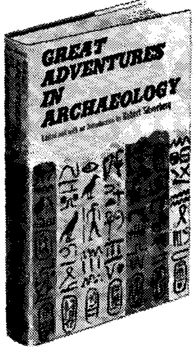
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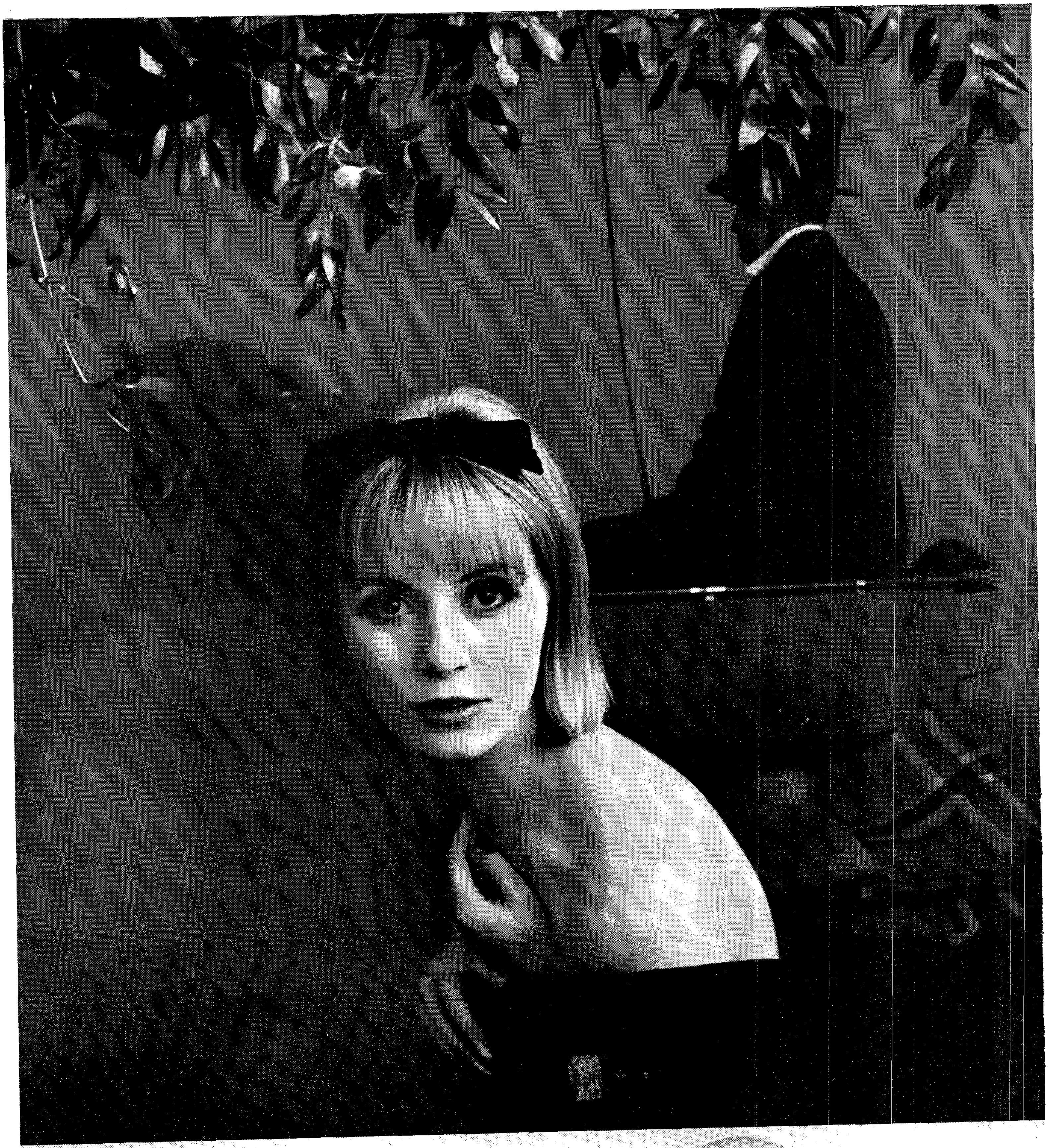

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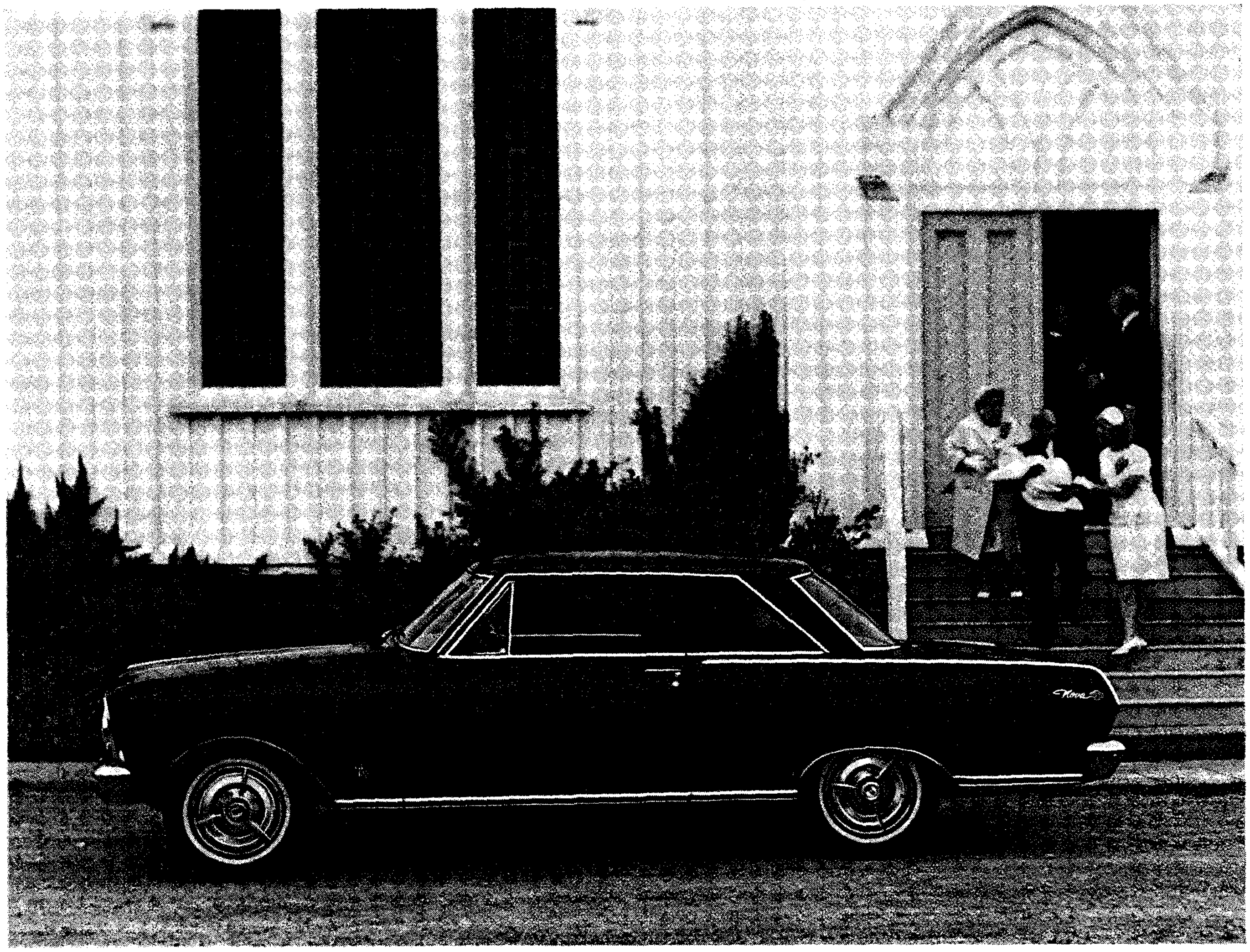

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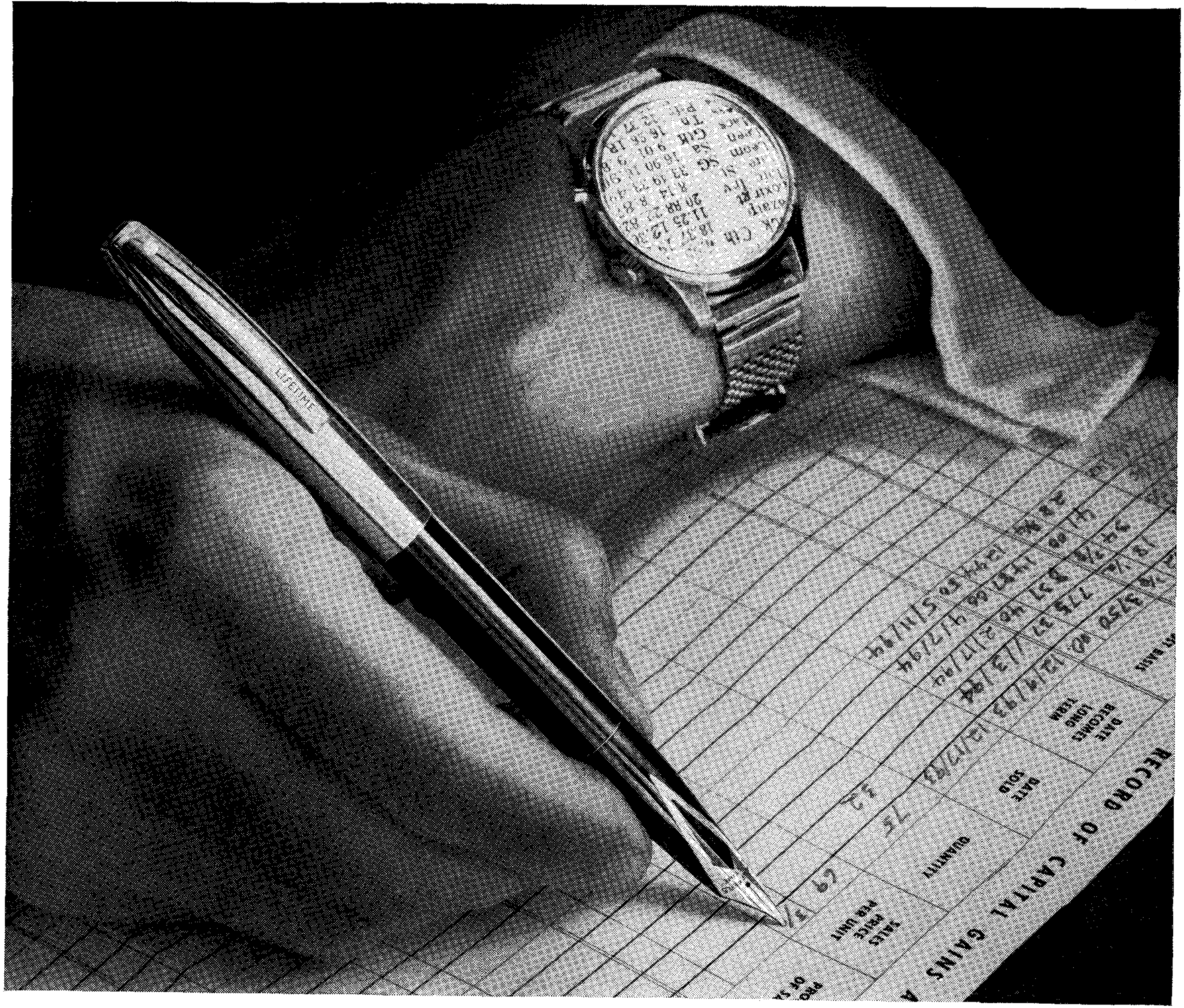
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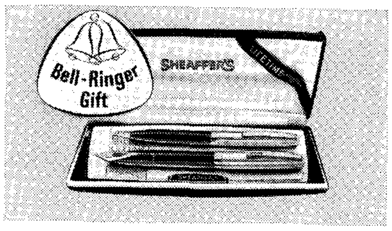
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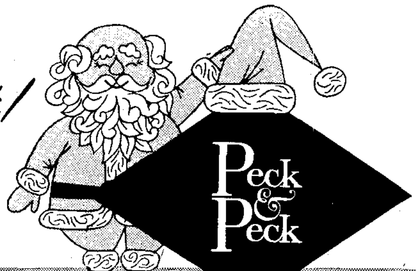

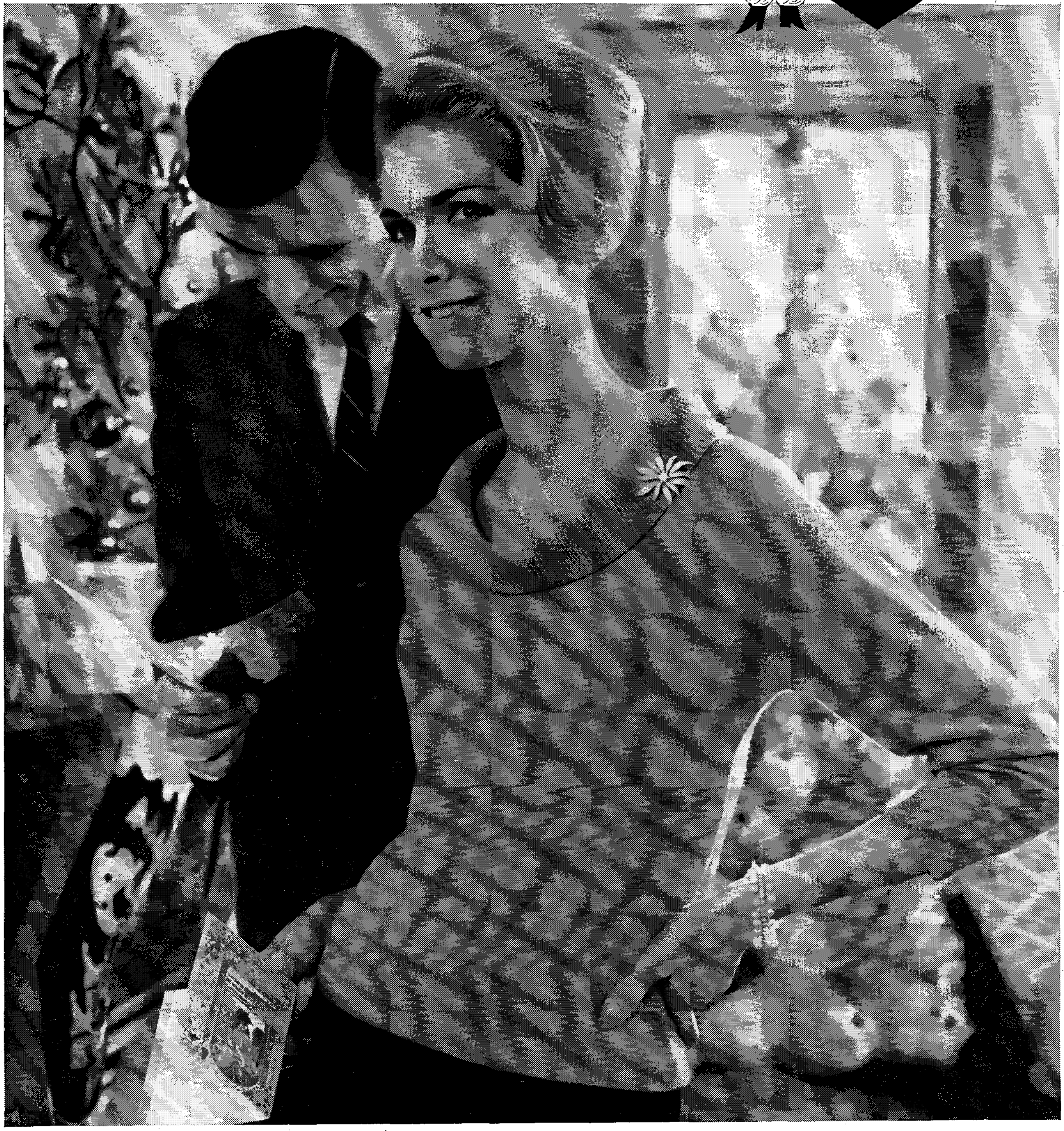

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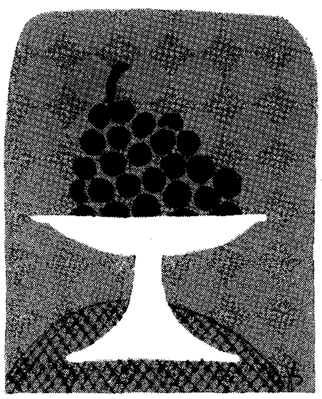
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHATEVER inclination we may have had to shrink from the celebrated languors of jury duty has been dispersed at a stroke by a letter from a solid-citizen friend of ours. We pass it on, in the hope that it will prove equally good medicine for all jurors, past, present, and future:

"Last week, to my astonishment and probably to yours, I spent two exhilarating days on jury duty. Courtrooms awe me, but until then I had always considered jury duty, to which I'm called every two years, a minor tyranny, a necessary banality—and for a good reason. During the three terms previous to my last one, I sat on just two juries. The first case, which was niggling but wholly enjoyable, lasted one day, and the second was disappointingly settled out of court a couple of hours after it began. The rest of those six weeks was fidgeted away in smoky, crowded, hard-chaired jurors' assembly rooms, and so was the first week of the term just ended. But I hadn't been in the assembly room fifteen minutes on my second Monday this year when, lo, my name was called, and I found myself in a light, breezy, high-ceilinged courtroom that looked out on the East River. (I was, I should add, in the United States Court House, on Foley Square.) Then my name was called again, and I found myself in the jury box. I was very much pleased. The judge explained that the case involved a mate on an American cargo ship who had allegedly slipped on an allegedly dirty deck and banged his knee badly enough to land in a hospital. There were no witnesses to the accident, and the mate was suing the ship's owners for damages. Vaporous, I thought—it will be settled out of court. My spirits sank. But the judge—a small, pink, fine-featured man with a mustache, a monkish fringe of white hair, and an easy, precise manner—was one jump ahead of me. He pointed out that no case is small or large, minor or major—that all cases are equal and are dedicated to the pursuit of justice, one of the noblest human endeavors. At once, I found the atmosphere of the courtroom almost sacrosanct, and I sensed that my fellow-jurors felt the same. I survived the customary questions by counsel and the judge, and the case began. Thanks to the judge, who moved like a superlative blocking back—shunting off irrelevancies, quickly sustaining or overruling objections, and sternly commanding mumbling witnesses to speak up—the case was completed by midafternoon. The judge charged us promptly at ten-thirty the next morning. However, he did more than that. He conformed to what I recall of Aristotle's definition of rhetoric, for cogency reined in eloquence, eloquence aerated cogency. The essence of the evidence was effortlessly placed alongside the essence of the appropriate laws, and we were shown how we might find justice simply by matching the two. Above all, the judge exhorted us to be guided by our experience and common sense—words that, he said, should be in capitals reaching from the floor to the ceiling of the courtroom. Twelve Solomons, rather than twelve mere jurors, sat down around the table in the jury room. A good jury is a priceless body, and within half an hour I knew I was on one. Its ages ranged from the twenties to the sixties. There were ten men and two women. The names slowly fitting themselves to the faces around the table had originated in France, England, Italy, Russia, Ireland, and Germany. Most affecting was the passionate interest of twelve strangers in what was right and what was wrong about another stranger's split-second experience on a day some six years before. The judge's words, which were summoned up again and again, induced a crabwise collective motion. Small arguments flared and subsided; speculation was blown away by evidence, evidence by speculation; a juror jumped up at one point and demonstrated how the mate might have fallen; photographs and a blueprint of the ship, hospital records, and income-tax forms were pored over. An hour passed, then two; the clear sky of general agreement began to appear. There was a Negro on the jury who had once served on a merchant ship, and he was for a time a strong dissenter; it took a man with a German name five minutes of graceful argument to make him gracefully change his mind and go along with the rest of us. We had reached a unanimous verdict. The tension collapsed, and a barrage of jokes, laughter, and scraping chairs went off; for a moment we were old friends.



"All judges should be first-class actors. Ours was. After the foreman had given our verdict, the judge closed his eyes and tilted up his chin and, ballasting each word, said that our decision was wholly within our province. Then he paused and went on, in words to this effect: 'But I should like to say this.' Oh my, I thought, now we're in for it. 'I should like to thank each of you for your spirit and excellence. I have watched your faces, seen your close attention—even, yes, your selfless interest. The work you have done rubs off on the counsel here, on the clerk of this court, on the court recorder, and on the judge. It fills this courtroom and it will seep down through this building.' Then the judge lowered his chin, rubbed his eyes, which were still closed, and went on in a low voice: 'The world seems increasingly peopled by the negative and dispirited, but I am not of that sect. I am an optimist, and your actions explain why.' His performance was over, and the jury was dismissed for the day."

Pharmacopeia

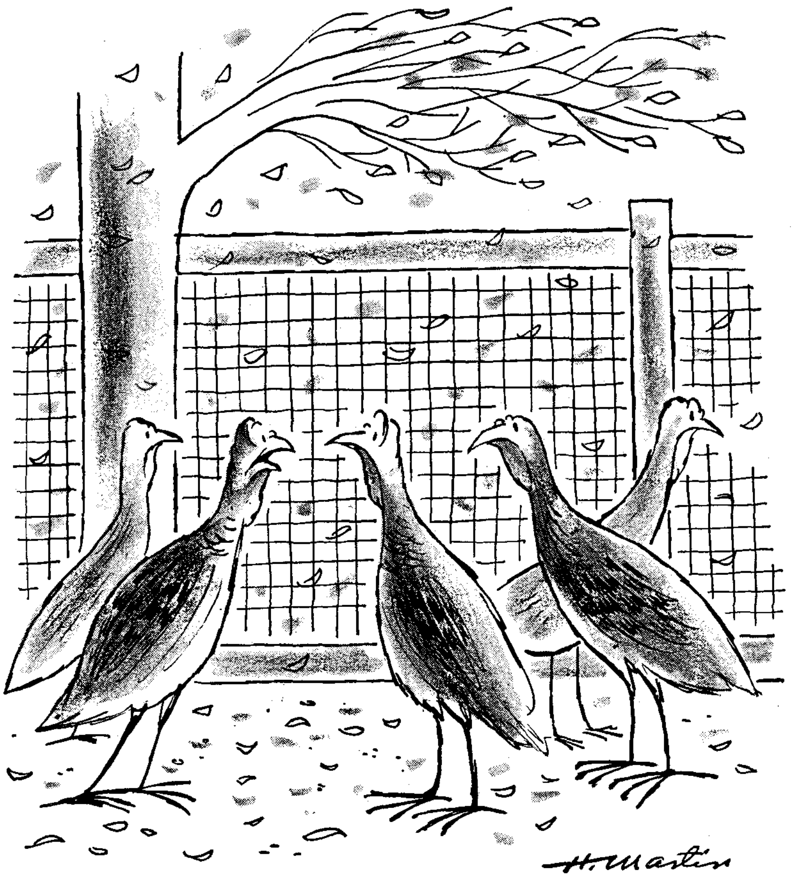
THE seventeenth revision of the United States Pharmacopeia—or U.S.P. XVII, as it is known to its friends—will make its appearance in a few months, and since we had never examined the book, which establishes standards not only for preparations like the Salk vaccine but for every American-made aspirin tablet we have ever swallowed, we took a day or so to look into it and its authorship. This arcane handbook, which is on the shelves of virtually every pharmacist and drug manufacturer in the country, is privately edited and financed but is nevertheless an "official compendium" under the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act and the counterpart statutes of the states. First issued in 1820 by a group of physicians who were distressed by wide variations in drug nomenclature and quality, the U.S.P. endeavors, in its own words, "to provide authoritative standards for substances and their preparations which are used in the science of medicine [and to establish] titles, definitions, descriptions, and standards for identity, quality, strength, and purity, and also, when practicable, formulas for manufacturing."

Armed with this knowledge, and picking a day when we felt particularly free of headache and muscular aches and pains, we went down to U.S.P. headquarters, a five-story gray stone town house at 46 Park Avenue, for a chat with Dr. Lloyd C. Miller, who has been the U.S.P.'s Director of Revision, and its editor, for fourteen years. Inside the building, we were led past a bronze dryad and a secretary who was talking on the phone ("Let's see, we are at gastric fluid, simulated . . ."), and into the office of Dr. Miller, who is a tall man with a long face and an expression of wisdom that might belong to a family doctor but turned out to belong instead to a biochemist. We asked him how he was getting along with U.S.P. XVII, which is due to come out April 1st. (A revised edition appeared every ten years up until 1940, and has appeared every five years since.)

"We have a permanent staff of only five professional people, and I'm about to leave for Geneva for a meeting of the World Health Organization," Dr. Miller said. "Consequently, we're swamped. U.S.P. XVII will have about eleven hundred and ninety pages, and hence will be about ten pages smaller than U.S.P. XVI. You might think that the U.S.P. would get bigger with each edition, but it doesn't. To begin with, we don't list every medication in the corner drugstore but only those products, both patented and unpatented, that, in the opinion of our Subcommittee on Scope, represent the best current practice of medicine and pharmacy. When we judge a drug's merit, its prior status is given little weight, and generally in each edition we end up with about a twenty-five-per-cent turnover. Secondly, not nearly as many new drugs—*really* new drugs—appear each year as people think. In 1963, for example, only thirteen new drugs were approved by the Food and Drug Administration. All the other so-called new drugs were actually combinations of or slight variations on old ones. Finally, the 1962 Kefauver-Harris amendments to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act took the responsibility for setting standards for all antibiotics away from us and put it in the hands of the F.D.A. itself, which means that although we continue to list antibiotics, our monographs on them are shorter."

Dr. Miller went on to say that the World Health Organization is engaged in putting out an International Pharmacopeia, which some people think may eventually supplant all the national compendiums. Until that distant day, the U.S.P. will continue to set standards in this country, with the coöperation of practically all branches of medicine and pharmacy. The contents of each new edition are determined by the U.S.P. Committee of Revision, which has twenty members from medicine and forty members from pharmacy and allied sciences. The parent body, which meets every ten years to elect the Director of Revision and the Committee of Revision, is a nonprofit, unendowed corporation called the United States Pharmacopeial Convention. It consists of more than three hundred delegates from all the schools of medicine and pharmacy in the United States, from all the state and national medical and pharmaceutical associations, and from various other scientific, governmental, and professional groups.

"If a manufacturer wants to market a drug that's not listed in the U.S.P., he may still do so if it is listed in the National Formulary—which is a smaller 'official compendium,' published by the American Pharmaceutical Association—or if he can get explicit approval from the F.D.A.," Dr. Miller said. "But if he does put out a U.S.P. preparation, he must adhere to our minimums and maximums—for example, U.S.P. cyclopropane, a

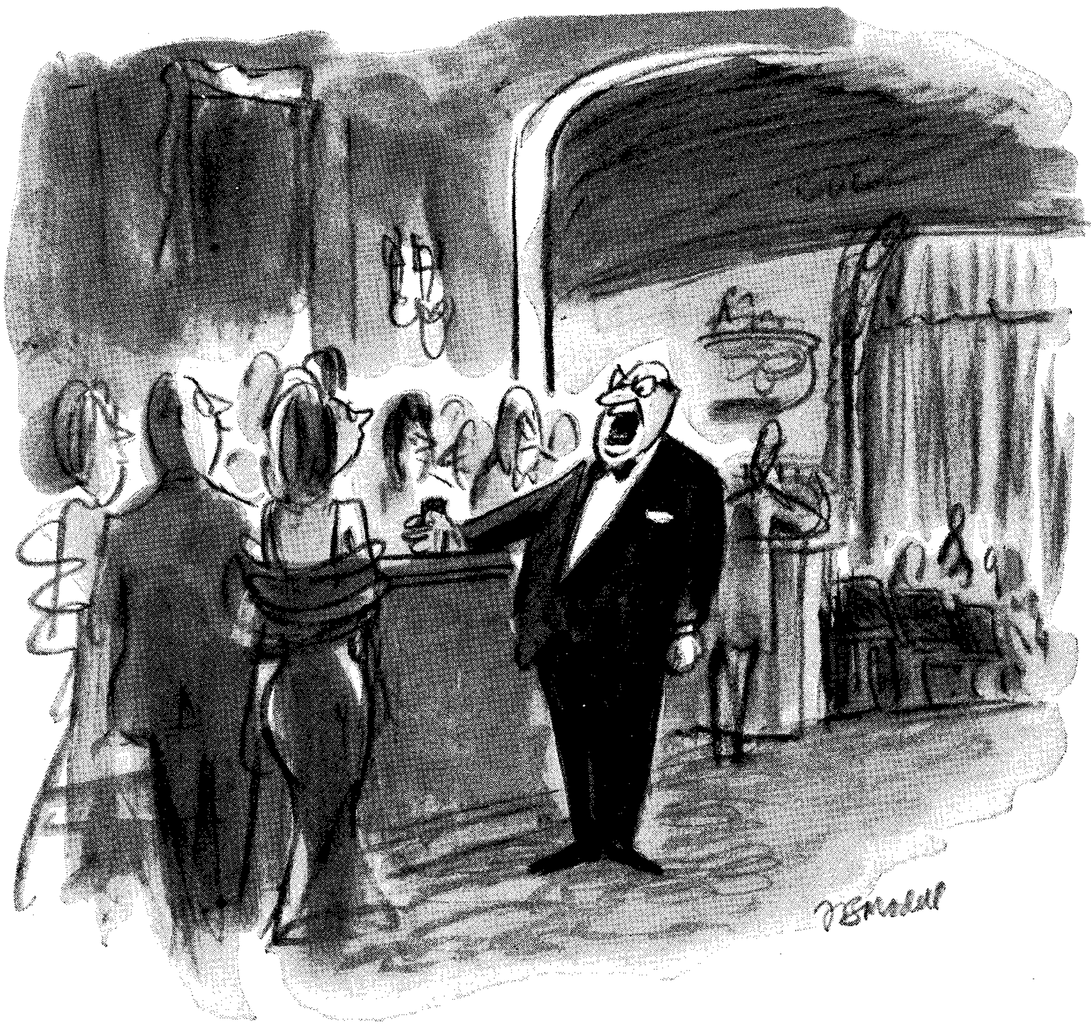


"First hot and stuffed. Then cold. Then sandwiches. Then salad. Next hash. Finally, soup. And that was the week that was."

general anesthetic, must contain at least ninety-nine per cent C_3H_6, and must pass all the tests we prescribe—or else he must state on the label that his product does not meet U.S.P. standards. Very few manufacturers are willing to go that far.”

“If the U.S.P. receives no government funds and has no endowment, where does it get its money?” we asked.

“From two sources,” Dr. Miller answered. “From the sale of the book, at ten dollars a copy, and from the sale of our reference standards, which are pure samples of drugs, against which a manufacturer compares his product, and which cost ten dollars a container. Maintaining a first-rate pharmacopeia is not an easy job, but it's an absolutely essential one. There are still a few people trying to sell wooden nutmegs.”



“I can lick any drama lover in the house.”

•

A Restaurant in Little Rock has simplified its life by changing its name from the Shangri-La Southern Style Smorgasbord to the Shangri-La Cafeteria.

Sound

“Tony Schwartz is an absolute fanatic about sound,” a friend of ours who is on the staff of the Museum of Modern Art wrote us, referring to a man who was getting ready to present an evening of tape recordings at the Museum under the title “The Sounds Around Us.” “He wants to do an encyclopedia of sound and would like to see a museum of sound established. He carries a tape recorder everywhere and uses it the way a good photographer uses a camera. Then he edits the material, sometimes adding his own comments as a bridge, and ends up with something quite unusual. He's done some very nice records. He has a house in the West Fifties, where he lives with his wife and two-year-old daughter.”

We dropped in at a morning rehearsal of Mr. Schwartz's concert and, seated in the Museum's auditorium, which was almost empty, listened as, using two tape recorders, he ran through what he called “essays” on the sounds of children and the sounds of boxing; “People Contemplating Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer,” a potpourri of remarks made by visitors to the Metropolitan Museum about its twenty-three-hundred-thousand-dollar Rembrandt; “Portrait of Lincoln,” a sampling of observations on Lincoln by some twenty-five people, in a variety of accents; and “Homage to New York,” an earwitness account of the construction and destruction of the Jean Tinguely sculpture of that name in the Museum of Modern Art's garden a few years ago. Some of the recordings were accompanied by the clarinet music (live) of Jimmy Giuffre and by pictures of the sources of their sounds taken by Ken Heyman, a photographer who sometimes goes along on noise-gathering excursions with Mr. Schwartz and who had come along to the rehearsal, too.

“Tony is probably the best sound man in the world,” said Mr. Heyman, sitting down next to us. “I met him by calling him up after I'd heard one of his records.”

During a rehearsal break, we cornered Mr. Schwartz. A black-haired man in corduroy pants, short shirtsleeves, and no tie, he favored us with an engaging smile. “I was born in Manhattan in 1923,” he said, in a soft, rather hesitant voice. “My father, who came here from Rumania, used to tell me about the experiences of Jewish immigrants on the lower East Side. I later found that the Puerto Ricans told identical stories, and I recorded them. Most of my recordings are the result of ten or twelve years' work in a particular area. I've done a Columbia album on taxi-drivers; I must have taped seven hundred of them. My family moved to Peekskill when I was four. Father was a civil engineer, and he commuted to New York. I went to Peekskill High School and then to the Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn. I took a radio course in school and got interested in short-wave radio. I found that most short-wave fans were interested in how they were being received in Australia, say, rather than in what was going on in Australia. My interest was in people, not in technique. I started to earn my living as a commercial artist—at first as art director of Graphics Institute and then in my own advertising agency, the Wexton Company. I recorded sounds on the side, and after my records began to sell and I began to do the sounds for TV commercials—I've done them for American Airlines, Johnson's baby powder, Polaroid cameras, Ivory Snow and Ivory Flakes, and Alcoa—I turned the agency over to my only brother and a cousin."

It was time for the rehearsal to resume, so Mr. S. suggested that we continue our talk after lunch at his home. Thither—that is, to Fifty-sixth Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues—we repaired at the appointed hour, to find him in the company of a wildly affectionate white French poodle named Pelle, who kept barking and jumping into and out of her master's lap during the interview. "I first presented some of my recordings in public in McMillan Hall, at Columbia, as part of a music-education program," Mr. Schwartz said, between and during barks. "I later appeared at Hunter, N.Y.U., and Town Hall. A few years ago, Marlon Brando and Tennessee Williams, both of whom had heard me at a party and both of whom had invested some money in the Baq Room, asked me to do a show there, which I did on Saturday nights for three years. My first essay, 'New York 19,' was a study of the sounds of my postal zone—I was then living on West Fifty-seventh Street—which extends from Fifth Avenue to the Hudson between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets, except that Rockefeller Center is in Zone 20. You might call Zone 19 the commercial-music center of the country, since it contains Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Judson Hall, and so on. I set out to record its *non*commercial music—the songs of its many national groups, its children's games and songs, its street musicians, its church services and festivals, its parades, and just the beautiful music in people's talk. I'm interested in recording as an art, a medium of expression, rather than as a technique. I carry a small portable recorder with me wherever I go, so I can make a high-fidelity recording of any situation within fifteen seconds after I become aware of it."

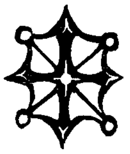
Pelle jumped into *our* lap with a terrible bark and started licking our nose, so we left.

•

OVERHEARD in a local classroom during Open School Week, a young, flushed teacher to a restless child: "If you don't sit still and behave yourself this minute, I'm going to march you straight downstairs to the Guidance Counsellor."

P.O.P.A.I. and I.A.A.

ONE day last week, we stopped in at the New York Hilton to visit the eighteenth annual exhibit of the Point-of-Purchase Advertising Institute. The Institute is called Popeye by its members, who are the people in charge of the efficient replacement of retail salesmen with enticing display cases, shelves, and racks, moving lighted signs, colorful posters, and giant replicas of items for sale. The Rhinelander Gallery of the Hilton was decorated with artificial trees, which had bright-orange leaves, and with potbellied stoves labelled "Grate Bargains" and "Red Hot Value." Most of the male members of the P.O.P.A.I. were wearing gray suits and carrying briefcases, and most of the women were dressed in red. The exhibits, designed to be strategically placed in supermarkets, drugstores, gas stations, and liquor stores next year, included mammoth plastic bottles of soda pop and whiskey, cardboard tigers and parrots to be attached to beer bottles to make them more attractive to beer drinkers, bright-colored satin banners with gold fringe, larger-than-life facsimiles of slabs of butter crunch, and a semi-nude pinup, whose function was not clear. As we were examining a false-bottomed bin of apples, to which we had been drawn by a red arrow leaping up and down on springs suspended from the ceiling and pointing to a sign that read, "You'll Never Get a Rotten Apple from Bill Harris," we were struck on the head by a balloon labelled "P.O.P.A.I.—Who's Minding the Store?" We looked at our watch, and when we realized it would be an hour before we could see a show in the Clinton Suite called "Gals, Groceries, and Gross Profit," we left.



Bill Harris's apples reminded us that National Apple Week had started on October 15th this year, and that the International Apple Association was holding its seventieth annual convention at the Hotel Americana, so we walked a block west and dropped in on the I.A.A. In 1930, this department spoke to Mr. Joseph Sicker, of the Association, and found him concerned chiefly with the promotion of apples by having as many famous people as possible photographed eating apples, and with relatively informal arrangements for the sale, by the unemployed, of apples that would otherwise rot in storage. This year, Mr. Howard Robertson, secretary of the I.A.A., told us that its most important function is providing its members, who are apple growers and shippers, processors, distributors, retailers, and packagers, with storage reports on how many apples are around and where they are. Mr. Robertson said that the I.A.A. was founded in Chicago at the end of the last century by twelve men interested in the sale of apples, and that there are now about fourteen hundred members, of whom six hundred, including men from Venezuela, Ireland, and the Netherlands, were at the convention. The I.A.A. also helps its members to solve any problems they may have with the government, Mr. Robertson said, and does some promotion of apple eating, by such devices as assisting the American Dental Association during Children's Dental Health Week, which occurs in February. Apples are a detergent food, Mr. Robertson said. On our way out, we noticed a half-eaten apple in an ashtray. It looked like a Golden Delicious.

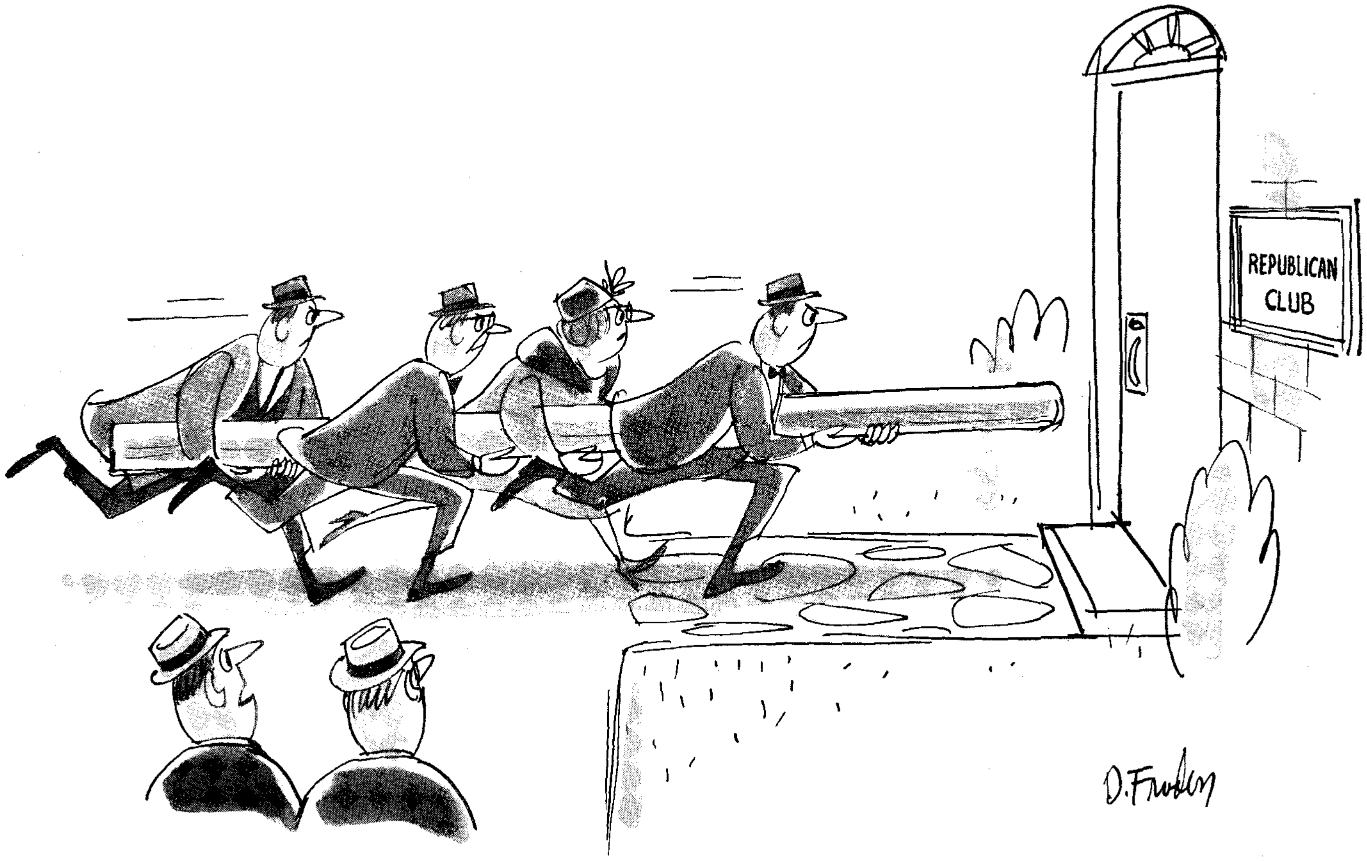
•

A CHELSEA resident reports having seen the following hand-lettered sign near the head of the driver of a Twenty-third Street crosstown bus:

> PLEASE RING BEFORE YOUR STOP IN
> ORDER TO AVOID UNPLEASANTNESS

Old Master

WE had a chat the other afternoon with Anthony Montague Browne, who is personal secretary to Winston Churchill, and jets back and forth across the Atlantic to see how various enterprises in which Sir Winston figures are making out. Of concern to Mr. Browne are movies, television shows, and the like, but when we saw him, a slender, prepossessing, highly articulate forty-year-old, he was full of satisfaction over a collection of Churchillian memorabilia—paintings by the great man himself, busts, family heirlooms, racing silks, and so forth—being displayed at the Hallmark Gallery, at Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. "The Hallmark people, you know, have reproduced about half a dozen of Sir Winston's oils on the cards they sell, and this display of theirs is intended to honor him on his ninetieth birthday, which will come along on November 30th," Mr. Browne told us. "The boss, I must say, is no mere amateur painter, even though he didn't take up a brush



"I see the moderates aren't wasting any time."

• •

until he was forty, after he, for once, found time on his hands, following the Dardanelles campaign in the First World War. I presume that he was trying desperately to think of something to do between government engagements—his energies, of course, are boundless—when he came upon a child's watercolor set, and decided that painting would be a healthy outlet for a while. Fortunately, he was a friend of Sir John Lavery and his wife, both artists of consequence, and when he took to oils—I gather he didn't dawdle over watercolors—he learned from them to be audacious. He is an abstractionist, who aims at getting not the mere conformation of a scene but its essence. He is really—as if you didn't know—a Renaissance man, who has a singular aptitude for anything he engages in, from bricklaying to affairs of state. Even when he was recuperating from pneumonia in Marrakech during the war, he managed to turn out a landscape. Yet though he has gifts that might make another man arrogant, I have never found him, in twelve years' association, anything but modest."

We interrupted Mr. Browne's eulogy to ask him a few questions about himself.

"I'm from an old Anglo-Irish family, and was born in County Down," he said. "I'm also from an old soldiering family. My father was a colonel, and my grandfather was a general who served in the Crimean War. When it was my turn to do a bit of fighting, after a spell at Oxford, I joined the R.A.F. as a fighter-bomber pilot, and was trained in Pensacola, Florida. I'm immoderately proud of holding U.S. Navy Wings."

Mr. Browne went on to inform us that he entered the British Foreign Office in 1946, worked on the North Atlantic Pact and the Union of Western Europe, and from 1949 until 1952 was attached to the British Embassy in Paris. He became Foreign Office Aide to Sir Winston in 1952, and has remained his secretary ever since, except for time out occasionally to work for the Foreign Office. "I'm not the boss's only secretary," he said. "There are three or four of us, and I assure you he keeps us busy. Since you've seemed curious about his painting, perhaps I might send you an essay he has written on the subject. How he found time, I'll never know. It's called 'Painting as a Pastime,' and it's a charming trifle. If you'll forgive me, I must run now. Something about TV sales, or residuals, or whatnot."

The following day, Mr. Browne, as good as his word, sent us a booklet containing the essay, and we found it just as charming as he had said we would—so charming, in fact, that we would like to quote a passage:

> Just to paint is great fun. The colours are lovely to look at and delicious to squeeze out. Matching them, however crudely, with what you see is fascinating and absolutely absorbing. Try it if you have not done so—before you die. As one slowly begins to escape from the difficulties of choosing the right colours and laying them on in the right places and in the right way, wider considerations come into view. One begins to see, for instance, that painting a picture is like fighting a battle; and trying to paint a picture is, I suppose, like trying to fight a battle. It is, if anything, more exciting than fighting it successfully. But the principle is the same. . . . When we look at the larger Turners—canvases yards wide and tall—and observe that they are all done in one piece and represent one single second of time, and that every innumerable detail, however small, however distant, however subordinate, is set forth naturally and in its true proportion and relation, without effort, without failure, we must feel in the presence of an intellectual manifestation the equal in quality and intensity of the finest achievements of warlike action, of forensic argument, or of scientific or philosophical adjudication.

This, obviously, is no man for a house painter to tangle with.

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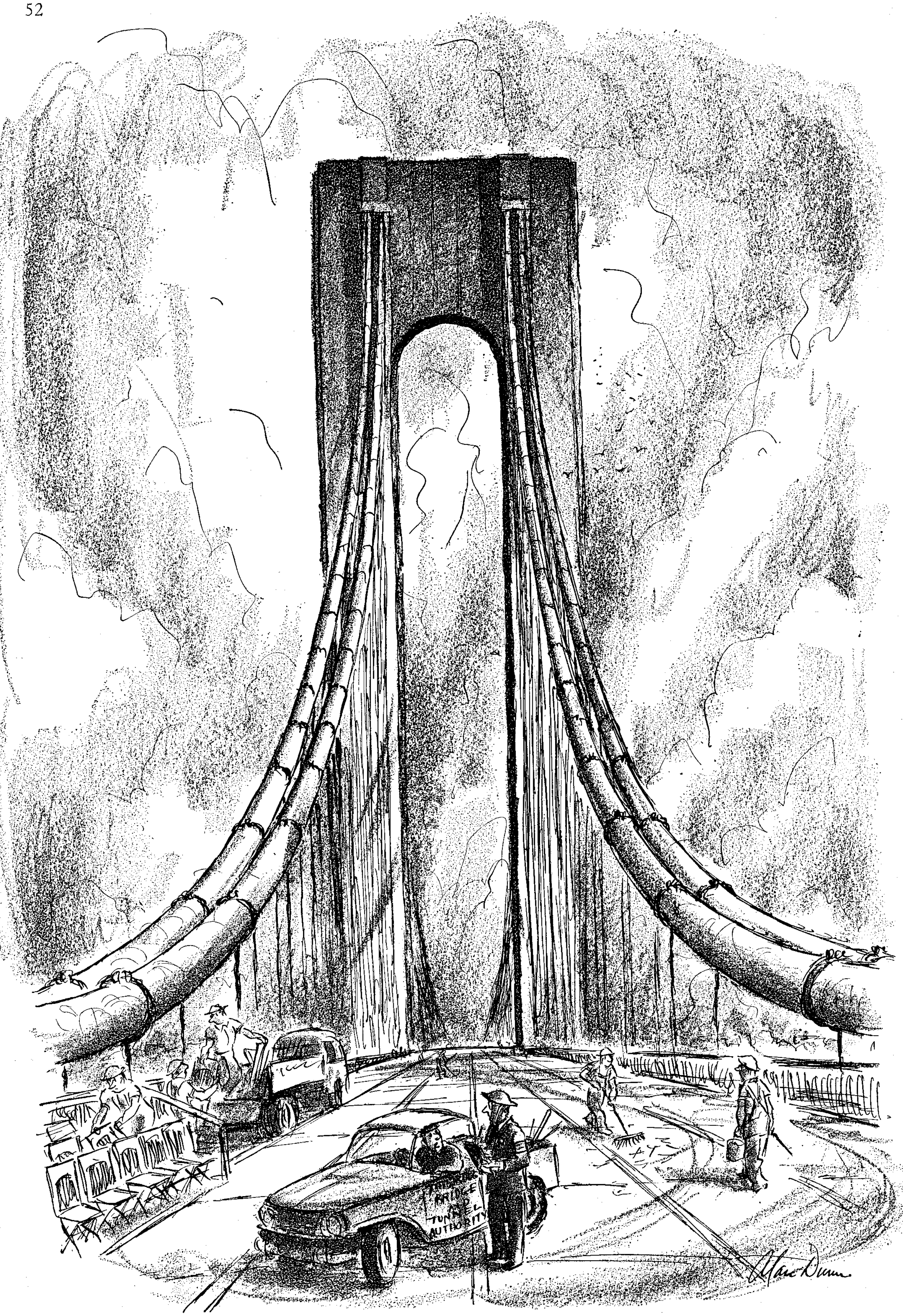
THE New York office of the Japan Line gives away ball-point pens plainly marked "USA."


TRIBORO BRIDGE AND TUNNEL AUTHORITY
Alan Dunn

"Just any kind of ribbon?"

EAT, DRINK, AND BE WARY

HAD anyone pressed his nose against the windows of our brownstone late yesterday afternoon—a feat requiring no more than a nineteen-foot ladder and the agility of a Blondin—he might have beheld a scene that, while it lacked a hay wain and browsing cattle, rivalled in tranquillity anything Constable ever painted. The sleeper recumbent on the davenport, his diminutive chest wheezing as rhythmically as a bellows, was an individual on whose brow not a single trace of care was discernible. Here, even Ralph Waldo Trine would have hastened to proclaim, was a man altogether in tune with the infinite, a person unmistakably proof against all the petty anxieties of existence. And then, in almost the very next breath, the pastoral confronting the observer was annihilated in a single stroke. A part-time maid, bearing a tote and the equivocal name of Bonanza, appeared in the doorway. "I stuffed the chicken and put it in the range," she announced, as she prepared to vanish into the gloaming, "but tell the Missis I couldn't find the needle and thread."

The instant the door of the apartment slammed behind her, I sat bolt upright, prey to a gnawing, inexplicable disquiet. The first part of the message was plain enough, but there was something furtive, if not sinister, about the rest of it. With a premonition that much more than a fowl was cooking, I got up and made for the kitchen. A rich, flavorsome scent emanated from the stove, and everything appeared to be in apple-pie order. Just as I turned to leave, though, my eye fell on a bulky volume lying on the breadboard. It was Irma S. Rombauer's classic, "The Joy of Cooking," spread open to an entry, under "Dressings for Meat or Fowl" and headed " 'Dry' Dressing," that ran as follows: "This name is given by my cook, Sarah Brown, to a dressing she frequently makes, which is by no means dry when served." There then followed directions for making it so dry as to practically crackle, concluding, "Fill the cavity lightly with the remaining dressing and pour the remaining butter on it. Sew up the opening." It was that laconic final sentence that brought the whole thing into focus and snapped my head back. Bonanza had tried to fulfill Mrs. Rombauer's instructions faithfully enough, all right, but in her haste to leave, and possibly distracted by rock 'n' roll, she had mislaid the needle and thread. It was careless—an oversight anyone might have committed, except for one detail. *She* knew, and I knew as I stood there aghast, where it was. It was inside the dressing.

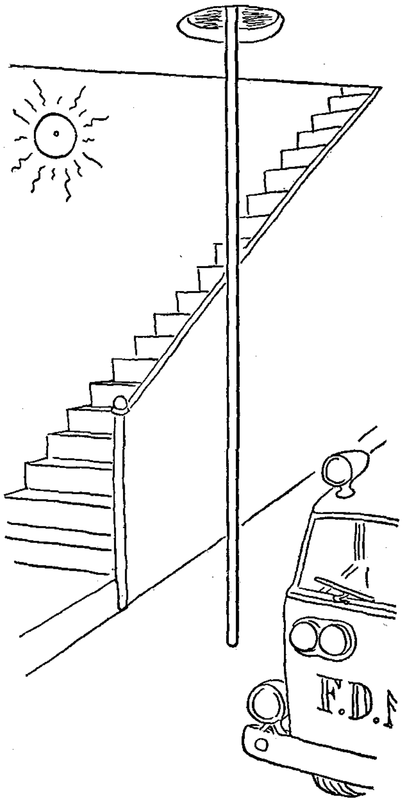
For a moment, as the significance of her blunder trickled into my consciousness, a wave of dizziness swept over me and I felt my knees buckling. Then some gyroscope deep inside righted itself, and I realized the need for swift, decisive action. To pluck the bird from the oven, excise the stuffing, and laboriously comb it for the needle was inadvisable, not to say beyond my powers. However, if I could still recall Bonanza . . . I sprang down the hallway toward the front door, but before I reached the first landing it struck me how futile was pursuit. By now she must be miles away, roaring uptown on the Broadway-Seventh Avenue express and well on her way home. The sensible, the rational, course was to reach her by phone, explain that I did not hold her culpable in any way, and solicit her advice. After rummaging through my wife's address book for an eternity, I found the number of a beauty parlor on West 136th Street through which she maintained a tenuous link with Bonanza. The party who answered spoke in tones so velvety with mistrust that I finally threw circumlocution to the winds.

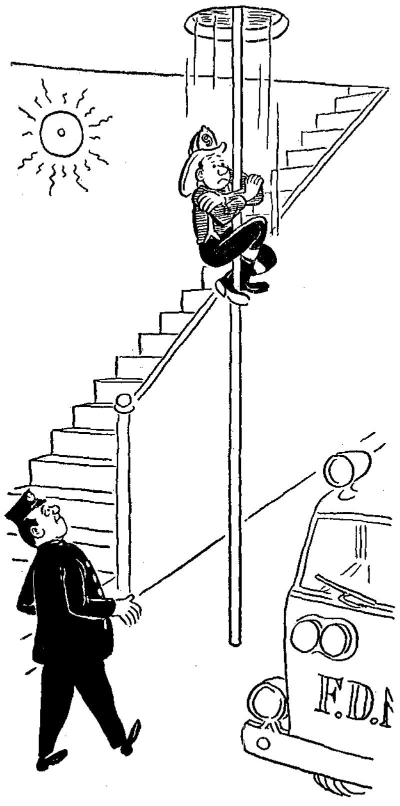
"Listen," I said, my voice shrill with impatience. "I can't stand here jawing with you all night. When she comes in, tell her that the needle's in the dressing and that she has to help me get it out—is that clear?"

"Yes, *sir*," he replied, with the alacrity of one suddenly comprehending everything. "I certainly will, but you better get to the clinic real fast."

A foreboding that I could look for no further aid from that quarter began to loom, and, hanging up, I pondered the next move. Perhaps the needle had already worked its way out; I remembered hearing of numerous instances in which objects of the sort had magically reappeared after making a complete circuit of the human body, and a chicken, after all, was minute by comparison. A quick glance into the stove disposed of any such likelihood, and the wave of heat that gushed into my face warned me that further exploration was perilous. I sat down and methodically tried to reconstruct what I knew of our schedule for the evening. Some couple or other was coming to dinner; just who, I couldn't recall, but I distinctly remembered my wife's injunction not to stray off with any cronies. It was pikestaff plain, therefore, that she herself had been detained somewhere, and that the only recourse left was to alert her to the situation while there was still time to resolve it gracefully. I flew into the bedroom and again began thumbing through the names in her address book.

It was nearly six o'clock, and my voice had dwindled to a croak, when I finished canvassing the list of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, each of whom had failed to encounter my helpmate that day. Most of them, sensing the urgency of the call, tried to find out what was amiss, but I took care to divulge it to only the trustworthy few who promised to respect my confidence. Oddly enough, several of these, whose judgment and lucidity had always impressed me hitherto, persisted in trying to apply logic to the mishap. If Bonanza had actually sewed up the opening, they argued, how could the needle and thread have remained inside? I quickly





cut short their sophistries, conveying, as delicately as I could without wounding them, that in their stress they could hardly be held accountable for talking nonsense.

The protracted ring of the doorbell, just as I was feverishly completing my toilet, reawakened my hopes; my wife was back, heaven be praised, and would know intuitively how to cope before our company turned up. To my consternation, it was the guests themselves, a pair named Pettijohn, to whom we were incomprehensibly bonded because we rented adjacent cottages at Martha's Vineyard. Robin Pettijohn, a corpulent hyperthyroid in his late forties, was a self-styled dramatist, none of whose plays had been produced as yet but who was rumored to be vastly gifted. His spouse, Vida, was a fierce little polecat with burning eyes that transfixed everyone she addressed, contentious and given to quoting statistics from the latest Consumers Union bulletin. They had just attended a cocktail party and were slightly gassed, a circumstance that heartened me measurably; perhaps if enough anesthesia were forthcoming they might overlook any surprises that popped up during the meal. To this end, I brewed a pitcherful of Gimlets so potent that they brought tears to my eyes and I plied the two, bombarding Pettijohn meanwhile with oversolicitous questions about the progress of his newest play. I could see that modesty forebade his making any extravagant predictions, but as the grog took hold he dropped his domino and confessed that the new work was touched with genius.

"What are you calling it?" I asked inattentively, my ears straining for my wife's footfall on the stair.

"Well, I can't decide between 'Finders Keepers' and 'Keepers Finders,'" he said, "but Vida claims it cries out for something lighter—more comedic."

"Yes, like 'Needle in a Haystack,'" she said. "How does that strike you?"

I succumbed to a coughing fit so violent that the Pettijohns became visibly concerned, but I ultimately managed to regain control. From the repeated glances Vida had been casting toward the bedroom, it was evident that she was perishing to know what had become of the mistress of the ménage. So was I, and, to add to my tribulation, the pungent odor of burning chicken now assailed my nostrils. At this juncture, the Furies must have decided to grant me a breather, because the door burst open and my wife plummeted in, one cheek distended as in the advertisement for Dent's Toothache Gum. She had just undergone a fearful session in the dentist's chair, it appeared, lasting two solid hours. The Pettijohns cooed their sympathy, but when I proffered mine it was brushed aside.

"Didn't you get my message to turn off the stove?" she demanded, and raced on before I could reply. "The nurse kept calling, but the line was busy, busy, busy. Good grief, who were you talking to?"

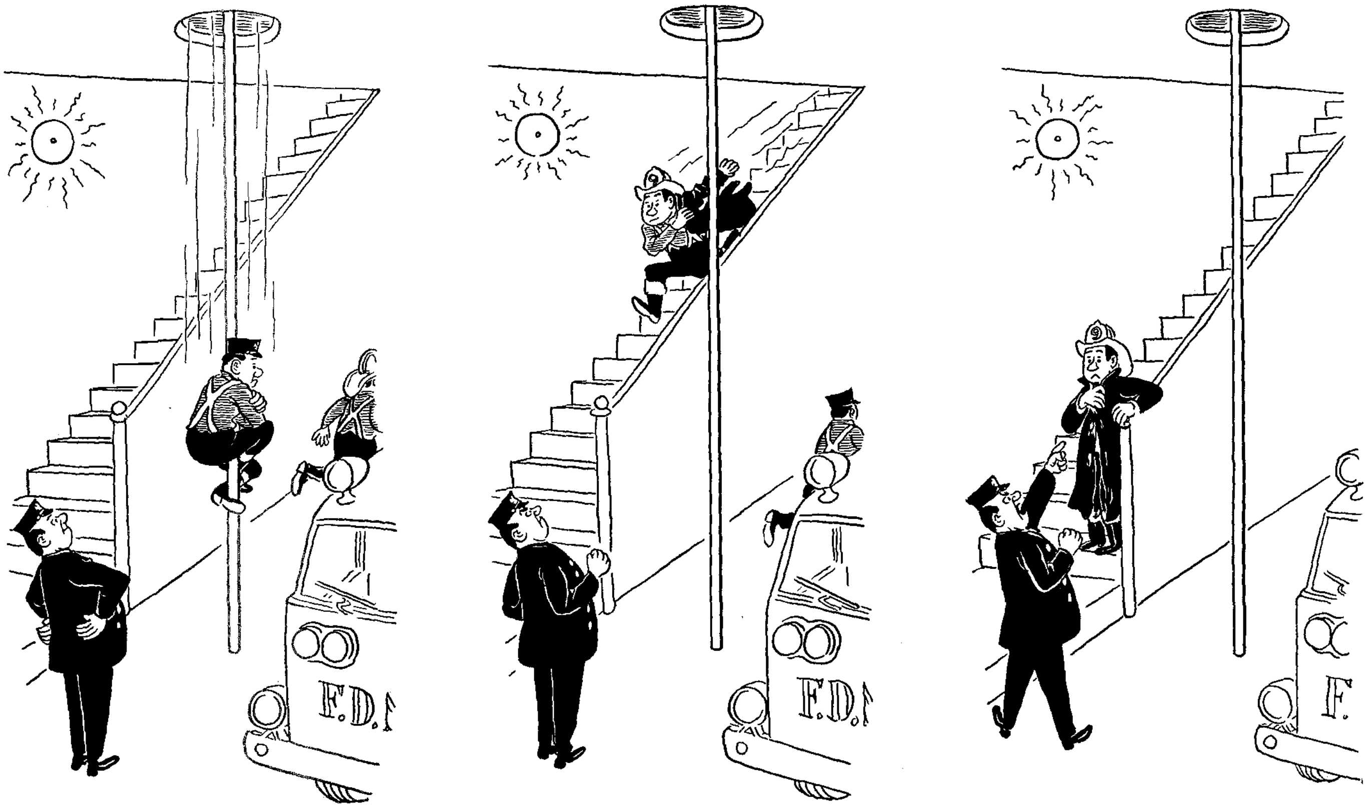
"The—uh—roast— I mean the Coast," I floundered. "Look, there's something I have to tell you—"

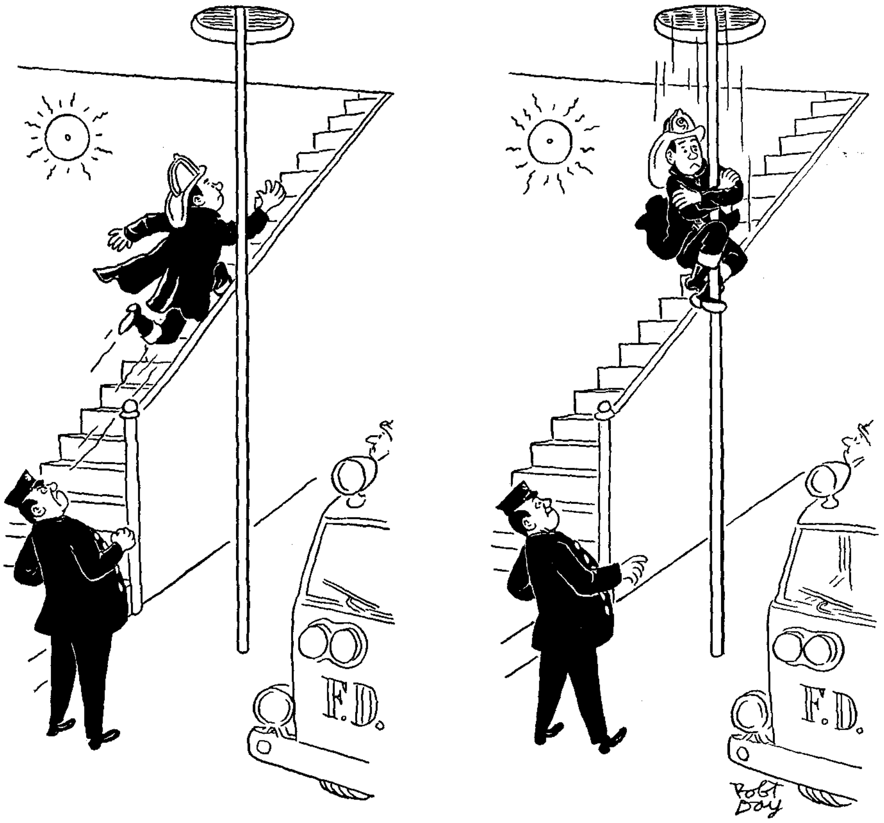
"Later—not now," she cut me short. "I've got to see to the dinner. Give Vida and Robin a dividend while I go look."

I complied numbly, hoping that a pretext, however trifling, would arise for me to slip into the kitchen. None did, and, to thwart me further, Vida insisted, over my protestations, on absenting herself to lend a hand with the cuisine. Pettijohn, growing more expansive by the moment, was sounding new depths of fatuity; he embarked on a scornful denunciation of the Broadway theatre, slashing left and right at its banality and commercialism. Perhaps his artistic standards were too lofty, he conceded, but he would sooner lay down his pen than cater to the degraded tastes of a bunch of cloak-and-suiters. I stared at the man frozenly, longing to tighten a bowstring around his neck, to somehow quench his babble forever, but on he boomed, impervious to all save the music of his own voice. By the time we finally sat down to eat, a deep fatalism suffused me. I had done everything imaginable to avert a catastrophe, and my tocsin had gone unheeded. If someone wound up skewered from end to end—Pettijohn, by choice—at least my conscience was clear.

The dinner that ensued, while not quite as harrowing an ordeal as a meal I once shared in the Uganda saw grass with the sixteen members of an all-girl safari, was nevertheless a lulu. My heartbeat, I was convinced, was sickeningly audible as I spooned out tiny portions of the dressing in the flickering candlelight; at any instant, I was braced for the metallic glint, the strangled cry, and the whole calamitous hurly-burly that would follow. Insofar as one could exercise a degree of caution, I did my utmost, carving paper-thin slices of the bird, screening each one painstakingly, and even mashing down the cranberry sauce to make certain it harbored nothing lethal. My consort must have instinctively sensed the trepidation I felt, for within minutes her perplexity yielded to irritation. "Why on earth are you fiddling around there?" she demanded. "Give Robin and Vida something to eat. Those portions wouldn't feed a sparrow."

"I'll say," Pettijohn chimed in. "I think he's hoarding it for himself. Come on, fella," he urged, extending his plate in a humorous imitation of





Oliver Twist, "I'm a big boy and I want my vittles—eh, Vida?"

"Oh, Robin, don't be a pig," she rebuked him, snatching the words out of my mouth. "As a matter of fact, though, I will have another wee bit of the stuffing." She threw the hostess a bright smile that was stiff with insincerity. "It's really scrumptious, darling—do tell me what went into it."

I could have told her, and for a fleeting moment had to fight off a wild impulse to do so. Finally, and agonizingly, however, the crisis passed; the main course ended without any lesions and we segued into the dessert. The strain I had undergone predictably produced its reaction, and if I was a bit prodigal with my own tot in serving the brandy, I needed a shield for the pyrotechnics I knew were inevitable when the Pettijohns left. They erupted promptly.

"*Well*," said my wife, her arms assuming the posture traditionally known as akimbo. "Before I comment on your behavior tonight, would you like to make a short, bumbling statement?"

"You're damn well right I would," I said, and launched into a heated résumé of the events of the afternoon.

Her face softened as I concluded. "Mercy, but what anguish you've been through!" she sympathized. "If you'd only seen the note I left on the drainboard."

"Note?" I repeated faintly. "About what?"

"The buttons I asked Bonanza to sew on your shirts," she said. "*She* saw it, even if she couldn't find the needle. In fact," she mused, "Bonanza sees everything that goes on around here, and sometimes I wonder how she stands it."

Curious creatures, women. Always coming out with these elliptical remarks, and the devil only knows what they're driving at. Ah, well, perhaps they're just trying to needle you—to pin you down—to keep you on tenterhooks . . . Oh, bother, you know what I mean.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE BURGLAR OF BABYLON

On the fair green hills of Rio
There grows a fearful stain:
The poor who come to Rio
And can't go home again.

On the hills a million people,
A million sparrows, nest,
Like a confused migration
That's had to light and rest,

Building its nests, or houses,
Out of nothing at all, or air.
You'd think a breath would end them,
They perch so lightly there.

But they cling and spread like lichen,
And the people come and come.
There's one hill called the Chicken,
And one called Catacomb;

There's the hill of Kerosene,
And the hill of the Skeleton,
The hill of Astonishment,
And the hill of Babylon.

Micuçú* was a burglar and killer,
An enemy of society.
He had escaped three times
From the worst penitentiary.

They don't know how many he murdered
(Though they say he never raped),
And he wounded two policemen
This last time he escaped.

They said, "He'll go to his auntie,
Who raised him like a son.
She has a little drink shop
On the hill of Babylon."

He did go straight to his auntie,
And he drank a final beer.
He told her, "The soldiers are coming,
And I've got to disappear.

"Ninety years they gave me.
Who wants to live that long?
I'll settle for ninety hours,
On the hill of Babylon.

"Don't tell anyone you saw me.
I'll run as long as I can.
You were good to me, and I love you,
But I'm a doomed man."

Going out, he met a *mulata*
Carrying water on her head.
"If you say you saw me, daughter,
You're just as good as dead."

There are caves up there, and hideouts,
And an old fort, falling down.
They used to watch for Frenchmen
From the hill of Babylon.

Below him was the ocean.
It reached far up the sky,
Flat as a wall, and on it
Were freighters passing by,

Or climbing the wall, and climbing
Till each looked like a fly,
And then fell over and vanished;
And he knew he was going to die.

He could hear the goats *baa-baa*-ing,
He could hear the babies cry;
Fluttering kites strained upward;
And he knew he was going to die.

A buzzard flapped so near him
He could see its naked neck.
He waved his arms and shouted,
"Not yet, my son, not yet!"

An Army helicopter
Came nosing around and in.
He could see two men inside it,
But they never spotted him.

The soldiers were all over,
On all sides of the hill,
And right against the skyline
A row of them, small and still.

Children peeked out of windows,
And men in the drink shop swore,
And spat a little *cachaça*
At the light cracks in the floor.

But the soldiers were nervous, even
With tommy guns in hand,
And one of them, in a panic,
Shot the officer in command.

He hit him in three places;
The other shots went wild.
The soldier had hysterics
And sobbed like a little child.

The dying man said, "Finish
The job we came here for."
He committed his soul to God
And his sons to the Governor.

They ran and got a priest,
And he died in hope of Heaven
—A man from Pernambuco,
The youngest of eleven.

They wanted to stop the search,
But the Army said, "No, go on,"
So the soldiers swarmed again
Up the hill of Babylon.

Rich people in apartments
Watched through binoculars
As long as the daylight lasted.
And all night, under the stars,

Micuçú hid in the grasses
Or sat in a little tree,
Listening for sounds, and staring
At the lighthouse out at sea.

And the lighthouse stared back at him,
Till finally it was dawn.
He was soaked with dew, and hungry,
On the hill of Babylon.

The yellow sun was ugly,
Like a raw egg on a plate—
Slick from the sea. He cursed it,
For he knew it sealed his fate.

He saw the long white beaches
And people going to swim,
With towels and beach umbrellas,
But the soldiers were after him.

Far, far below, the people
Were little colored spots,
And the heads of those in swimming
Were floating coconuts.

He heard the peanut vender
Go *peep-peep* on his whistle,
And the man that sells umbrellas
Swinging his watchman's rattle.

Women with market baskets
Stood on the corners and talked,
Then went on their way to market,
Gazing up as they walked.

The rich with their binoculars
Were back again, and many
Were standing on the rooftops,
Among TV antennae.

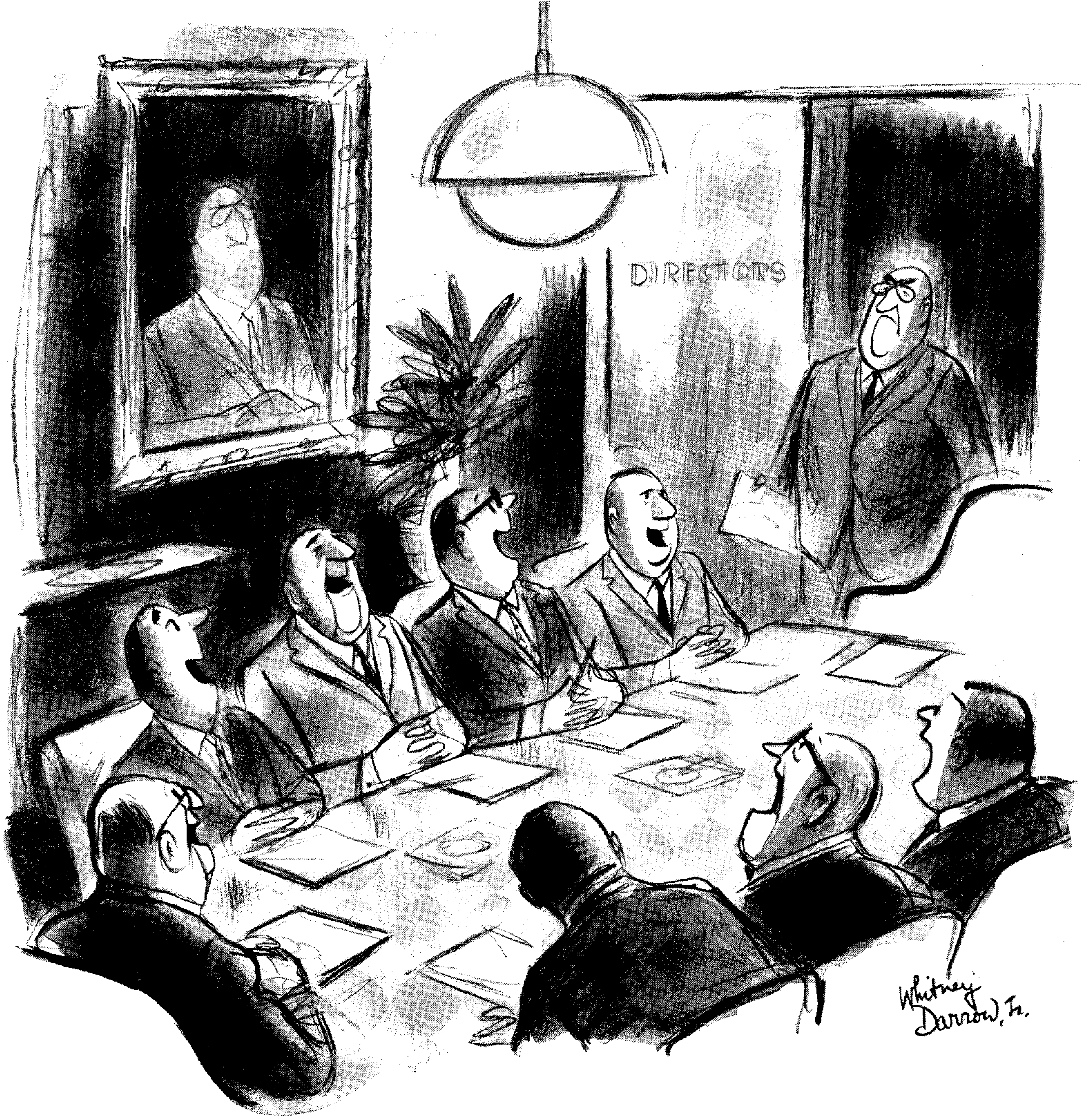
It was early, eight or eight-thirty.
He saw a soldier climb,
Looking right at him. He fired,
And missed for the last time.

He could hear the soldier panting,
Though he never got very near.
Micuçú dashed for shelter.
But he got it, behind the ear.

He heard the babies crying
Far, far away in his head,
And the mongrels barking and barking.
Then Micuçú was dead.

He had a Taurus revolver,
And just the clothes he had on,
With two contos in the pockets,
On the hill of Babylon.

*According to some, Micuçú (mē-co͞o-so͞o) is short for *mico sujo* (dirty marmoset). According to others, and more likely, it is the folk name of a deadly snake, in the north.



"Good morning to you! Good morning to you!
We're all in our places, with bright, shining faces . . ."

• •

The police and the populace
Heaved a sigh of relief,
But behind the counter his auntie
Wiped her eyes in grief.

"We have always been respected.
My shop is honest and clean.
I loved him, but from a baby
Micuçú was always mean.

"We have always been respected.
His sister has a job.
Both of us gave him money.
Why did he have to rob?

"I raised him to be honest,
Even here, in Babylon slum."
The customers had another,
Looking serious and glum.

But one of them said to another,
When he got outside the door,
"He wasn't much of a burglar,
He got caught six times—or more."

This morning the little soldiers
Are on Babylon hill again;
Their gun barrels and helmets
Shine in a gentle rain.

Micuçú is buried already.
They're after another two,
But they say they aren't as dangerous
As the poor Micuçú.

On the fair green hills of Rio
There grows a fearful stain:
The poor who come to Rio
And can't go home again.

There's the hill of Kerosene,
And the hill of the Skeleton,
The hill of Astonishment,
And the hill of Babylon.

—Elizabeth Bishop

THE LIARS

"WE'RE all dressed up today," said the landlady, going downstairs from the old lady's room to her husband in the kitchen. "Diamond rings, emerald necklace—she's put the lot on. I said to her, 'You're all dressed up for company, I see.' 'Yes,' she said. 'Harry's coming.' I mean, it's childish. I don't trust that man. He'd stop at nothing and he tells lies. And do you know what she said?"

"What did she say?" said the landlady's husband.

"'It's Thursday, Mrs. Lax,' she says. 'It's my day for telling lies.'"

It was a February afternoon. Under her black wig, the old lady upstairs was sitting up in bed reading her father's Baudelaire. She read greedily; her eyes, enlarged by her glasses, were rampaging over the lines. With her long nose, and her long lips sliding back into her cheeks, she looked like a wolf grinning at the smell of the first snow, on the hunt restlessly among the words.

> *"Vous que dans votre enfer mon*
> *âme a poursuivies*
> *Pauvres sœurs, je vous aime*
> *autant que je vous plains . . ."*

She was murmuring avidly as she read. All over the bed were books—French and English books, papers, and detective novels that she had picked up and pushed away. On and off during the long day, she had looked out of the window to see what was going on in the street; sleet had emptied it. The only thing that still caught her eye was an old blackbird gripping the branch of the plane tree outside her window. It was alone, its wings hanging down.

"You're late," said the old lady, pulling her shawl violently round her arms, taking off her glasses, and showing her strong, expectant teeth, when Harry came up to her room at four o'clock. The bold nose was naked and accusing.

Harry put the library books he had brought for her on the table under the window by her bedside. He was a tall, red-faced man with a fixed look of moist astonishment at having somehow got a heavy body into his navy-blue suit, and of continually hearing news.

"I had my hair cut," he said, moving a small cane-seated chair out of the muddle of furniture into the middle of the room.

The old lady waited impatiently for him to sit down. She took a deep breath and gave a small hungry smile.

"No," he said. "A terrible thing happened when I came out of the barber's."

The old lady let out her breath peacefully and let her head slip aside on her pillow in admiration.

"I saw my double," Harry said.

TWO years ago, she had been in hospital, but before that Harry had the job of pushing her along the seafront in a bath chair on fine mornings. When she had been taken ill, he had started working in the bar and dining room of the Queen's Hotel. Now that she was bedridden, he brought her books. First of all, in the days when he used to wheel her out, it was "Yes, Miss Randall" or "Is that a fact, Miss Randall?" while she chattered about the town as it was when she was a child there, about her family (all dead now), and about her father, the famous journalist, and what he had done at Versailles after the 1914 war, and his time in the Irish troubles, and her London life with him. And Harry told her about himself. "I was born in Enniskillen, Ma'am." "Now, that's a border town, isn't it, Harry?" "It's like living on a tightrope, Ma'am. My father fought against the British." "Very foolish of him," said the old lady. "Oh, it was," said Harry. "He had us blown up." "The British *bombed* you, Harry?" "Not at all. It was one of Father's bombs—homemade thing. It went off in the house." "Were you hurt, Harry?" "I was at my auntie's. So I went to sea." "So you did—you told me—and the ship blew up, too." "No, Ma'am, it was the boiler. It was a Liverpool ship, the Grantham." "*Two* explosions? I don't believe you, Harry." "It's God's truth, Ma'am. It was in New York Harbor. But I'd left her in Buenos Aires—there was always trouble on her." "And then you went to that hacienda—*no, you got a* job in a hotel first of all. Isn't that it?" "Yes, in two or three hotels, Ma'am, until this American lady took me up to her hacienda." "To look after the horses?" "That is correct." "This was the lady who rode her horse up the steps into the dining room?" "No, Ma'am," said Harry. "She rode it

NEW YORK'S
A LAUGH
A MILE
O'BRIAN

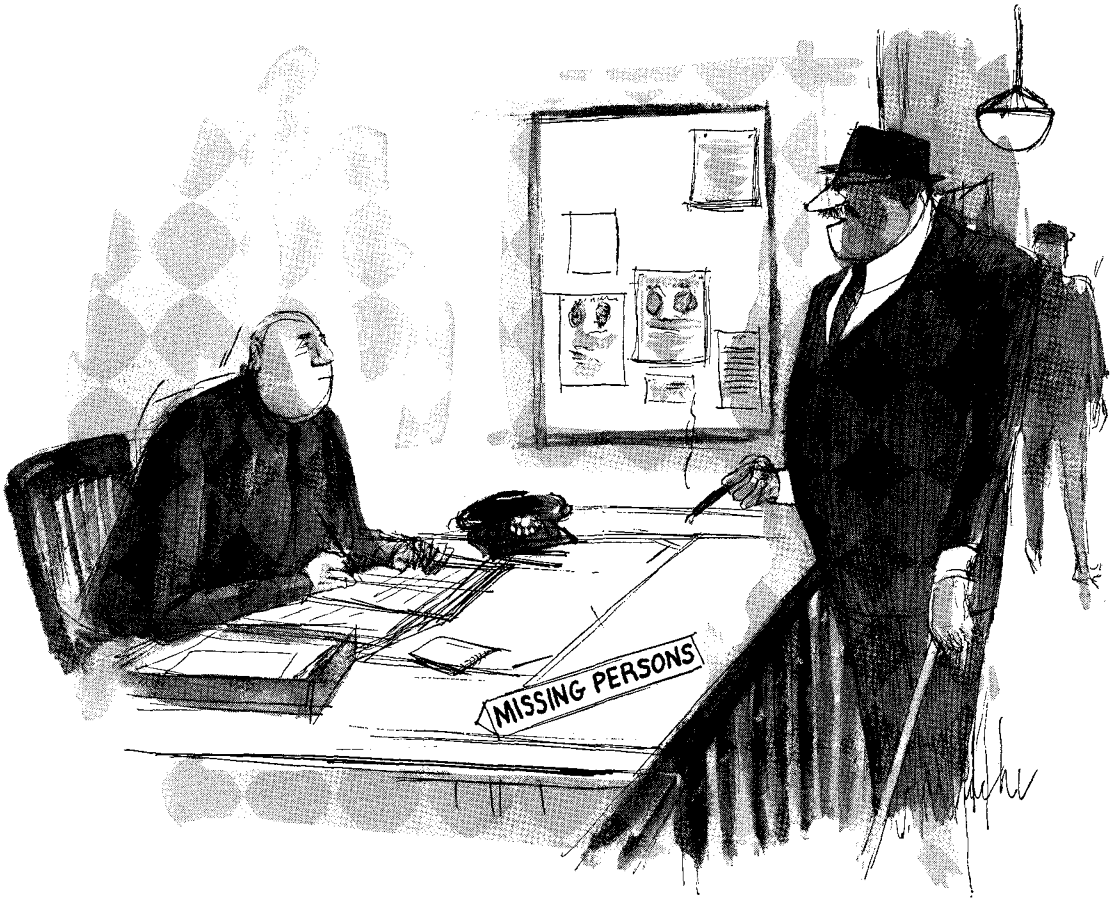
right inside and up the marble staircase into her bedroom.” “She *couldn’t*, Harry. A mule, yes, but not a horse.” “That part was easy for her, Ma’am; it was getting the horse down that was the trouble. She called us, the Indian boy and myself, and we had to do that. Down twenty-five marble steps. She stood at the top shouting at us, ‘Mind the pictures!’ ” “I suppose there was an explosion there, too, Harry?” “No, Ma’am, but there were butterflies as large as plates flying through the air, enough to knock you down.”

“Harry,” said the old lady one day, “you’re as big a liar as my sister’s husband used to be.”

Harry looked at her warily, then around him to see if there was anyone he could call to for help if there was trouble.

“It’s God’s truth,” said Harry rapidly and anxiously.

“There’s truth, and there’s God’s truth,” said the old lady. It was after this that she had to be taken off to the hospital.



“I don’t know exactly when it was she disappeared. I’ve been rather busy lately.”

• •

“SO you saw your double, Harry,” the old lady said. “Stand up and let me look at you.”

Harry stood up.

“They’ve cropped you at the back; you’re nearly blue. I’ll tell you whose double you are, Harry. My sister’s husband. He was in the hotel business, like you.”

“Is that a fact?” said Harry. “Did your sister marry?”

“I’ve been thinking about it ever since you went to work at the Queen’s,” said the old lady. “He was taller and broader than you and he had fair hair, not black like yours, and a very white face—a London night face. But the feet were the same—like yours, sticking out sideways. Sit down, Harry.”

“I suppose,” said Harry, who had heard versions of this story before, “I suppose he’d be the manager?”

“Manager!” shouted the old lady. “He wouldn’t have considered it! Ambassador, Archbishop, Prime Minister, more like it. That is what he sounded like and what he looked like—anyway, what we *thought* he was. He was the headwaiter at a night club.”

She stared herself into silence.

“No, it’s God’s truth,” said Harry, taking his chance. “I was coming out of the barber’s, and I forgot your books and went back for them, and when I came to cross the street, the lights changed. There was a crowd of us there on the curb, and that was when I saw this fellow. He was standing on the other side of the street, waiting to cross. I stared at him. We were the double of each other. I thought I was looking in a mirror.”

The old lady let her head slip back peacefully on the pillow. A happy smile came on her face, and she took a biscuit from the tin. “Same clothes?” she said slyly.

“Except for the hat,” said Harry. “Same height. He was staring at me. Same nose, eyes, everything. And then the lights changed, and he stepped off the curb, and I stepped off, and we were still staring at each other. But when we got to the middle I couldn’t look at him any longer and I looked away. We passed each other, and I felt cold as ice all day one side of my body.”

“Did he turn round? Did *he* recognize *you*?”

“He did not. But after we passed I looked back, and he wasn’t there. No sign of him at all. I got to the curb and I had a second look. He’d gone.”

“He was lost in the crowd.”

“He was not. There wasn’t a crowd. He was the only one crossing from that side of the street. Except for the hat, it was me.”

The pupils of Harry’s eyes were upright brown ovals. He had been wronged—so wronged that he looked puffed out, full of wind.

“It was like passing an iceberg in the Atlantic. Or a ghost,” Harry said.

“You could say Deb’s husband—my sister’s husband—was a ghost,” said the old lady. “He was living upstairs in the flat above us for three years before we met him. We used to hear his taxi at four in the morning. He was out all night, and we were out all day. Deb at her art school, and I worked on the paper my father used to work on.”

“You mightn’t have met at all,” Harry said. “I never saw the night porter at the Queen’s for a year.”

“I wish we hadn’t,” said the old lady.

“It would be accidental if you did. Would there have been an accident?” Harry said, putting on an innocent

"You think you're the only one around here with Angst?"

• •

look, as if he didn't know the story. "When I was working on that hacienda with the American lady, the one with the horse in her bedroom—"

"There was an accident!" cried the old lady. "You know there was. I told you, Harry."

"He left the stopper in his basin," Harry said.

"With the tap dripping," the old lady said. "Deb got home one evening and heard the water dripping through the ceiling onto Father's desk. She put a bowl underneath it, and it splashed all over Father's books—we had a very pleasant flat, not like this. Father left us some very beautiful things. When I got home, I was angry with Deb. She was a very dreamy girl. 'Why didn't you get the housekeeper up, instead of letting it ruin everything?' I said. *I* had to ring for him—stone-deaf, like your cook. Didn't you say the explosion on that ship made your cook stone-deaf?"

"On the Grantham," Harry said.

"You told me the Cairngorm before," said the old lady. "But never mind. He got his keys and we went upstairs to see what was going on. That flat, Harry! It was empty. When I say empty, just lino on the floor—"

"I've got lino at the Queen's," said Harry. "Brown with white flowers."

"Nothing—nothing but a table and a bed and a couple of chairs. It was like a cell. It was like a punishment hanging over us. Not a book. There was a parcel of shirts from the laundry on the bed—that would have told us something, if we'd looked."

She paused, but this time Harry didn't have to prime her. "Four o'clock *in the morning,*" she went on, "he came home. The taxi ticking down below in the street! Like a ghost in the night, it was. Of course, he came down to apologize about the water. Harry, the moment he stood in the room I knew I'd seen him before! I said to my sister, 'I've seen that man somewhere.' The way he stopped in the doorway, looking across the room at Deb and me and the chairs, nodding at them as if he were telling us where to sit. The way he held his hands together as he spoke and spoke, with his head bent. He had one of those kissing mouths—like a German. He looked at the books that had been splashed and said, 'Balzac and Baudelaire, very great men,' and looked fatter in the face after he said it. He looked more important. We said they were Father's books, and my sister said, 'Father was a special correspondent. Perhaps you've heard of him.' He said he'd heard people mention him at his club, and it sounded as if he'd eaten Father." The old lady laughed out loud at this idea of hers, and left her mouth open for a while after she had laughed. "I'll tell you who he was like," she said excitedly. "That statue of George II! Or do I mean the Duke of Bedford?"

She didn't wait for Harry's answer.

"I wanted to get rid of him; he was so large and serious, and he sounded as if he was making a speech to Parliament about what some painter he knew had said about art and the public. He knew a lot of people—Cabinet ministers, actors, judges. 'Well,' I said, when he'd gone, 'I don't know who he is, but he's a man "in the know"!' Deb did not like my saying this. 'He's a journalist, I expect,' she said. Before he went, Deb asked him to have a drink with us one day. 'Let me look at my diary. Thursday I'm free. And Sundays, unless I go away to stay,' he said. 'Come on Sunday,' Deb said. He came. We had people there. The first thing he did was to start handing round the drinks. It was *his* party. He owned us. He'd eaten us, too. I couldn't take my eyes off him. One or two people were as curious as I was. 'Who is he—the editor of the *Times!* What does he do?' He wasn't like any of our friends; we were all younger. You know what I think drew us to him? Girls are such fools. His conceit. He was as conceited as a gravestone. I watched him moving about. There was his round white face, rather puffy, and his head bowing like the whole of the House of Hanover—the House of Hanover were very stiff, but you know what I mean, Harry. He kept talking about the Prime Minister and politics in a pooh-poohing way, but down below were his feet sticking out sideways. 'Which paper do you work for?' I asked him. 'I'm not a journalist,' he said. 'Oh,' I said, 'the housekeeper said you were a journalist on night-work. We hear your taxi every night.' And do you know what he said? He said, 'I asked the housekeeper about *you* when I took my flat here. I wanted to be sure it was a quiet house. The housekeeper said you were "two ladies out all day."' Snubs to us, I told my sister after he had gone, but she said, 'Fancy him asking about us!' And she danced round the room singing up at the ceiling, 'I'm a lady out all day!' We could hear him upstairs walking about."

"Yes, but that's what I can't make out about this man," said Harry. "I was thinking about it yesterday. Why wouldn't he tell you what his job was?"

"He thought we were a pair of snobs," said the old lady. "I expect we were."

"Out all night—he could have been a printer," said Harry.

"Or somebody at the post office! Or with the police! Night watchman. Actor. We thought of that," the old lady raced along. "It was clever of him; you see what he did. He didn't tell a single lie, but he started us imagining things and telling lies to ourselves. Deb couldn't leave it alone. Every time he dodged our questions, she made something up."

The old lady pulled her arms out of the shawl and spread her arms wide. "Burglar came into my head!" she shouted. "I came home from the office one evening and there they were, both of them, sitting on the sofa, and he was saying he had heard on the 'highest authority'—'the highest authority' (he actually used those words, and I always called him The Highest Authority after that, to annoy Deb)—that the Cabinet had decided to legalize street betting. When he left, I said to Deb, 'Deb, that man is not in politics; he is in crime.' 'I can tell you he is *not* in crime!' Deb said. 'I asked him straight out.'"

Harry leaned forward and began to rub his hands up and down his serge trousers, making a sound like breath.

"'I asked him straight out what he did,' Deb said, 'and he said he was very sorry but it was secret work, something he couldn't talk about, but not crime.' He made her promise not to ask or try to find out, but he said he would tell her when he was free to say."

"If you'd looked at those shirts on his bed, you'd have known the answer," Harry said. "Dress shirts."

"The headwaiter at a smart night club!" said the old lady. "That's what he was."

"And earning good money, I suppose," said Harry. "That's where he picked up his talk."

"I've told you all this before, Harry," said the old lady.

"The chief steward on the Grantham," said Harry, "used to pass himself off as the captain when he went ashore. That was to girls, too."

"Oh, he talked very well and took us in. You can call him a waiter if you like, but you know what I call him? Bluebeard."

"Bluebeard?" said Harry, very startled. "Was he married?"

"No, but he had Bluebeard in him," said the old lady. "A girl will do anything to find out a secret."

"That's true," said Harry.

THE old lady stared at Harry, weighing him. Then she said, in a lower voice, "I can talk to you, Harry. You're a married man. I mean, you've been a married man. Show me your wife's picture again."

Harry opened his wallet and took out an old snapshot of a young girl with smooth dark hair drawn in an old-fashioned style round an oval face.

"She was pretty, Harry. Deb was fair and a bit plump."

She looked at the photograph a long time and then gave it back to Harry, who put it in his wallet again.

"You miss her, Harry."

"I do that."

"You would have had a home," said the old lady. "I haven't got a home. You haven't got a home, and yet, years ago, before we moved to London, my family had a large house in this town."

The old lady suddenly changed her mood, and her voice

became sarcastically merry. "Bluebeard! Oh, we were all mystery! Secret service, Russian spies. When Deb went to bed at night, she started drawing back the curtains, turning out the lights, and undressing by the light of the street lamp down below. And she would open the window wide—in the winter! The fog blowing in! She would stand in her nightdress and say, 'Can't you feel the mystery of London? I want to feel I am everywhere in London seeing what everyone is doing this minute. Listen to it.' 'You'll get pneumonia,' I said. But it was love. He came down to see us very often now. One day, he was saying something about the French Ambassador and French foreign policy. It sounded boastful, and I said—I remember this—'Father was one of Clemenceau's very few English friends,' which wasn't true. I told you he made us tell lies. That impressed him, because before he went he asked us both out to dinner, at the Ritz! The Ritz! And that was where something funny happened—only a small thing. A party at another table started staring at him, and I was sure I heard someone mention his name. I'm sure I heard one of the men say, 'There's Charles,' and I said to him, 'Someone knows you over there.' 'No,' he said. 'They were talking about you. They were saying it was unfair a man taking out two pretty sisters.' Deb was very pleased. 'He's very well known,' she said later. 'In that case, he can't be secret, can he?' I said."

The old lady paused and scowled. "He never took us out again," she said. "After that," she went on, "it was champagne, caviar, lobster. Up in his flat, and Deb took her gramophone—I never went. 'He must be a cook,' I said, and she said, 'No, he sends out for it,' and wouldn't speak to me for a week afterwards. She was clean gone. She gave up her classes, because she couldn't see him during the day except on Thursdays and Sundays. She was mad about him. And she got very secretive, hiding things—not like her at all. I told her she'd have a bigger secret than she bargained for."

The old lady sniggered, and Harry looked embarrassed.

"I was jealous," she said in a moping voice.

"Ah, you would be, I expect," Harry agreed.

"Yes," moped the old lady.

"And then," said Harry, giving a loud slap to his knee, "there was this ring at the bell. . . ."

The old lady looked suspiciously at him.

"It must have been the same as the time I told you about," he said, "when we docked at Marseille—with that Algerian. Short black socks he had on and—"

The old lady woke up out of her moping, offended. "Algerian! He was not an Algerian. It was a Cypriote who rang the bell. I was very surprised to hear a ring at that time of the evening. I thought it must have been one of those Jehovah's Witnesses. I went to the door and there he was, this little dark Cypriote with a bottle sticking out of his pocket. I thought he was drunk. He asked for Mr. Charles. 'There is no Mr. Charles here,' I said. 'What number do you want?' 'Six,' he said."

"And you were Four!" said Harry.

" 'This is Four,' I said, pointing to the number on the door. Well, you'd think people could read. 'No. 6 is upstairs.' And I shut the door quickly. I was frightened."

"You can carve a man up with a bottle," said Harry. "I've seen that, too."

"I heard him ring the bell upstairs. I heard talking. And then it was all quiet. Then suddenly I heard a shout and I thought the ceiling was coming down, like furniture being thrown about."

"An argument," said Harry.

"An argument?" said the old lady. She tightened her shawl round her and leaned back as if she were warding off blows. "Screams, Harry! Glass! And Deb rushing out to the landing making a horrible squeal like a dog being run over. I rushed out of our flat and up the stairs, and there was Deb in her petticoat, shrieking, and just as I got to her the Cypriote rushed out, with ketchup or blood, I don't know which, on his boots, and ran downstairs. I pulled Deb out of the way. Her scream had stopped in her wide-open mouth, and she was pointing into the lobby of the flat. There was Charles getting up from the floor, in his shirtsleeves, with blood all over his face. You couldn't walk for glass."

The old lady stared at Harry and, picking up Baudelaire's poems, contemptuously threw them to the end of the bed. Then slowly she smiled, and Harry smiled. They smiled at each other with admiration.

"YES," said Harry with a nod. "That sort of thing is feasible."

The old lady nodded back.

"It's feasible, all right," Harry said.

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PAST DUE
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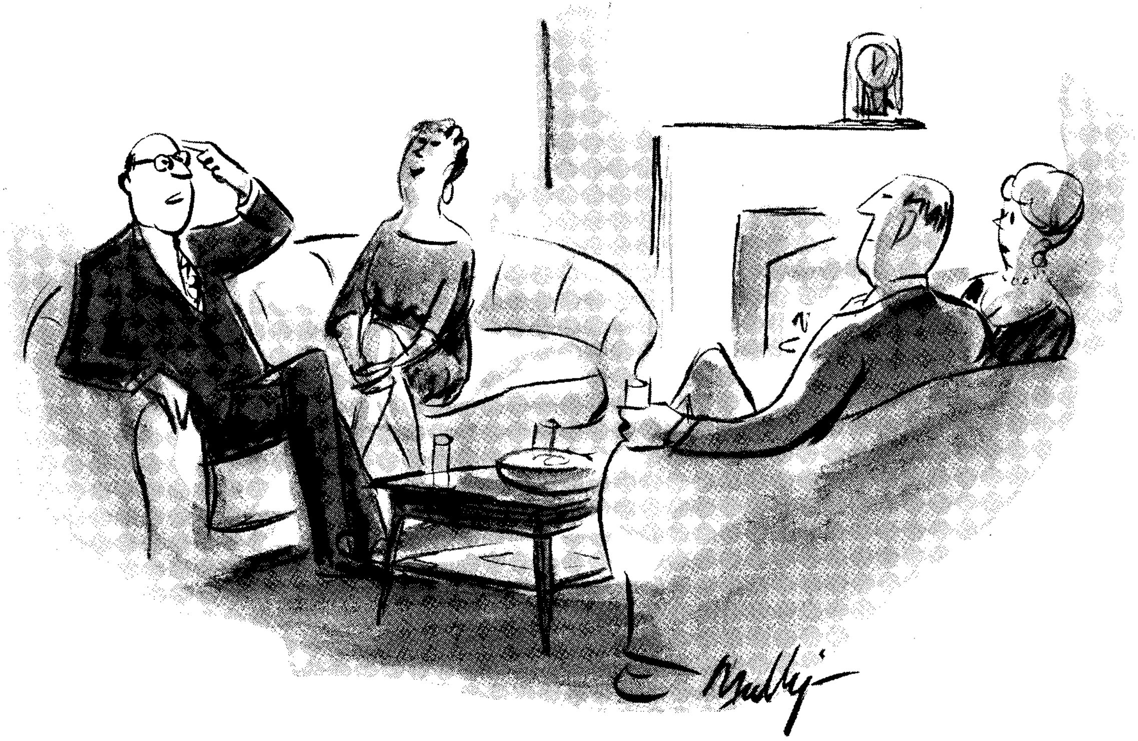


"*This is all the computer I need.*"

"The same as I was saying happened in Marseille when I was on the Cairngorm. We were carrying Egyptian onions from Alexandria—you could smell us all over the port. I went ashore with the second mate, and we were having a drink in one of those cafés with tables on the street. Only there five minutes and this Algerian comes in—a young fellow. He walks straight between the tables to the headwaiter, who was flicking flies off the fruit, and shoots him dead. Not a word spoken. Same idea. The headwaiter had been fiddling chicken and brandy, selling it on the side, and when the boss tumbled to it the waiter said this Algerian kitchen boy—that is what he was—had done it, and the boss fired the Algerian. Same story. They're very hot-blooded down there. It was all in the papers."

"The Cypriote was kitchen boy at the club," the old lady said. "Champagne, lobster, caviar—it all came from there! Week after week."

"Yes," said Harry.

"We kept it out of the papers, of course," said the old lady loftily.

"You don't want a thing like that in the papers," Harry agreed. "Just sweep up and say nothing, like that time at the Queen's when Mr. Armitage—"

"We had a reason," said the old lady. "I'll tell you something I never told you before. When Deb came screaming to the door—I didn't tell you—she had a broken bottle in her hand."

"Is that so!" said Harry, very startled.

"It's true. That is what happened. It was Deb that did the fighting, not the Cypriote. It was Deb."

"God Almighty!" said Harry. "And she married him after that!"

"She didn't marry him," said the old lady. "I know I said she did, but she didn't. 'I wouldn't marry a man who played a dirty trick like that,' she said. She wouldn't speak to him. Or look at him. She wouldn't get a doctor to look after him. He had a terrible cut on his forehead. I had to clean it and bandage it and get him to the hospital and nurse him. She wouldn't go near him. But it wasn't because he'd pushed the blame on that poor boy. Now she knew about him, the secret, she didn't want him. She was a girl like that. It was a pity. He did well for himself. I showed you the postcard of his hotel—it must be one of the biggest in Cannes. When you sit like that with your feet turned out, you remind me of him. He could tell the tale, too." She suddenly laughed. "*You're* the double."

And then the landlady came in with tea and put the tray across the old lady's lap. "There," she said. "Tea for two, as the saying is. And don't you tire her out, Mr. O'Hara. Another quarter of an hour."

The old lady frowned at the closed door when the landlady went, and listened for her steps going down the stairs.

"*I* could have married him," she said suddenly. "Now, this woman, Harry," she went on quickly. "With the horse. She was after you, wasn't she? Why did she make you come up and get that horse down? Why couldn't she ride it down? She rode it up. You're trying to throw dust in my eyes."

"No, it was a fine horse, and Irish-bred," said Harry. "She bought it off a man who had lost his leg, and she . . ."

THE afternoon had darkened. The bird that had been sitting on the tree all day had gone. Harry said goodbye to the old lady. "See you next Thursday," he said.

"And don't be late. Don't let that woman at the Queen's keep you. It's your day off!" she called as he stood by the open door at the top of the stairs.

He went along the front, listening to the laughter of the sea in the dark, and then into the bar of the Queen's Hotel. But because it was his half day off, he sat on the other side of it, as a customer, drinking a small whiskey and listening to what people had to say.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

•

THE SICKNESS OF FRIENDS

Do I give off in the wee
small hours a phosphorescent
glow, perhaps, like rotting wood?

Am I in the Yellow Pages?
I am sick of that sickness
within me that so lures them

to their phones when the night comes
to a dead calm: "H'llo." It's Dick,
who can't bear to be alone;

or Jane, who needs a father;
or Spot, who leads a dog's life.
Even the operator

has twin raw scars on her wrists,
but I'm fine, unmarked, floating
in the bath of their self-love.

—HENRI COULETTE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

O CANADA

AN AMERICAN'S NOTES ON CANADIAN CULTURE—II

A MARI
USQUE
AD MARE
t.f.

Criticism: One does sometimes find able reviewing in Canada, but in general the situation in this department may appear to the outsider provincial. The critics seem very uncertain of themselves. They are often niggardly about praising Canadian books—partly, I am inclined to believe, because they feel that they lack authority, which they assume to reside in England, the United States, or France, and do not want to risk sticking their necks out, but partly, too, I am afraid, because literary mediocrity is predisposed to be spiteful to talent. If mediocrities are given real power, as they are in the Soviet Union, where hack writers become officials who can censor and suppress their betters, the effects may be crippling or annihilating. We had at one time in the United States—at the beginning of the last century—a situation somewhat similar to that of Canada at the present time. When James Fenimore Cooper, for example, had become a popular novelist in England and on the Continent, his books were received at home not merely with disparagement but with venomous hate. The reviewers, still unsure of America, seemed to regard it as a kind of impertinence that an American should be well received abroad and that his books should lead the readers of the Old World to presume to dictate to Americans which of their products they ought to applaud.

I provoked a striking example of this reaction when I wrote in these pages, four years ago, an appreciative article about Morley Callaghan's novels. Instead of helping his reputation in Canada, this seemed to arouse fury. Professor F. W. Watt of Toronto University, in a review of one of Callaghan's books, referred—though ironically—to the indignation aroused by "the effrontery of this Yankee imperialism." I wondered, why "Yankee imperialism," and I was told that the accepted opinion in Canada was that Callaghan could write short stories but was incapable of writing novels, and that they resented my praising these latter. I was thus, from their point of view, trying to dispose of Canadian property in the same way that other Americans had done when they bought up Canadian industries or had attempted to dictate to the Canadian government the policies that our government would prefer to see it follow. When I asked one of the younger novelists to account for the annoyance I had caused, he replied that I must understand that to be an artist in Canada was regarded as "a kind of sin, and to be a good artist makes it worse." In talking to another young novelist, a woman, I told her how Sartre and Cocteau had got Jean Genet out of prison, to which he had been consigned as a thief, by appealing to the authorities on the ground that he was the best French writer of his generation, and I added that in no country but France would it be possible for a habitual criminal to be liberated on such a plea. She remarked that in Quebec it was the other way. If anyone had told the authorities there that someone was the best writer of his generation, the writer would inevitably have been put in jail. The young man writes English and the young woman French, but both the French and the English writers in Canada have been up against social groups that are in principle hostile to literature. The Scottish bourgeoisie of the cities believe that the chief aim in life is to work very hard and make money, and that an artist is a weakling and a trifler; if he devotes all his time to his work, he becomes one of the very worst things that it is possible to be in British Canada—a man without a regular job. The Church in French Canada, on its side, fears literature as a possibly subversive force, which may make people impatient of authority and of the meagre education they have been getting.

But this grim situation is relaxing. One can gauge it in French Canada by the bookshops. Henry James, after a visit to Canada in 1871, wrote of Quebec that it "must be a city of gossip; for evidently it is not a city of culture. A glance at the few booksellers' windows gives evidence of this. A few Catholic statuettes and prints, two or three Catholic publications, a festoon or so of rosaries, a volume of Lamartine, a supply of ink and matches, form the principal stock." Octave Crémazie, the patriotic poet quoted in the first of these articles, had in the eighteen-sixties gone bankrupt in Quebec when he opened an up-to-date bookshop, through which he hoped to bring to the Québecois all the latest publications from Paris. Today there are well-stocked French bookstores in both Quebec and Montreal, offering everything from Voltaire to Genet. I was told that it was sometimes possible for the priesthood to bully a bookseller into refusing to carry a Canadian book that was thought to be deleterious to its interests. But the prominent display in these shops of the works of the philosopher-paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the very publication of which was forbidden by Rome during his lifetime, is a sign of emancipation.

And today, both in French and in English, a real criticism—that is, a criticism by Canadians of the products of their own culture—is beginning to crystallize. Encouraging evidences of this are two paperback anthologies compiled by Mr. A. J. M. Smith with the same sure taste and intelligence that he brought to the "Oxford Book of Canadian Verse": "Masks of Poetry" and

"Masks of Fiction," in the New Canadian Library series. The first sentences of the editor's introduction to the former of these collections are a warning against a tendency contrary to the one of which I have spoken above: "To overpraise the native product in literature or to adopt a special standard in judging Canadian books is the mark of immaturity, in the critic or reviewer as well as in the literature that seems to need such encouragement. Today the avoidance of this temptation or, better still, the inability to feel it as a temptation at all is the mark of the seriousness, intelligence, and usefulness of a literary critic in Canada." Most of the authors of the essays assembled here do try to live up to this, but in the volume of essays on poetry we find Professor Northrop Frye, in a postscript to a series of letters in which he had undertaken, from 1952 to 1960, to report on new Canadian poetry, confessing that he has adopted deliberately the policy of estimating this literature not in "world but in Canadian proportions. . . . I have for the most part discussed Canadian poets as though no other contemporary poets were available for Canadian readers."

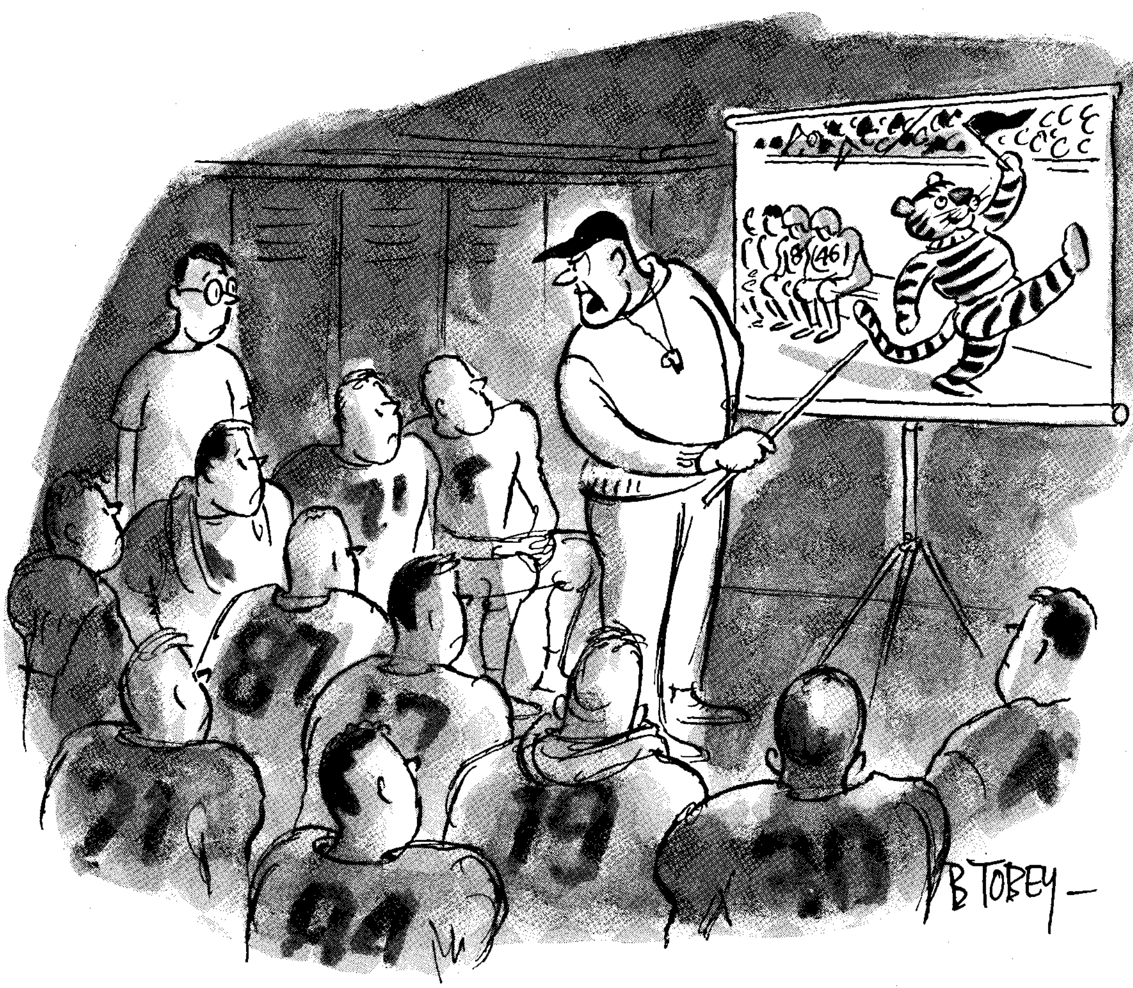
French equivalents to these recent essays collected by Mr. Smith may be found in French or bilingual periodicals—especially the studies by Mlle. Jeanne Lapointe contributed to *Cité Libre* and the papers collected by M. Gilles Marcotte in his volume called "Une Littérature Qui Se Fait." A group of essays called "Convergences," by M. Jean Le Moyne, contains a somewhat exacerbated criticism of French-Canadian society and of French-Canadian literature as a reflection of that society. M. Le Moyne is a good deal harder on his section of literary Canada than most of Mr. Smith's critics are on theirs. The French, he says, ought not to delude themselves that, when looked at in "the global perspective," their literature is of any real importance. "It is to me extremely disagreeable to announce that my frequentation of the world of French-Canadian literature is to a great extent a matter of profession and duty; that I do not find much there to nourish me and that I usually dine badly on it. I should add that it would be perfectly possible for me never to revisit that world and yet not to be deprived of any indispensable aliment."

This line of thought takes him to the roots of what he believes to be wrong with French-Canadian society. The opinions expressed in his book are provoked by the acute double crisis through which that society is passing, and we must try now to understand the conflicts that have produced this crisis. Let us commence by considering an explosive book, a polemic from inside the Church, that has lately been more widely read and more excitedly discussed in French Canada than the work of any novelist or poet.

"LES INSOLENCES DU FRÈRE UNTEL": In October, 1959, M. André Laurendeau, the editor of *Le Devoir*, a "liberal" Montreal paper, received a long letter from a young lay brother, a teacher in a remote country parish, which complained of the badness of the education in French-Canadian schools. Laurendeau got the writer's permission to publish this letter in the paper and invented the pseudonym le Frère Untel—Brother So-and-So. (His real name was Jean-Paul Desbiens.) This letter was followed by others, which criticized the Church in Canada with a bold and sometimes brutal wit. The writer was obviously a man of intelligence and wide information. The material of these letters was later incorporated in a small book, published, in 1960, with the title "Les Insolences du Frère Untel" and with a caricature on the cover—rather misleading because vulgarizing—of a cassocked monk grinning ferociously as he kicks away an old tin can with an enormous black-booted foot. This book has been a major sensation. In French Canada, nothing like it had ever been known. My copy, purchased two years ago, says "a hundred and eighteen thousand," and the book has even been translated into English under the title "The Impertinences of Brother Anonymous," and has attracted some attention in non-Catholic Canada.

Le Frère Untel begins his attack with a description of the French spoken in Canada. This language had already been designated by M. Laurendeau as

"Hey! This wet stuff puts out that hot stuff!"



"And as for you, Bancroft, you didn't get one really big laugh all afternoon."

• •

"*le parler joual,*" because *cheval* in French Canada has been deformed to *joual*. It now involves so many special expressions that it has even been found worthwhile to compile a "Petit Dictionnaire du 'Joual' au Français." Of the vagueness of the schoolchildren in their knowledge of French, le Frère Untel gives startling examples from the attempts of his pupils to write down from dictation the French-Canadian version of the anthem "Ô Canada":

Ô Canada, terre de nos aïeux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons
glorieux.
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,
Il sait porter la croix.
Ton histoire est une épopée
Des plus brillants exploits.
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits.

Here are some of the versions of this submitted by students of from eight to eleven years' schooling:

Au Canada
Taire
de nos ailleux
Ton front est sein
ton front est sain
ton front essaim de fleurons
ton front est sein de flocons
De fleurs en glorieux
et fleuri glorieux
de fleurs en orieux
Quand on passe
car nos pas
quand qu'on part
quand on pense
car ton corps, c'est porter l'épée
Il s'est porté la croix
Ton histoire est une épépée
ton histoire est tu épopée
des plus brillants espoirts
Et cavaleurs
de froid trempé
de voir trembler
de foi tremper
de foie trempler
de voix tremblé
de foie trempé
de foi tremblée
de foie tremblay [Tremblay in French Canada is a common family name.]

This demonstrates, says le Frère Untel, not merely appalling illiteracy but a neglect of "patriotic and civic" instruction. In the past, public education in French Canada has been exclusively in the hands of the clergy, and to attack the Department of Education was therefore to attack the Canadian Church, but this does not prevent le Frère Untel from giving voice to what is evidently a long-pent-up exasperation. "The crisis of any system of education—and especially in the case of Quebec—is a crisis of the teachers themselves. The teachers do not know anything, and they hardly know that they don't know. (It's not by expressing such amiable opinions that I'm going to make friends and succeed in life.) They must all of them be sent to school. For two years. After that, we could open up shop again." Any appeals to the heads of the Department are messages to Humpty Dumpty's fish. His recommendations for dealing with them are as follows: "I have, of course, a tender heart. I do not want to give pain to anybody. The Department must be closed down. So I propose that all of the members of the Department of Public Education be decorated with all the existing medals, including the medal for Agricultural Merit; that there even be created some special medals—as, for example, a medal for Solemn Mediocrity; that we guarantee to all these people a comfortable and well-paid retreat and then send them home to their mamas. That would turn out to be cheaper than paying them to complicate our existence, as is the case at the present time."

And as for the teachers themselves, with the Catholic universities behind them, what is to be expected of them? Le Frère Untel is a graduate of Laval, and Laval, he says, has had its good men, but the Faculty of Philosophy there does not meet its responsibilities. The professors hardly ever write anything, and when they do they write so badly that they might just as well not have written. "Their excuse is that to write down thought is to materialize it too much. This, it seems, is one of the reasons that Jesus Christ never wrote anything. It is true that the master of all of them, Monsieur Saint Thomas Aquinas, has written a tremendous lot. But, precisely, that's enough for them that Thomas wrote. They are content now to make commentaries on the

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writings of Thomas—when they are not making commentaries on the commentaries: the cube root of Saint Thomas." They are completely out of touch with the contemporary world. They are supposed to be experts in philosophy. Yet isn't it in the name of a philosophy that fourteen million Russians are in pickle in Siberia? (Le Frère Untel himself, as not infrequently happens in French Canada, was a little behind in his history.) Wasn't it in the name of a philosophy that six million Jews were gassed? "During all the time we studied with that Faculty, there existed very few courses that touched upon contemporary problems and the realities of life in Canada. They never found any way of connecting with actual life the universal principles with which they flirted. We were getting our degree at a time when a general crisis in education was going on: forums, panels, student strikes, and all the rest. But not a single word of enlightenment ever reached the Rue Sainte-Famille, where Sophia [the Greek word for Wisdom, Knowledge] still executes every day the graceful and harmless movements of her metaphysical exercises, the little trollop! From time to time, they made a pretense of fencing a little with Bertrand Russell or Bergson or Maritain, but it was all too plain that our musketeers were aware that they were well out of reach of Bertrand Russell's foil. If no Existentialist thinking is going on in the Faculty of Philosophy, is it any wonder that none is coming from anywhere else?"

He goes on to accuse the clergy of discouraging the people with religion. "We are terribly afraid of authority; we live in a bewitched atmosphere in which we feel that it is a matter of life or death not to infringe any taboo, to respect all the formulas, all the conformities. The diffused fear in which we live sterilizes all our activities." But "nothing that oppresses is Christian. Christianity is essentially liberating." And authority is crushing the world; there are very few free men left. We churchmen like to talk about liberty, but what we really want is security.

Le Frère Untel was, of course, himself savagely attacked. But it turned out that many people—especially among the young—had been thinking what le Frère Untel was saying. He includes a long letter from a nun who is also a teacher and who complains that in the Canadian convents they are not allowed to take advantage of the educational programs on television, and that since a nun is never allowed to go anywhere without being chaperoned by an-

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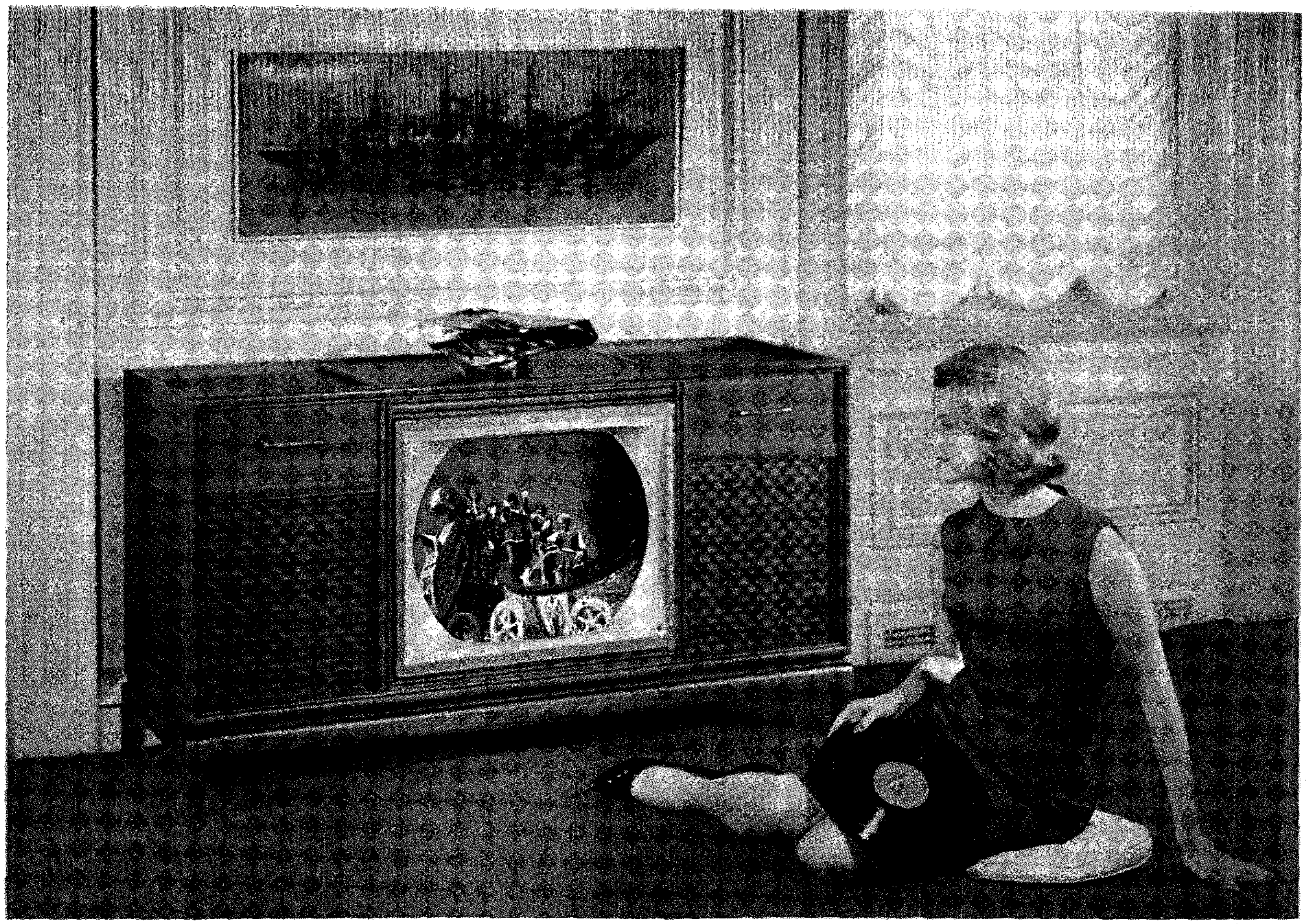

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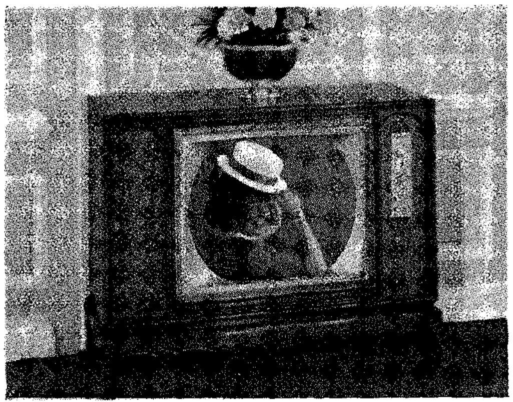

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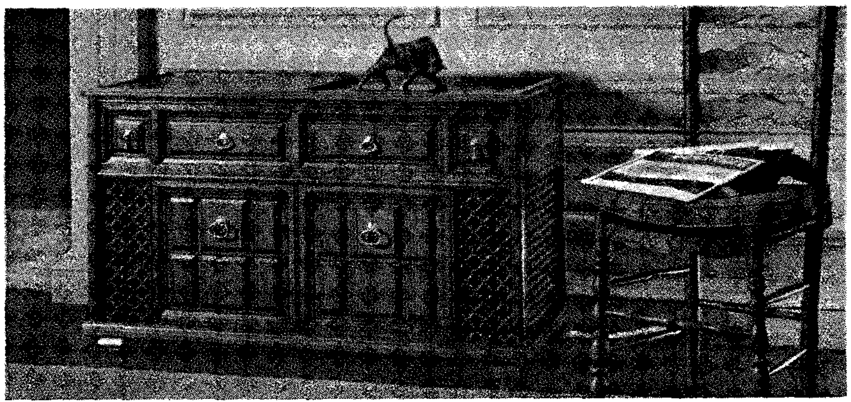

The Esperanto Astro-Sonic Stereo Model 698 in Pecan is $550.00 other nun, even in answering the telephone in a distant wing of the convent, it is impossible for her to take a university course unless there is at least one other nun registering for the same course. Their young pupils are told that they must live up to an ideal of "pride, purity, joy, and victory," and "la Sœur Une Telle" believes that they do pretty well with purity, but how can they achieve pride, joy, and victory "when their hands are tied, their hearts all swollen with unrealizable dreams, their eyes riveted to the dead inspirations of formalism"? The young, she says, are growing impatient. I have certainly, in talking to young French Canadians, found as much impatience with their Church as with their slighting treatment by the English. As soon as I began making visits to French Canada some years ago I began hearing about "anticlericalism." I at first assumed that this anticlericalism was of that already well-known kind which dates from the eighteenth century: that of the non-believer who attacks and exposes the priesthood. But I discovered that it was an anticlericalism that had arisen inside the Church. It was a criticism of the clergy by practicing Catholics. One young writer, a teacher in a Jesuit college, had written a novel in which a priest could do nothing for his unfortunate hero. Now, the priest is almost indispensable to the French-Canadian novel, as he is to every French-Canadian community, and he usually brings comfort or wisdom, sets the recreant on the path to salvation. "But," I asked, "how does the Church take your books?" "Oh, those Catholic squares!" he answered. "Of course they don't like them. They don't understand the Existentialist point of view." So, in spite of what le Frère Untel says, the message of Jean-Paul Sartre has got through to French Canada.

As for le Frère Untel himself, though undoubtedly somewhat anticlerical, he is a loyal and devout Catholic. In the second half of his book—"Frère Untel Ramollit"—he drops his bludgeon and becomes encouraging. In a "Letter to a Young Brother," he warns the neophyte that in the course of his monastic life he must expect to have to contend with laziness, boredom, and mediocrity; he must not be too scandalized when he encounters rivalries and jealousies—the struggle for power, in fact. Try not to contribute to this pettiness; make an effort to be open, clear, and flexible. Don't allow your conscience to be warped by the Pharisees, who are even more in evidence in the monastery

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than in the outside world. Be prepared to be lonely on occasion—on your birthday, for example, when no one in the monastery will make a fuss about you, or in the case of a not too serious illness, when you will simply be left to yourself. Do not expect results from your teaching. We must always be sowing, but we rarely harvest. As William the Silent said, "One need not hope in order to undertake; nor succeed, in order to persevere." "Humanity needs rocklike men—men appointed once for all. It needs to know that, in the flux of the world, there still exist enduring islets of absolute fidelity and affirmation. The greatest service at the present time that one can render to the human race is to affirm the absolute. The negation of the absolute is the great modern malady. Humanity needs to know that there are men who do not disappear." The pupils of the teaching Brothers must go out and take part in the common life. They will change, they will suffer disillusions. And they will eventually remember their teacher. "What a guarantee of moral support to know that that man is still there, unchanged and uneroded! All his words, of a sudden, take on value. Retroactively, they crystallize in values."

Le Frère Untel and the rebellion of the young are, however, merely local aspects of a larger historical phenomenon: the need of the Catholic Church for such a program of innovation as was initiated by Pope John—who is often invoked by le Frère Untel—in the procedure and practice of the Church and in its attitude toward the non-Catholic world. It has been very important in French Canada that Cardinal Léger of Quebec should have been one of Pope John's chief lieutenants, who, when the preparations were under way for the Ecumenical Council, spent ten days out of every month in Rome. I do not know how these new policies of the Church have affected other Catholic countries, but I imagine that they have nowhere been more needed or involved in a more serious crisis than they have been in French Canada. Cardinal Léger has encouraged priests and monks to wear ordinary clerical dress in the streets instead of cassocks or other special robes, and he has been working toward the liturgical reform of the Mass, now delivered from the traditional Latin and made more intimate by responses to the priest on the part of the congregation. "I now have parishes," he boasts, "where a thousand people sing the Mass like angels." He has become a spokesman for the movement for unity among the churches of the Christian world, and he has set up in Montreal—I quote from an article in *Maclean's Magazine* by Mr. Peter Gzowski, to which I am indebted for most of these facts about current Quebec education—"a diocesan committee of priests and laymen, one of the first in the world, to pursue the ecumenical dialogue." Most important of all in Quebec, he has set out to reform education by taking it out of the hands of the priesthood. He has, for the first time, appointed non-clerics to the Montreal Catholic School Commission, installed a layman vice-chancellor at the University of Montreal, and handed over to laymen a Montreal college that was formerly directed and staffed exclusively by Catholic priests. He has, says Mr. Gzowski, "pointed proudly to the fact that in some other secondary schools in his archdiocese up to seventy per cent of the teaching hours are now in the hands of the laity." A bill recently passed has at last made possible in Quebec the long-needed non-Catholic "neutral school"—that is, a school for French-speaking Protestants, French-speaking Jews, and French students from non-believing households. Now, le Frère Untel, in one of the chapters in the second part of his book, presents some constructive proposals which assume that the cause of lay teaching has already been won in Quebec. The lay educators, he believes, must get rid of their cramping bureaucracy and organize themselves as a responsible association, like the medical profession or the bar, which understands its own business and protects the interests of the public by preventing the equivalents of malpractice and legal misdemeanor. Besides this, in view of the fact that the majority of the teachers are women, he believes that these women teachers should give special attention to politics and acquaint themselves with the law, in order to carry weight in determining policies and to become more clearly aware of the implications of these for Canada and the rest of the world.

But the Cardinal and le Frère Untel are up against a powerful conservatism. The Cardinal has some of his bishops against him, and a cardinal cannot dictate to bishops. I heard the guess, when I was recently in Canada, that Léger has twenty-five per cent of the Church on his side and twenty-five against him, with the rest in between. It has even been reported in the press that he has put in a plea to be transferred to a

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leper colony in Africa. In view of the fact that Léger has been playing a key role in Canada, I asked why he should want to leave, and I was told that he must think it would be easier to deal with African lepers than with the reactionary Canadian clergy, who are fighting *"le laïcisme."* Le Frére Untel himself, after the appearance of his book, disappeared from the Canadian scene, and was said to be working on a thesis in the Catholic town of Fribourg, in Switzerland. In Canada, on one visit, I heard two explanations of this: one that he had been removed in order to make him be quiet; the other that he was being groomed to return later on to Quebec and be given an important post in the field of education. On my next visit, two years later, I was told that he was about to return and be given a chair of philosophy in the Catholic University of Montreal, but was then told by someone else that it was still not decided whether or not he would be offered this chair. The contradiction between these reports reflected the situation in French Canada of the two opposing forces in the Church and the uncertainty as to which one would predominate. It is reassuring now to learn that he has been given a post in the new Quebec Department of Education.

MAISONS SEIGNEURIALES: Le Frère Untel does not like the Pharisees, and he declares himself strongly a democrat. He tells us that his parents were illiterate. What are the views of the French-Canadian aristocrats—that is, of the seigneurial families that date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Representatives of these, too, have been criticizing the barrenness and oppressiveness of the old religious culture, but in a way that is very much less forthright, and, in fact, very nearly inarticulate. I say very nearly inarticulate because, although their recent criticism has made its impression in Canada, they are at first almost incomprehensible to a reader who has no special knowledge of the social group to which they belong. But if this reader persists in exploring the work of such writers as Jean Le Moyne, Anne Hébert, and Hector de Saint-Denys-Garneau, he will gradually become acquainted with a psychological atmosphere that seems strangely out of place in the twentieth century in the northern part of North America. These three writers lend themselves readily to being considered together because they constitute a kind of family group. Saint-Denys-Garneau

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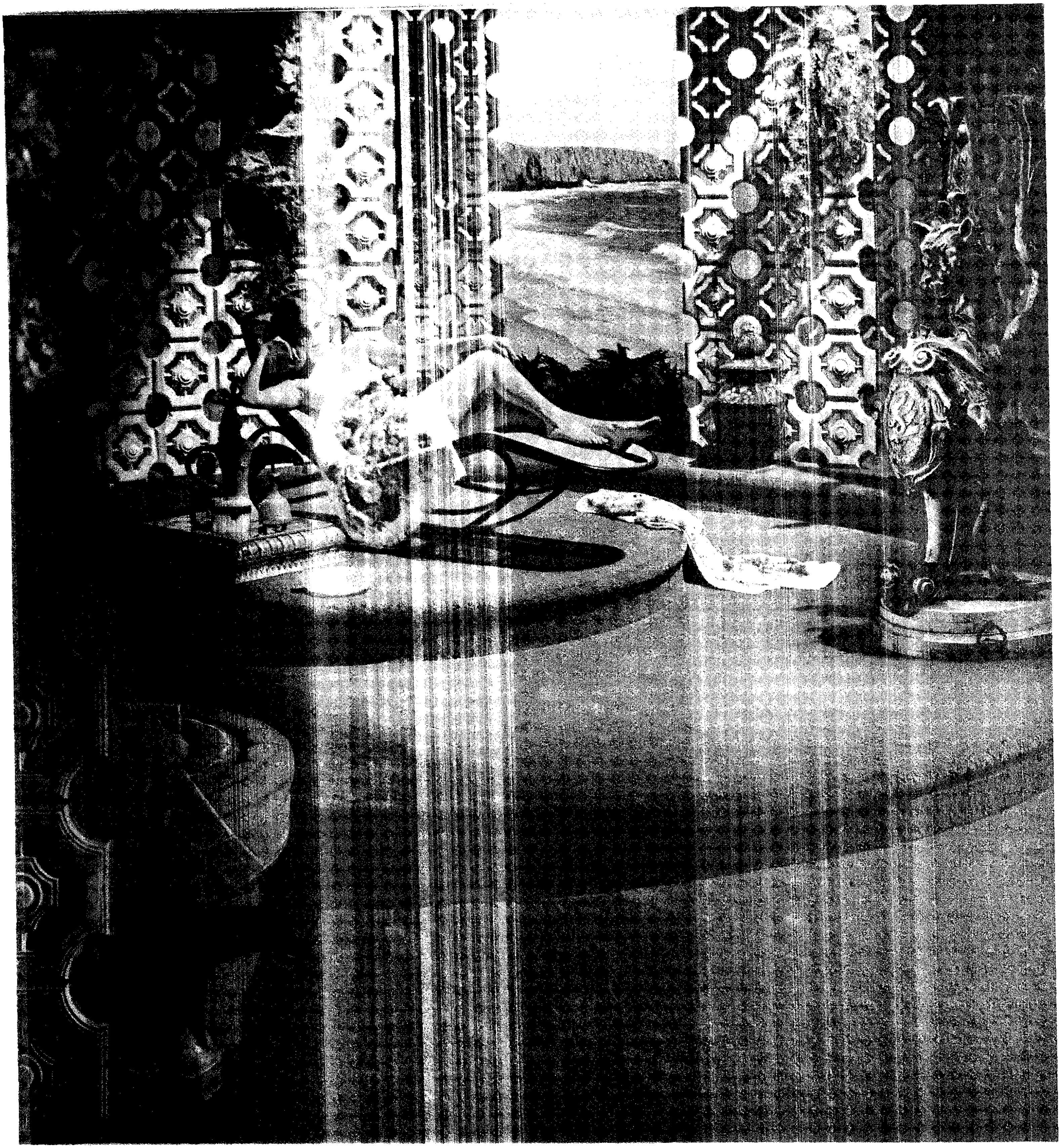

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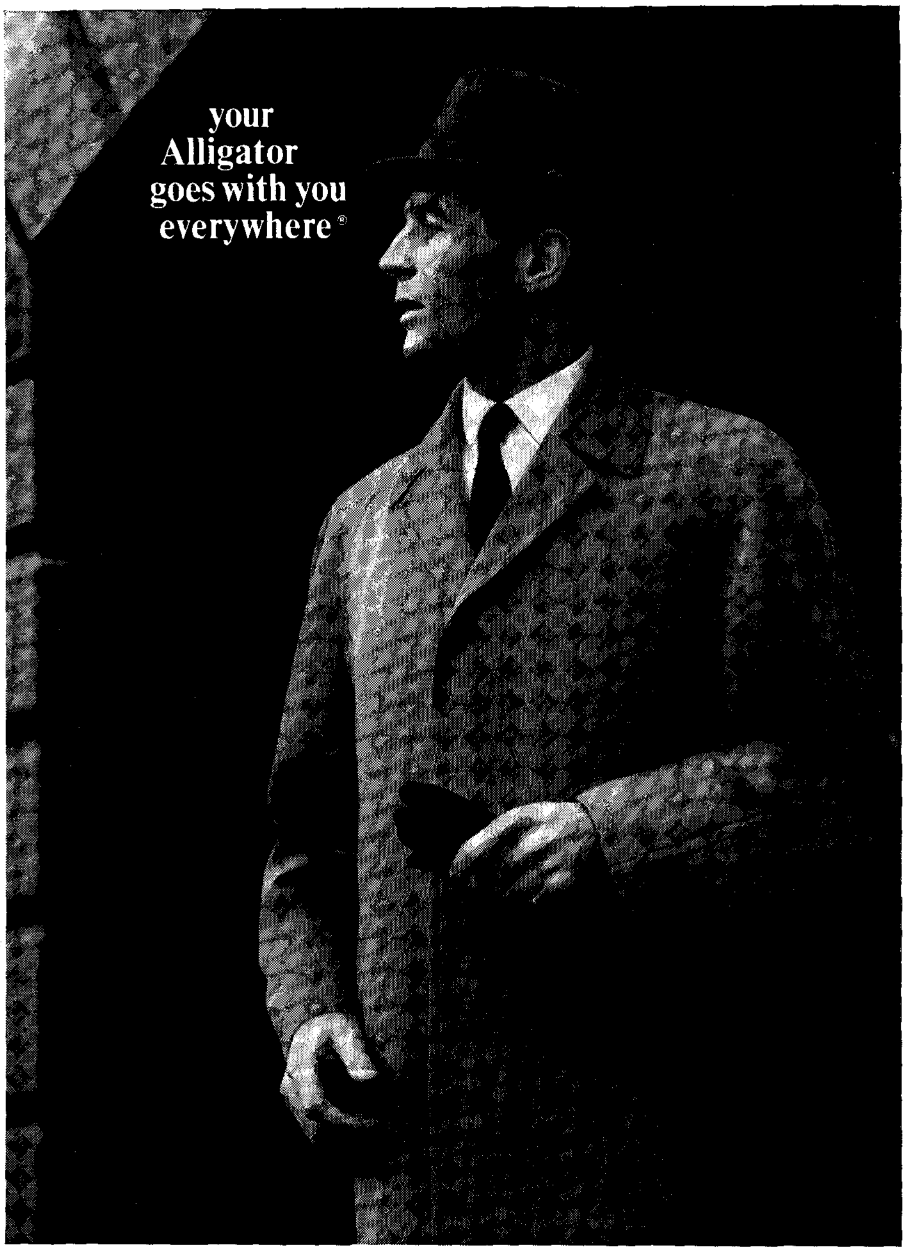
was a first cousin of Anne Hébert's, and Le Moyne was one of his closest friends and one of the editors, after his death, of his work.

The point about all these writers is that they are trying to get away from a milieu which has been stifling them and making them neurotics. This milieu may be identified as the *maison seigneuriale*, the ancestral mansion out of which they have come and which, even when they are no longer living in it, always more or less shadows their writings. This mansion, whether situated in the city or the country, is isolated, dark, and damp, and the family that inhabit it, kept static by their stone walls and their Jansenist discipline, are ingrown to the verge of incest, though this is never allowed to take place, or frozen in vindictive hatreds, which are not allowed to come out into the open unless, eventually and abruptly, in acts of violence. This is the kind of household that the Canadian novelist Hugh MacLennan was doing his best to describe in "Two Solitudes," but the Protestant Nova Scotian is much too downright and much too purposive to catch the odor of the stale old "*intérieur*" (that rather claustrophobic French substantive), the indeterminate state of mind of souls in the process of asphyxiation. You find it in the writers I have mentioned. Hector de Saint-Denys-Garneau, to whom I shall return later, has a great reputation as a poet, but—except for some pleasant little poems about trees—I myself cannot appreciate his poetry or that of Anne Hébert. Both tend to run to half-prose strophes that remind me of Paul Claudel—a writer I temperamentally so much dislike that I suppose I cannot do him justice, and so perhaps cannot do them justice, just as I am possibly handicapped, as I have said in a previous article, in appreciating the English-Canadian poets by my inability much to admire the work of William Carlos Williams. The language of these French poets is extremely abstract and runs much to purified metaphors that do not seem to refer to anything in their actual world. Their work is correctly described by Samuel Baillargeon, in his encyclopedia of French-Canadian literature, as both "*hermétique*" and "*poésie dépouillée*."

The fiction of Anne Hébert does take us into the *maisons seigneuriales* and other recognizable Canadian places, but these, too, are rather stripped. And we are partly in a realm of dream. In "Les Chambres de Bois," much admired by some, a young girl



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"of the people" is captured and married by the scion of the local mansion, a somewhat sinister place, which "smells of wet ferns and the cedar wardrobe." Young Michel is a dilettante, who paints a little and plays the piano and indulges himself in imaginings of becoming a concert performer. He has a morbid aversion to daylight. In marrying the flattered Catherine, he is trying to secure for himself something "solid and sweet" to nourish his own anemia. But he can only starve her and depress her. Leaving his sister in the family *manoir*, he takes his bride to live in the town, in two rooms which he has filled with family furniture. (The fact that we never know exactly where the story is taking place is characteristic of one kind of French-Canadian fiction. The family life described could hardly belong in any country except French Canada, yet Michel and his wife at one point seem to make a trip to southern France. These old-line French Canadians in their cultural enclave on the North American continent do not always quite know where they are.) Though Catherine, when at home, had always been busy with the housework, her husband will now not allow her to do any work at all and insists upon their keeping a servant. They have no visitors, no friends, no children. Poor Catherine does not know what to do with herself. Michel neglects to consummate the marriage till his wife breaks down one day and accuses him of not really loving her. After trying to prove by action that he does, he turns on her as something infernal—"*Tu es le diable, Catherine, tu es le diable*"—and on one of the rare subsequent occasions when he allows himself to yield to temptation, he complains, after "a brief gleam of pleasure, as if of an evil withdrawing wave, of what a rotten thing love is."

Michel's sister, Lia, very soon moves in on them. She has been abandoned by a lover who has been living with her in the old house. The young wife feels sorry for Lia. But when Lia makes Catherine read aloud to her, she is cutting about the badness of Catherine's French. She calls her "*petite sotte*" and ridicules Michel for marrying her. Lia takes to painting and makes a mess of the palette with which Michel, in a desultory way, has been doing a portrait of Catherine, and she completely unnerves Michel, who is jealous of her musical competence, by deciding to give a public piano concert. For this purpose she goes away, and Michel, who has done his best to shake her self-confi-

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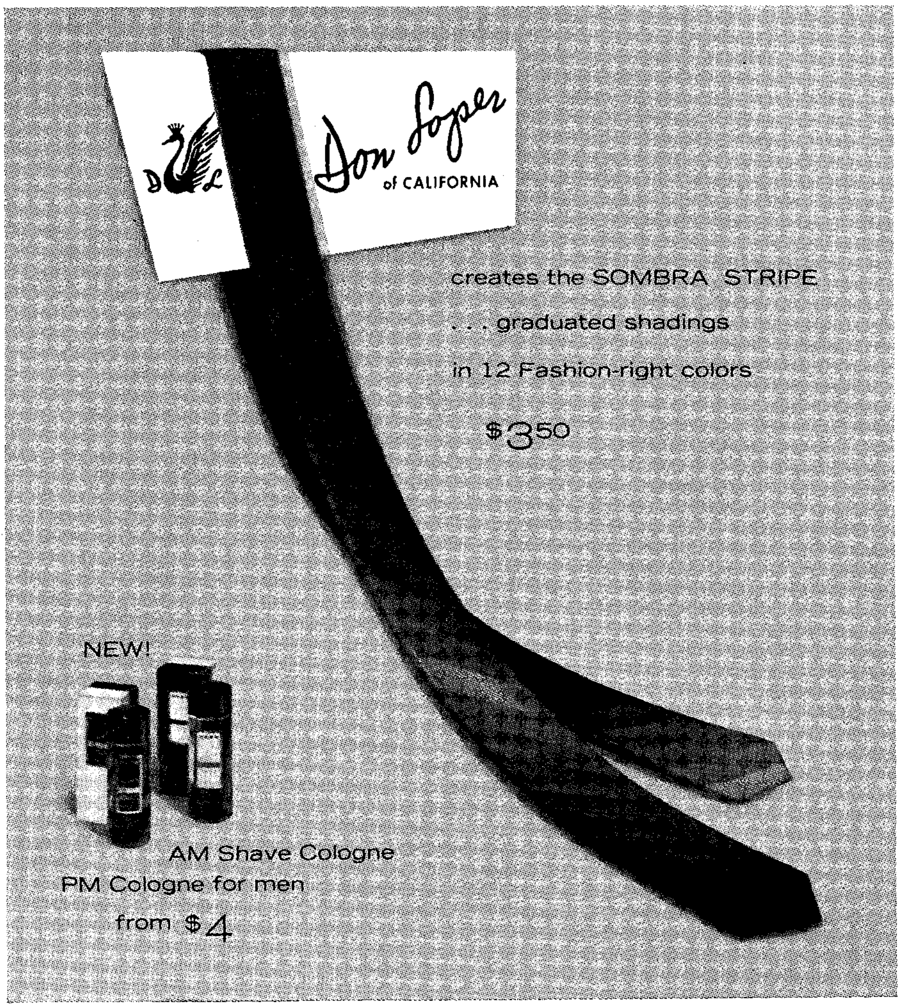

dence, is distraught, nevertheless, by the fear that the concert will be a success, yet when he comes to read the newspaper clippings, he is reassured to find that it has fallen flat. When Lia returns, she declares that she has failed on account of his envy, because he had made her afraid. But she has prepared for him a blow that he cannot avert. In slavish subjection to her lover before he let her down, she has made over to him the family mansion, and now he is going to sell it. Lia and Michel in childhood had made a pact that they would always be faithful to one another, and now, she says, they have both betrayed it, and their very cherished memories of childhood—of the time when their mother was dead and their father had always been out hunting—have been desecrated and lost with the house. The servant has been sent away by Catherine, and she waits upon Michel and Lia, while "glasses, books, cigarettes, and ashtrays overflowing with butts were piling up on the carpet—they marked the places where Michel and Lia sat. They hardly moved, and Catherine brought them whitefish and rice twice a day." (Is it possible that they never ate anything else?) Catherine is excluded from their conversation. They play endless games of solitaire.

But now something more plausible happens—I mean more plausible from the outsider's point of view; I am not prepared to say that the story told above is impossible. Catherine has a serious breakdown. She is so ill that she is sent to recuperate at a seaside hotel on some unspecified body of water. And she there meets a handsome young man, of whom it is muttered by her servant that he is "heavy and obstinate, a true peasant." It turns out that he works on a lock. They fall in love, and he asks her to marry him. The reader of French-Canadian novels, which usually end in frustration, may expect that Catherine's inhibitions will prevent her from divorcing her husband, but after spending a night with the lusty young man, on what is supposed to be the eve of his departure, she agreeably surprises this reader by telling her lover that she "consents to become his wife." She goes back to the "wooden rooms" where her husband and his sister live. The household is in even worse shape than when she left—"things lost, things dirtied, masterless things"—but now Catherine is able to recognize, as one may "isolate a motif in an abstract and complicated drawing, through the mess of the room, their own kind of order,

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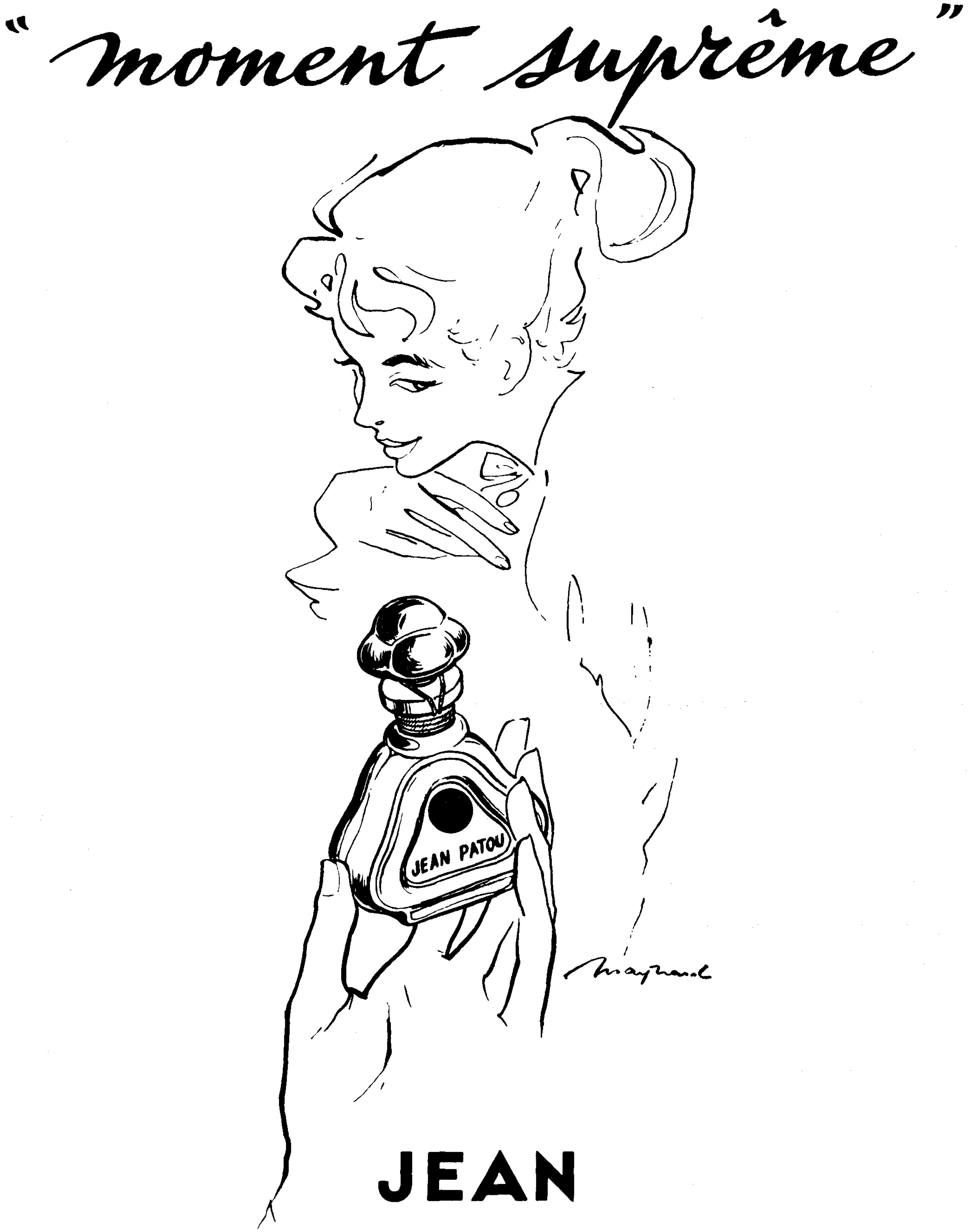
that sort of encampment on the carpet, at the corner of the fire, that circle of dirty glasses and of ashtrays overflowing with butts, surrounding an open book. 'We were reading,' said Michel to excuse himself. 'It really isn't worth the trouble!' said Lia." She closes the book with a kick and leaves Catherine and Michel alone. He tells her that he has suffered, since she left, "agonies of waiting and shame," but she firmly declares she is leaving, gives him back his ring, and goes to join her lover. For a reader of French-Canadian fiction, this ending is unusually cheerful. A vibration from "Lady Chatterley" has perhaps been felt in French Canada.

FOR Anne Hébert's masculine opposite numbers, Le Moyne and Saint-Denys-Garneau, the struggle to escape seems more painful. They give somewhat the impression of Michels who are never to succeed in disassociating themselves from the ancient and effete tradition. Hector de Saint-Denys-Garneau, a descendant of a family distinguished in literature—François-Xavier Garneau figures as the first important French-Canadian historian—was a fragile and ailing young man, culturally starved in Canada, sensitive and reflective and of an extreme scrupulosity of conscience. He died in 1943, at the age of thirty-one. After a visit of three unhappy weeks to Paris, where French Canadians do not feel themselves at home, he had returned to the family mansion at Ste.-Catherine-de-Portneuf, which his parents were still inhabiting, and had gone out to dinner with friends of the family. Afterward, alone in a canoe, he made a trip to an island where he was building a camp; but—though there was some talk of suicide—it is assumed that, coming back, he had a heart attack, for in the morning his body, partly frozen, was found among fallen trees.

Hector de Saint-Denys-Garneau is something of a tragic hero for the younger generation in French Canada. There has even been a memorial film of his life, which ends with a shot of the empty canoe. Suicide is a sin for the Catholic Church, and the whispered possibility that the poet may have committed this sin seems to have made him appear romantic. Saint-Denys-Garneau's "Poésies Complètes," which include some posthumous pieces, were published in 1949, and a "Journal" in 1954. The interest of this latter for a non-Canadian is mainly documentary, but in French Canada it is read with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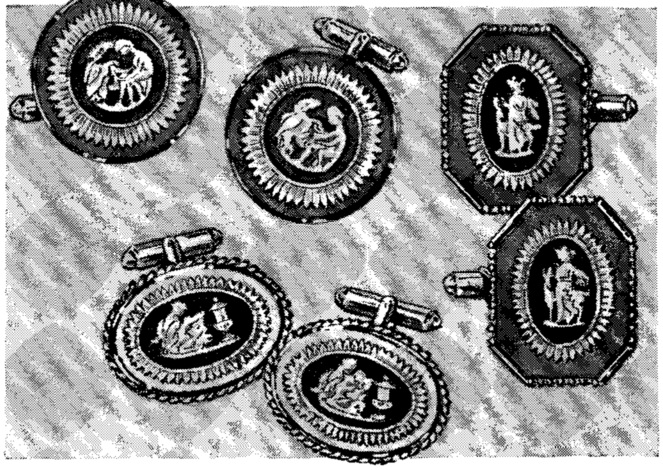
PERFUME—4.00 TO 125.00 • PARFUM COLOGNE—4.50 TO 25.00 • PRICES PLUS TAX reverence and regarded as a kind of landmark. No outburst like le Frère Untel's, it gives expression to the dissatisfactions of a striving and unquiet spirit. It is really—in the French tradition—a collection of moral and aesthetic "*pensées*," which constitutes a record of Saint-Denys-Garneau's sufferings from Canada's aesthetic poverty. He complains of the general lack of taste, which he says all Canadians recognize. He is dependent for the first-hand enjoyment of painting on the rare exhibitions that come to Montreal, and he writes about Renoir and Cézanne—with a good deal of insight and eloquence—as if he had just discovered them. For music, he is dependent on phonograph records, which he seems always to have to hear in somebody else's house.

His friend Jean Le Moyne has in this respect been somewhat better off, because at one time he studied the piano and can write about music with some expertise. But he acknowledges the cultural famine by which they have both been stinted: "It is impossible to estimate the price, in substance, in concentration, and in effort that is represented by 'Regards et Jeux' [a volume of poems published by Saint-Denys-Garneau] without taking into account the appalling void of the early thirties in Montreal. Today one can incur here heavy debts of humanity, derived from various sources in a society which is relatively rich and diversified, but at that time it was almost inconceivable to owe anything to other people outside a few friends. Speaking strictly, the intellectual and religious milieu of Saint-Denys-Garneau was to consist of four or five intimates. . . . I cannot speak without anger of Saint-Denys-Garneau. For he was murdered. His death was an assassination that had long been prepared beforehand—I do not say premeditated, because we cannot pay that tribute to the consciousness of those who prevented him from living. Who, indeed, were his immediate enemies? Living dead men, victims of themselves, sick men reduced to their wretched fear, but a fear unfortunately endowed with the faculty of communicating itself. One cannot be angry with people who do not know what they are doing, but one can be angry with the state of mind which causes this lack of awareness."

What is Jean Le Moyne railing against? When he tries to explain his resentments, his language is likely to become involved. It seems to me that both he and Saint-Denys-Garneau



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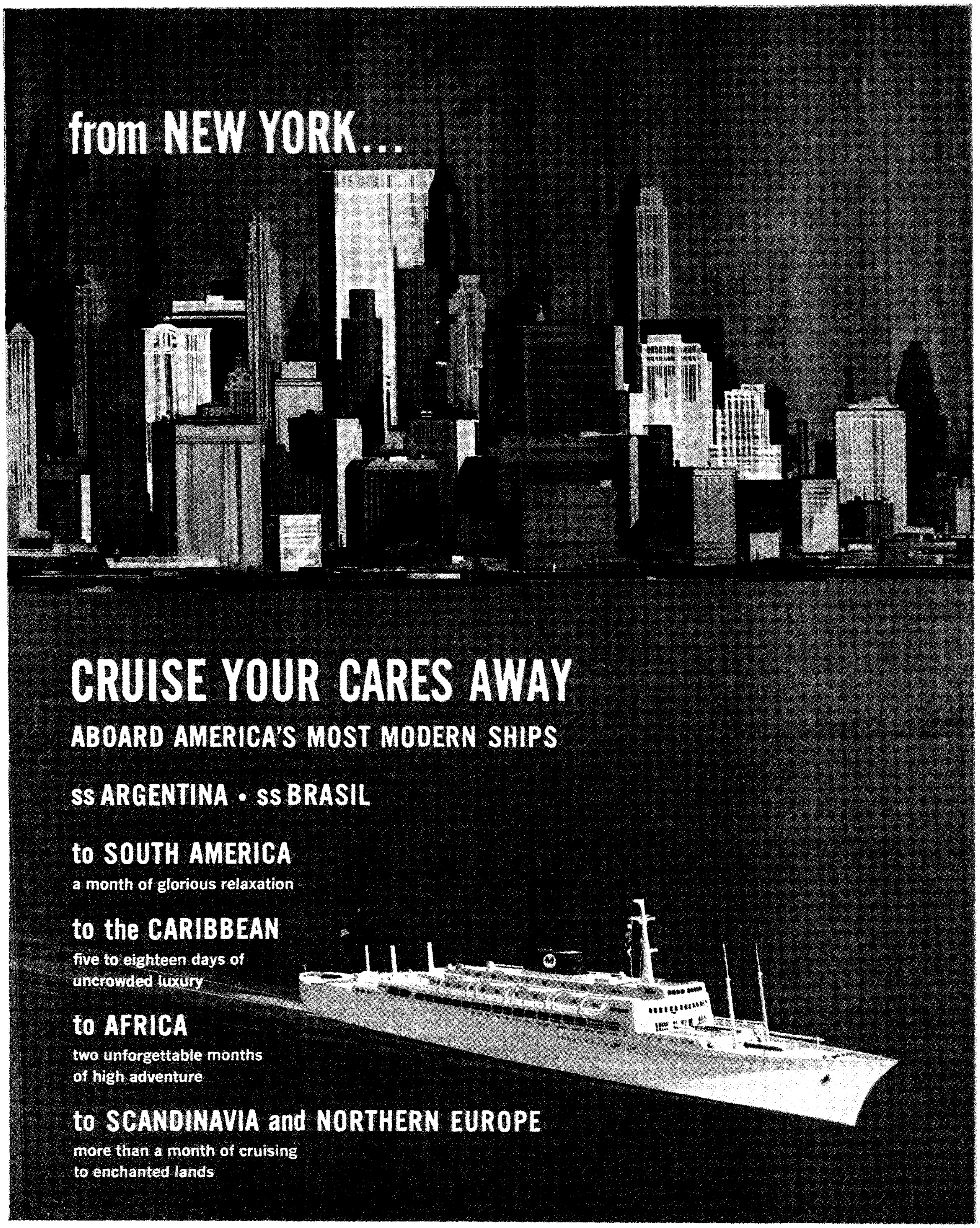

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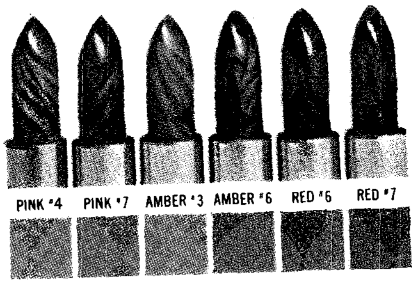

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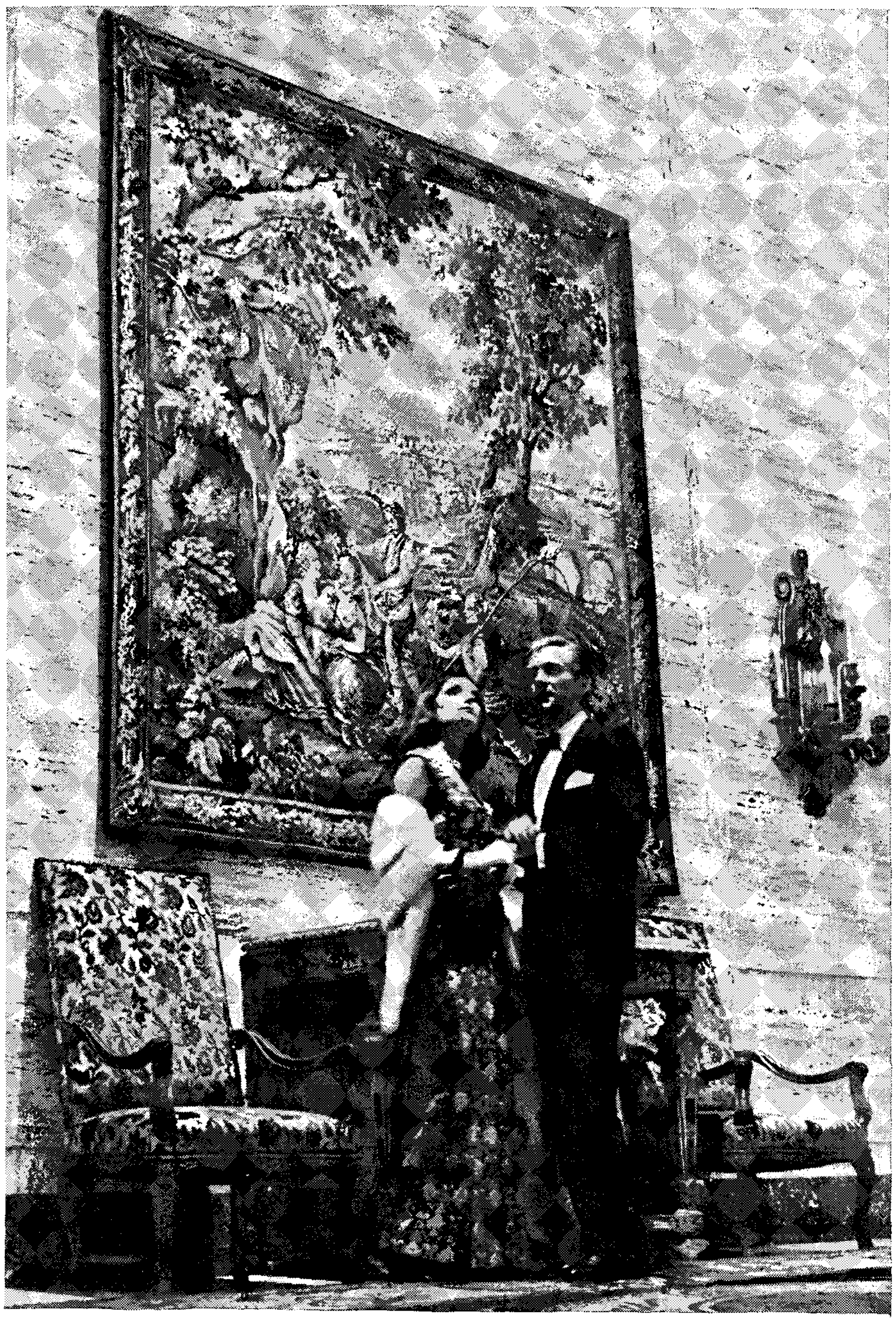
write too often in a groping and entangled style—very far from the precision and clarity that one expects from expository French—which resorts to undefined abstractions and unparticularized allusions, and I believe that their obscurity is partly due to inhibitions against coming out with what they think, perhaps even to not knowing exactly what they think. The language of the *maison seigneuriale* is as murky as everything else about it, and I blame upon it any clumsiness that may be found here in my translation of certain passages. It is the fear of authority of which everyone speaks that is evidently hampering these writers, and the situation reminds one of the case of Faulkner, who was likely to become blurred and muddled when he was dealing with the unavowed situations created by the mixture of black and white blood. For what these thinkers are trying to emerge from without ever being quite able to get free of it is the dominant influence of the priesthood. They may protest against its Jansenist tyranny, but Jean Le Moyne is very careful to let us know that he makes his submission to the Church, and Saint-Denys-Garneau that he is hoping for grace. In spite of their extreme discomfort, it seems to be impossible for them either to make a clean break with the Church or, like the courageous Teilhard de Chardin, to try to reinterpret Catholicism. When Jean Le Moyne writes about music, he knows exactly what he feels and he can find the words to express it. Nor is he blocked by traditional barriers from following modern music through Hindemith, Stravinsky, and Bartók. His descriptions of composers are excellent. But when he talks about the "duality" and "alienation" from which French Canadians suffer, it requires a certain effort on the part of



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the non-Canadian reader to understand what he is talking about.

It does not take us long, however, to discover that one of the problems that are worrying the inhabitants of the *maison seigneuriale* is something that in other environments, also, has become one of the main themes of French-Canadian literature: the dichotomy between flesh and spirit that is a feature of Jansenist doctrine. The more advanced thinkers in French Canada have been trying to sew up this dichotomy, but it will obviously be a long time before they can get it to heal. The very terms in which they speak of it betray the malformation of their minds. The recurrence of "*chair*," "*charnel*" chill the blood of the non-Canadian; they make lovemaking sound so gruesome. It is usually referred to as "*les plaisirs charnels*." There is a novel, for example, by a woman with the title "La Chair Décevante"—*la chair* has always to be made to sound treacherous and unattractive; *le péché* is always close at hand. We have seen the reactions of Michel in the novel described above. In a wistful passage in the journal of Saint-Denys-Garneau, when he is longing for a woman's love, we find such a horrid sentence as the following: "*Or maintenant, me voici avec mon poids de péché originel, sans la possibilité d'un seul repos en la complaisance charnelle*."

Since love has thus been made a sin that must lead to degradation or damnation, it has hardly been found possible in French Canada to write love stories that arrive at fulfillment. "Les Chambres de Bois" is exceptional in that Catherine's love is fulfilled, but her husband, Michel, of course, has never been able to love at all. The persistence of this puritan doctrine in conjunction with certain consequences of a peculiar historical situation has produced a paradoxical attitude. M. Le Moyne on this subject is illuminating. The position of women in French Canada in the early days of colonization was a very important one, which imposed upon them and the men a special kind of relationship. The women were shipped over from France in boatloads, and were almost sure to get married—sometimes at thirteen or fourteen—as soon as they stepped off the boat. It was necessary to populate Canada, and they usually had a child every year. If their husbands, as often happened, were killed by the Indians or the English, they immediately married again. There is a case on record of a woman who married a second husband even before

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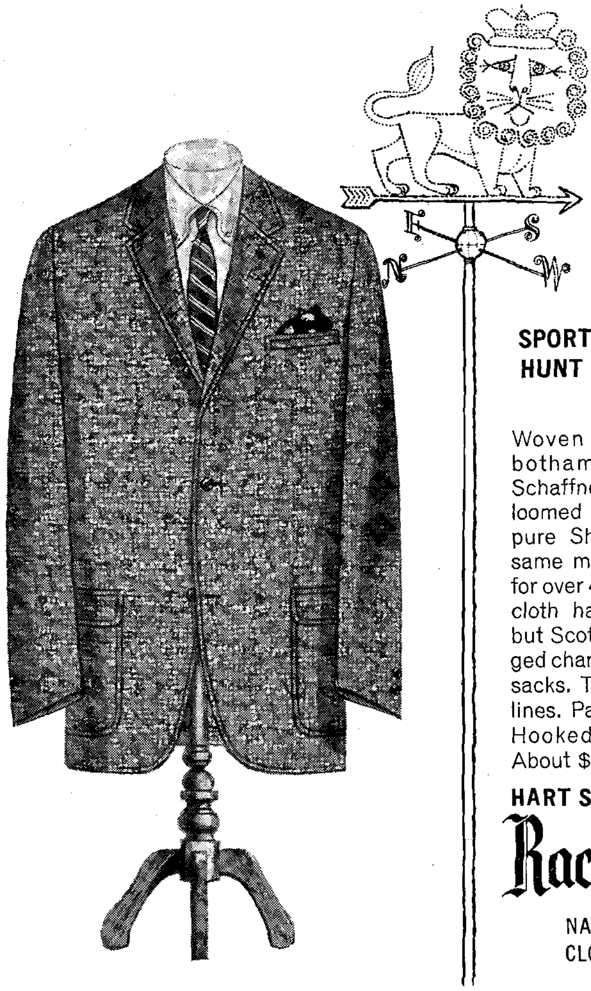

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Woven by Hunt & Winterbotham. Tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx. A fabric loomed in Scotland of 100% pure Shetland yarns in the same manner as it has been for over 400 years. This classic cloth has a downy softness but Scottish colorings of rugged character. Plaids and Hopsacks. Trim, natural shoulder lines. Patch-and-flap pockets. Hooked vent. Welt edges. About $75.

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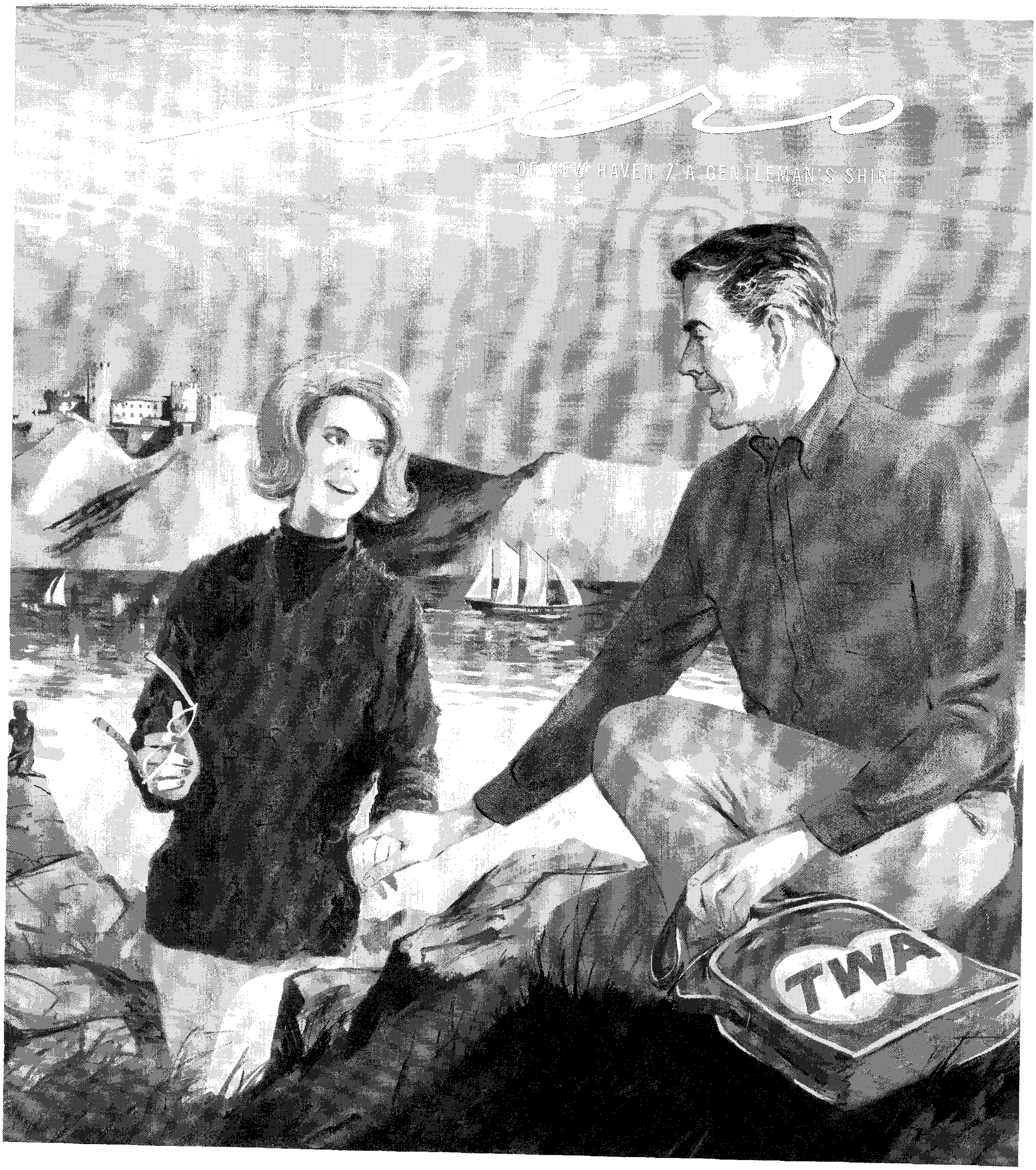
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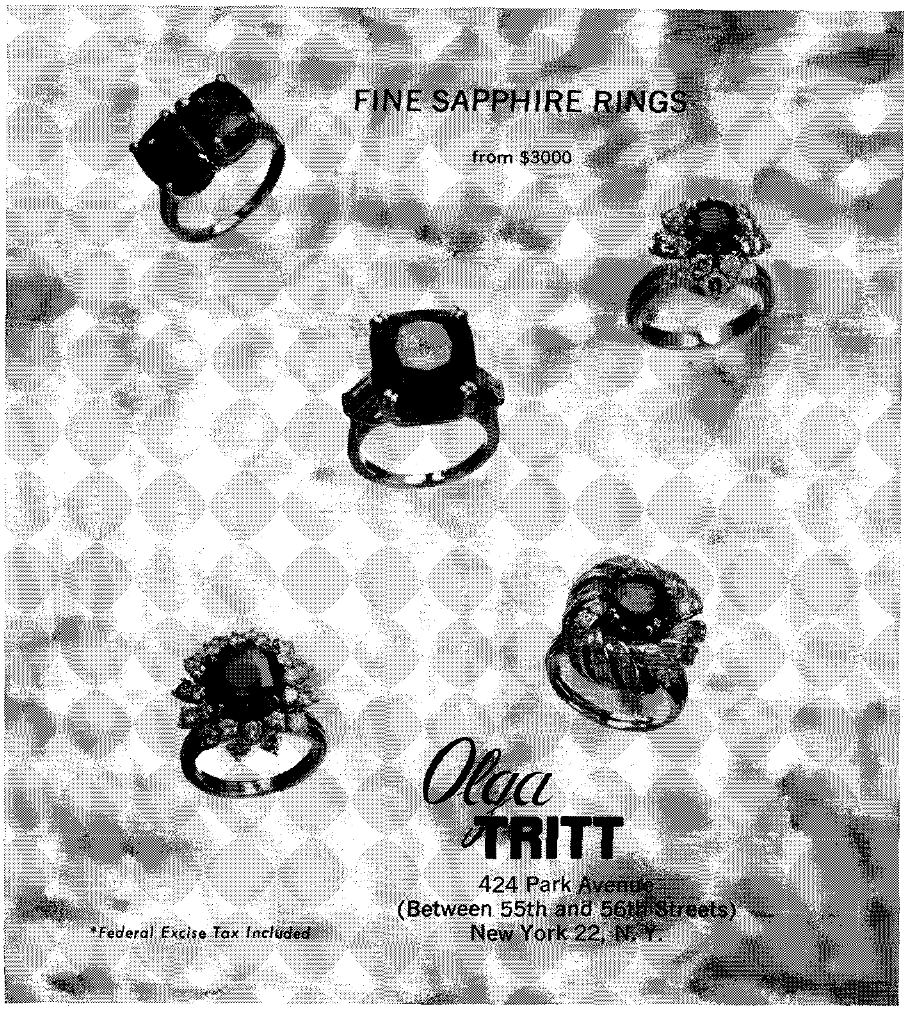
For a translation of this ad, and an opportunity to win a European trip for two aboard a **TWA** *StarStream Jet, write Sero of New Haven, 95 Hamilton Street, New Haven, Connecticut*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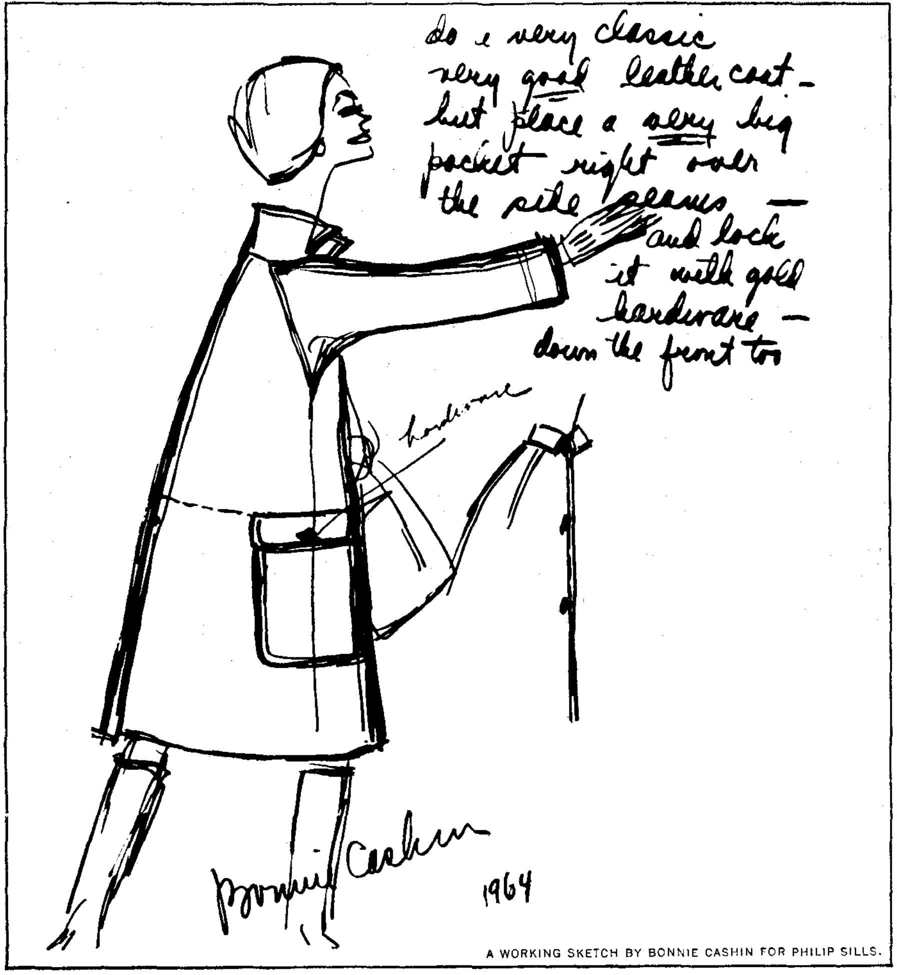

A WORKING SKETCH BY BONNIE CASHIN FOR PHILIP SILLS.

her first one had been buried. Through all this, these women were working in their households and the fields and the barns, taking the family through the terrible winters, and sometimes fighting the Indians along with their men. These husbands were often away, and the women could never be sure of their coming back. The family unit had become so important that the centrifugal *coureur de bois* and other unmarried men were penalized by being deprived of their hunting and fishing rights, of their freedom to escape to the forest, if they failed to get married within fifteen days after the arrival of a new lot of women, and fathers were even fined if they were slow in marrying off their daughters.

All this, of course, is not unlike the role of the pioneer American woman, who also endured and labored and dominated her ever-expanding family, but the presence of the Roman Catholic Church made the situation in Canada different. Besides these mothers of families, there were the French women missionaries—such as Marie de l'Incarnation—who had immigrated to convert the Indians and who, as abbesses or heads of hospitals, came to take on immense responsibilities, sometimes having to withstand siege in their convents, and might eventually occupy positions of very considerable power. They were saints, they were dedicated to the Virgin, and since Mary was a mother as well as a maid, the sacred character of this other aspect was extended to the mothers of families. "The French-Canadian mother," says M. Le Moyne, "is something altogether special, for the equivalent of which, I believe, you would look in vain among the civilized people of our time." He depicts her in an apotheosis: "She stands on her linoleum, in calico, in front of a stove and a cooking pot, an infant on her left hip, a large spoon in her right hand, a cluster of little ones about her legs, and a baby in the cradle next to the wood box." But the paradox is that, with all her fecundity, she is supposed to be inaccessible, since, as mother, like the Virgin, she is sacred. The ordinary husband will refer to his wife as "*la femme*" rather than "*ma femme*," and the strange custom, which the foreign reader discovers in French-Canadian books, of the lower-class mother and father addressing one another and being addressed by their children as "*sa mère*" and "*son père*" is explained by M. Le Moyne as an example of this disassociation. As a consequence of her mythical role and the behavior that this

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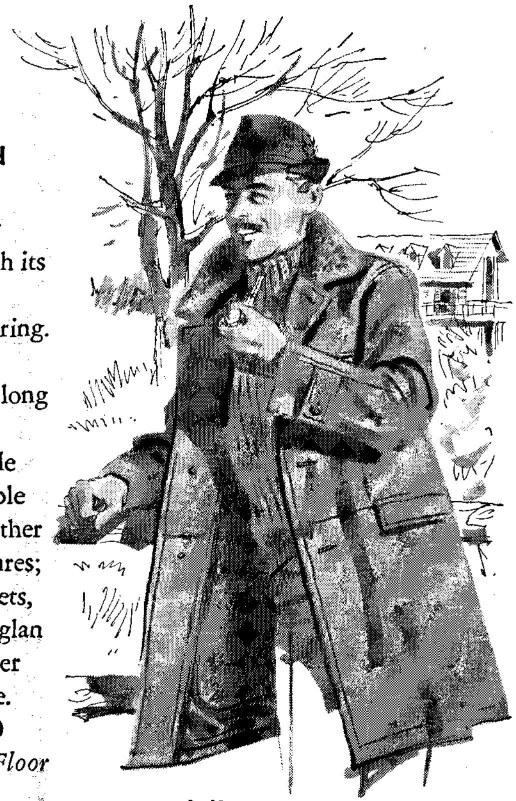

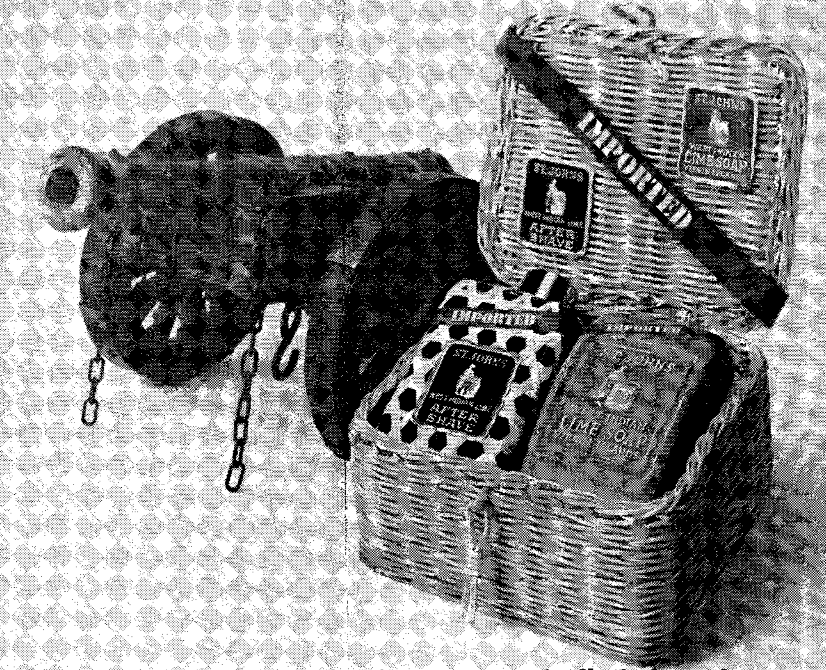

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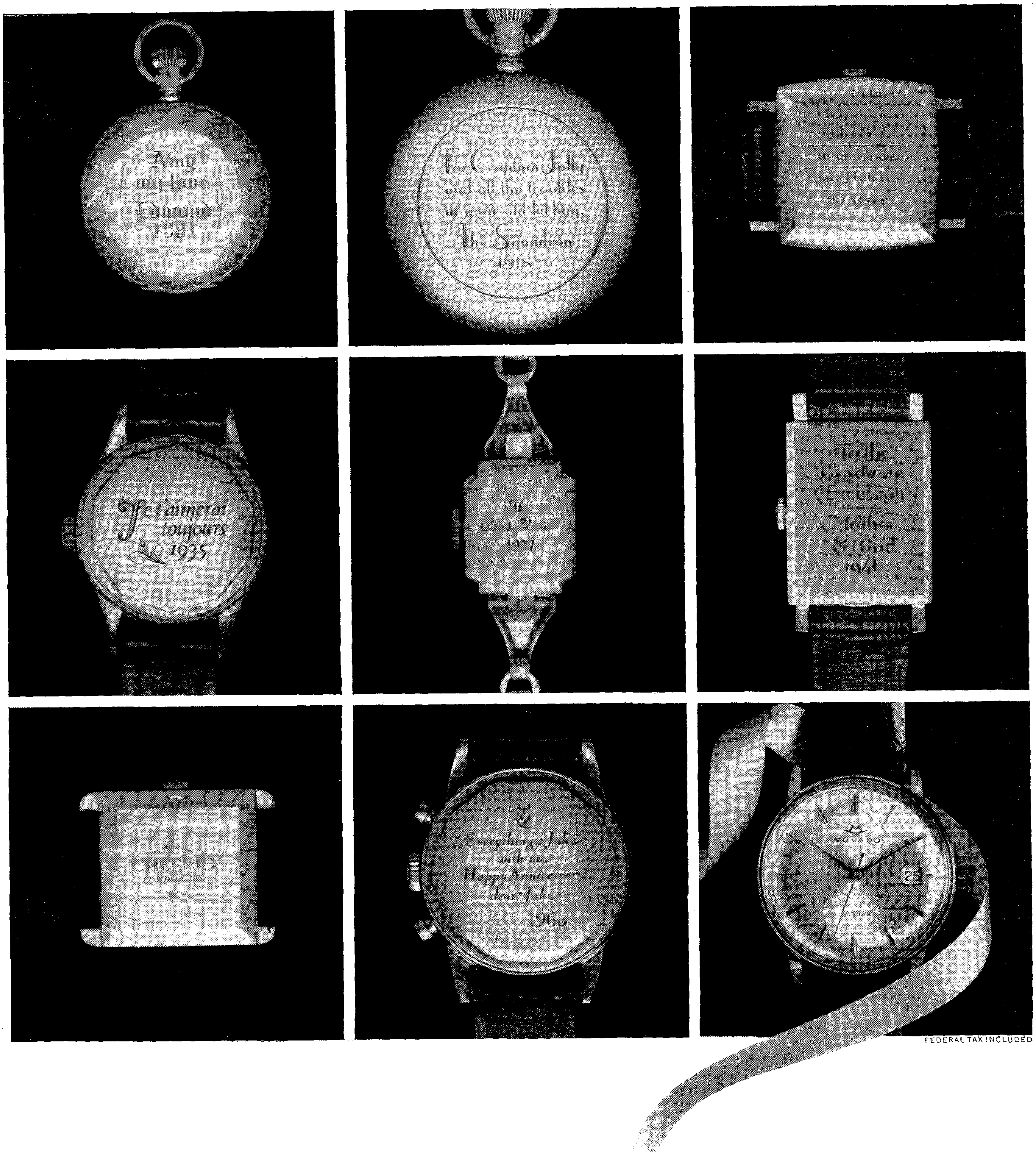
St. Johns West Indies Bay Co., Div., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Available at America's finest stores.

suggests, it has always been impossible, says M. Le Moyne, to present a genuine woman in French-Canadian fiction. "I should be quite unable to discuss, except as a psychologist or a sociologist, the feminine characters who people our fiction and are invoked in our poetry. I cannot find in them a single woman who makes me feel her living presence as does a Princess Casamassima, a Milly Theale, even a Sister Carrie, all American heroines, or any that has the same kind of significance as Mme. Verdurin, as Odette Swann, as Oriane de Guermantes, or as Rachel-quand-du-Seigneur." And there can be no real love affairs. "At the approach of love, whether legitimate or not, or at the idea of an everyday intimacy, something in them [the women in French-Canadian novels] is resistant to the consummation, the giving of themselves, or, no matter how passing it may be, to any kind of actual blooming. And the result of this attitude is that the affair does not work out for the men either, who are made to run into obstacles of various kinds, owing to circumstances and to pathology. These gentlemen themselves, besides, are not in very good condition and suffer from various reticences; they readily take a run-out powder [*la poudre d'escampette*], and they do not even shrink from suicide." In these novels, you find "love hindered, love forbidden, love punished, love defiled; anguish in relation to the other party, curbs on self-liberation and on the taking of possession; the futility either of human resources or of having recourse to God; deaths or collapses incurred by them for their having, as lovers, as man and wife, desired to embrace one another, for having wanted *to realize the couple.*"

M. Jean-Charles Falardeau and others, in writing about French-Canadian fiction, confirm this diagnosis of M. Le Moyne's, and we even find le Frère Untel, in his "Letter to a Young Brother," warning the neophyte not to be timid about remembering that "half the human race is composed of the feminine sex—which of course I hardly need to tell you. It's rather difficult to overlook this fact. Difficult also to overlook the inclination that attracts us toward them. Here or nowhere, he who plays the angel will soon play the beast. So there are women, and these women may be amiable and beautiful. We have promised to live without women. We have had our training far away from them. Too far away, perhaps; I do not mean physically, which


Amy
my love
Edmund
1921
For Captain Jolly
and all the troubles
in your old kit bag.
The Squadron
1918
Je t'aimerai
toujours
1935
To the
Graduate
Mother
& Dad
Happy Anniversary
MOVADO
25

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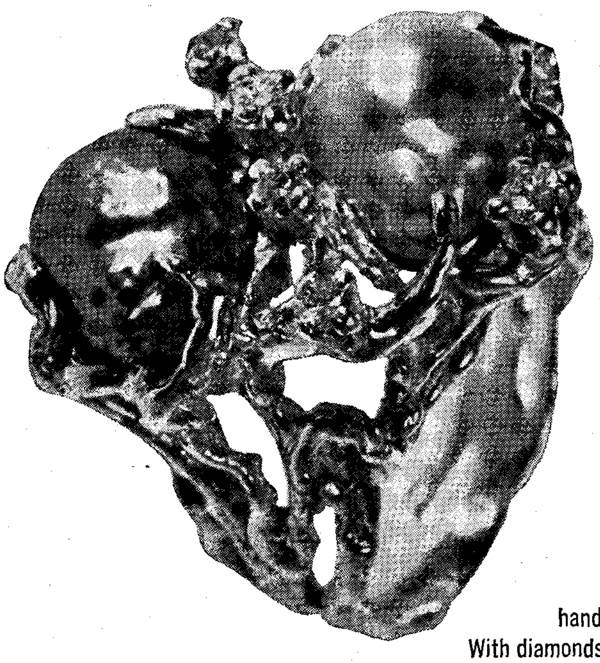

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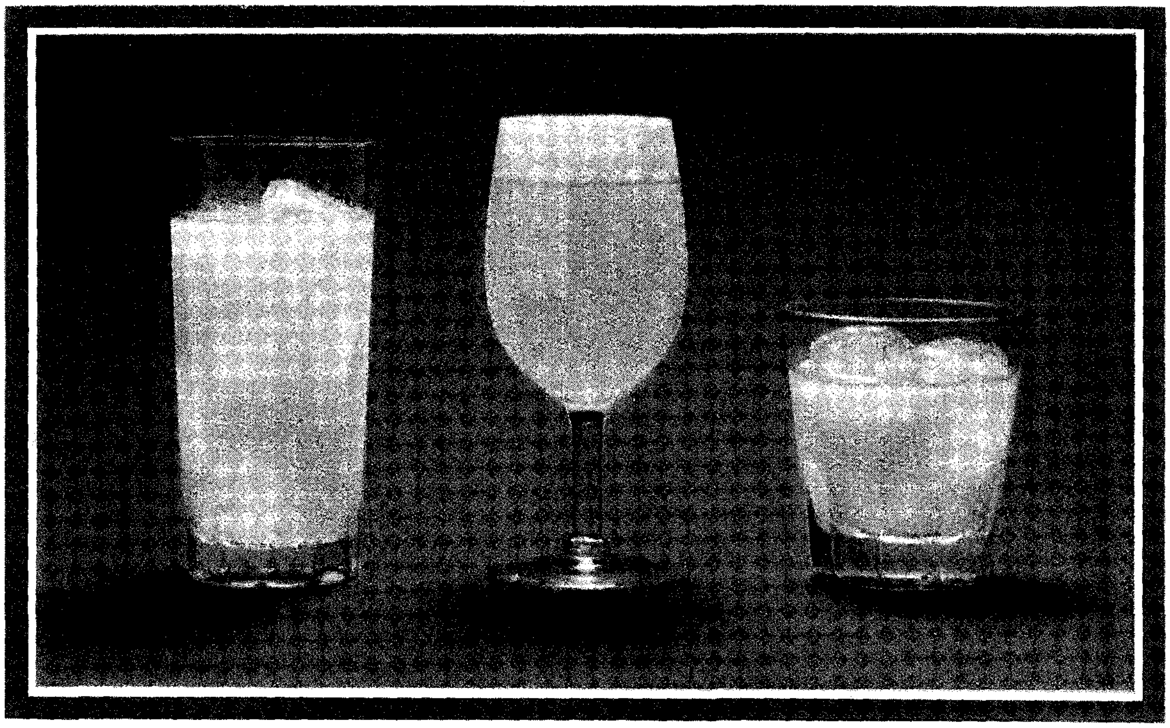
is of course obligatory, but intellectually, in the sense that our training in this matter, as in several others, is a little unrealistic." He tells the young Brother that, as long as he is young, he must recognize his hunger for women, that "any little cutie is more interesting to you than Sainte Marie [Sainte Marie de l'Incarnation]. . . . You will have to endure this hunger, which will go on for a long time, but you mustn't ever be ashamed of it."

This is more human, but it is still a monk speaking—that is, one who by a voluntary vow has alienated himself from the other sex.

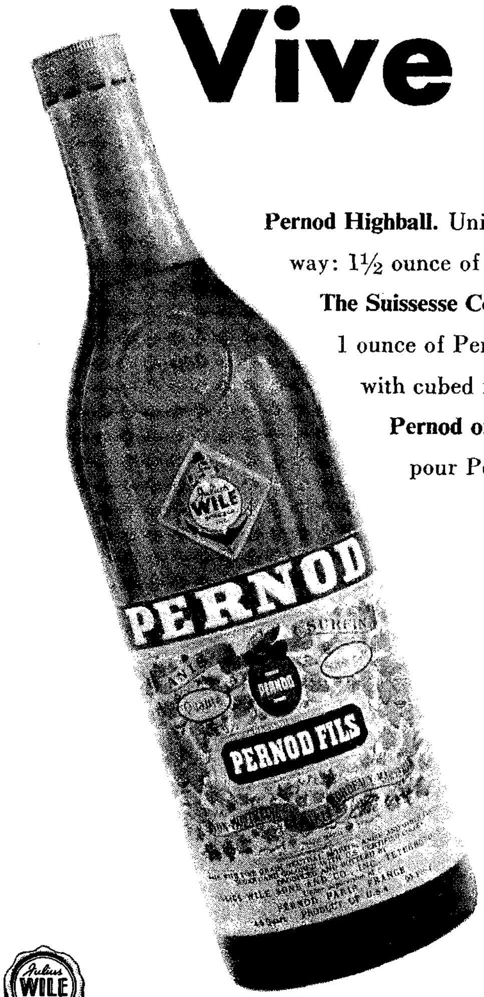
IDYL AND COUNTERIDYL: In 1914, a French novel called "Maria Chapdelaine" became something of a popular success in both the French- and the English-speaking countries. No other book since William Henry Drummond's "The Habitant," published in 1897, had brought to the outside world any picture of the rural life of the people of French Canada. Yet "Maria Chapdelaine" was not written by a French Canadian. The author, Louis Hémon, was an adventurous and unconventional Frenchman who had studied for the French Colonial service but had decided to be a writer. He went first to explore London and published a novel of London slum life called "Lizzie Blakeston." Then he came to Canada and hired himself out as a farmhand at Peribonka, in northern Quebec. He was puzzling to the family he worked for, and they found him extremely incompetent, but he stayed with them six months. He wrote a novel based on this experience, but he never lived to see it published: he was killed by a train in Ontario while walking with a knapsack on his way to the West.

"Maria Chapdelaine" is an idyl, which partly accounts for its popularity, but it is an idyl in a very stern setting. Maria Chapdelaine's father is a professional and incurable pioneer. He has a mania for clearing land, and then when the job has been done and a new settlement is under way, instead of staying to enjoy its advantages, he goes on to some other wild region and starts clearing operations again. This makes life very difficult for his family. They are always having to adapt themselves to new inaccessible places, with their few friends miles away. In winter, they are often snowed in, and even at Christmas it is sometimes impossible for them to get to the nearest church. Maria Chapdelaine falls in love with a

Vive la difference!



Vive le Pernod!



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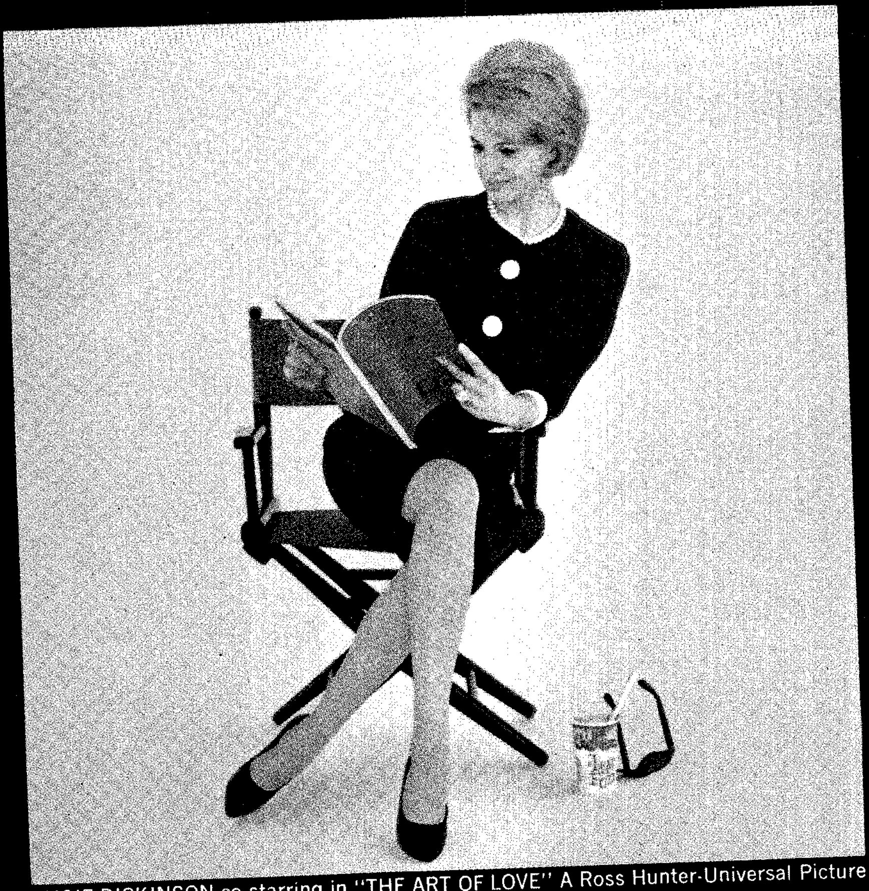
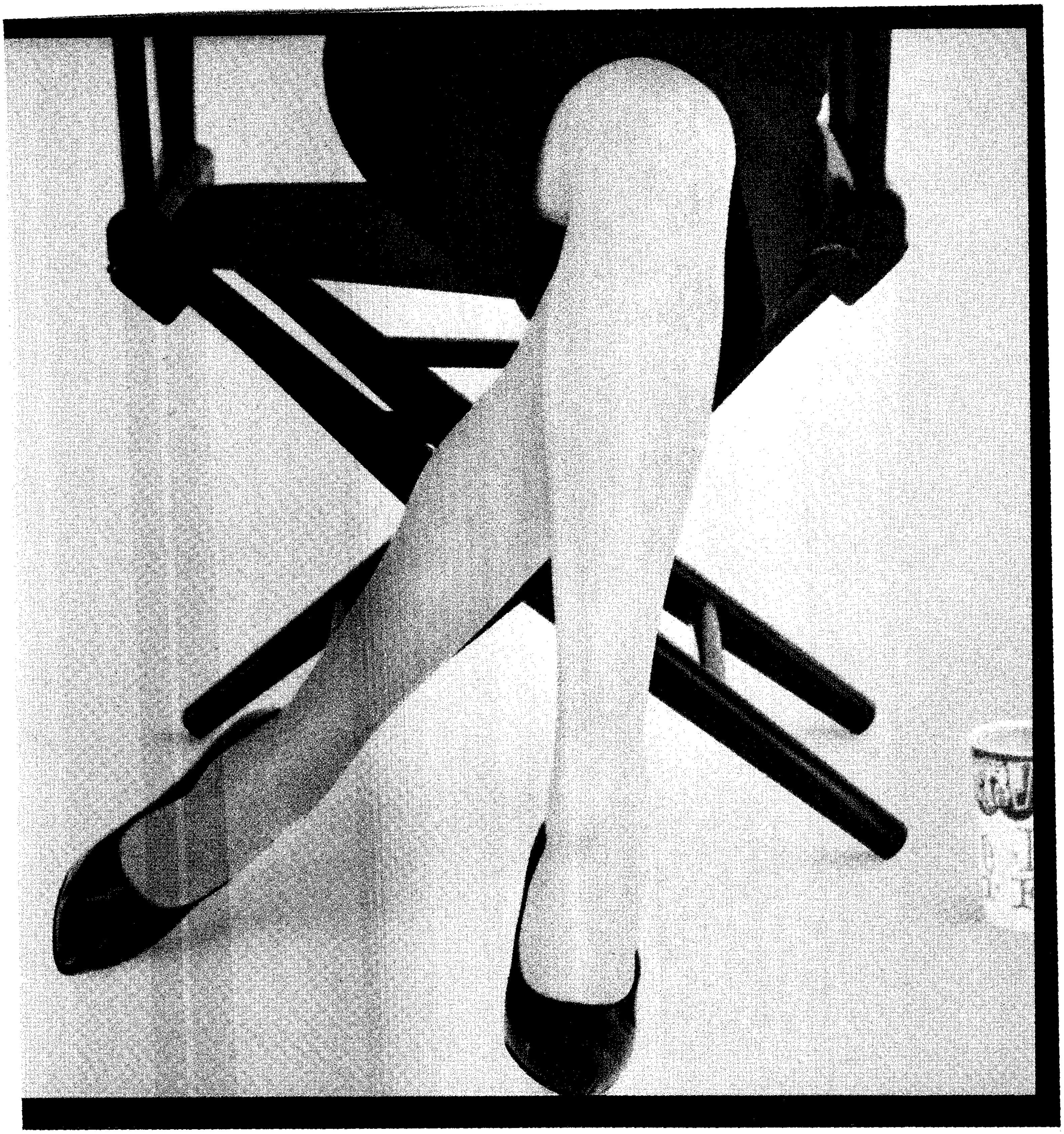


ANGIE DICKINSON co-starring in "THE ART OF LOVE" A Ross Hunter-Universal Picture

Angie Dickinson's legs were insured for a million dollars!



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Vectra . . . the first totally new hosiery fiber in 24 years has 3 to 4 times the snag resistance of nylon . . . plus the softness of silk!

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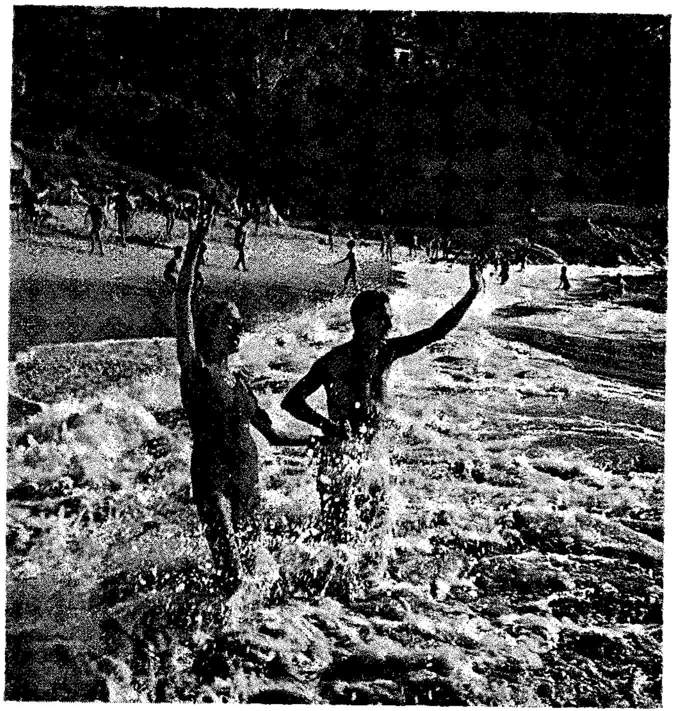
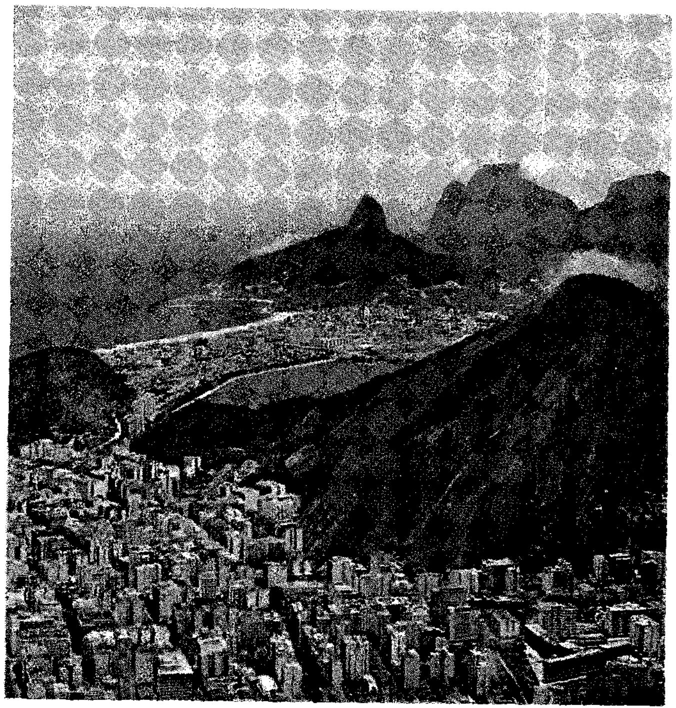
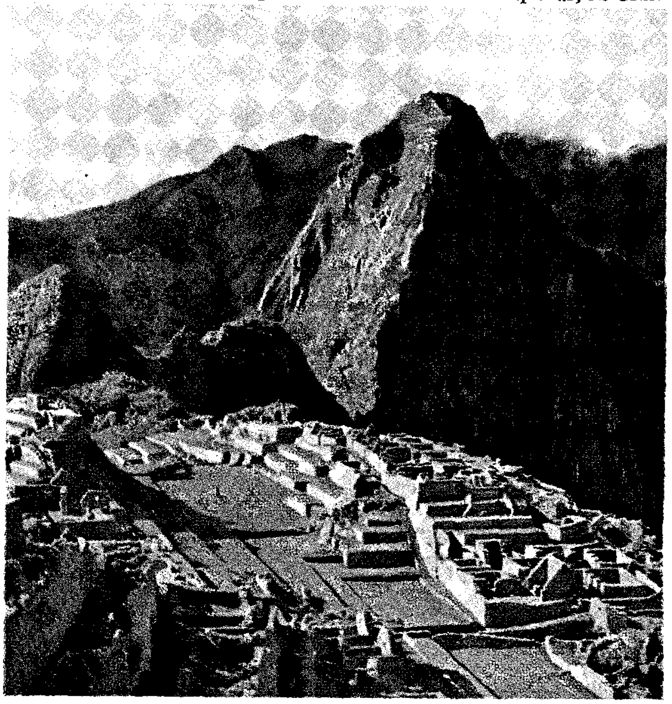


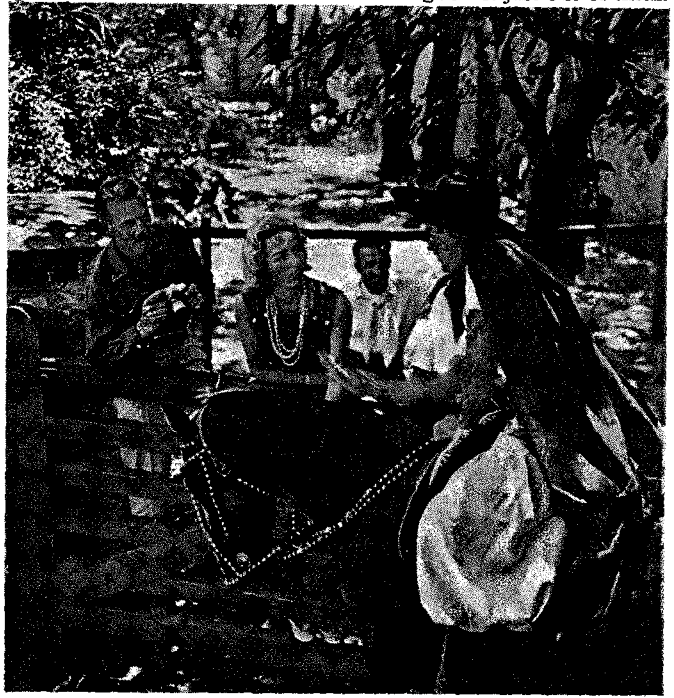
Magnificent beaches. This is Zapallar, in Chile.



Modern cities. Exciting Rio is just one of them.

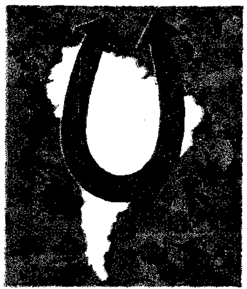


Ancient cities. This one is Machu Picchu, in Peru.



Romantic ranches. Shown here, Argentina's Pinar Azul.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!



Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am · Panagra.

See both coasts for the price of one. East coast or west coast, there's so much to see. So much to do. Enjoy the old Spanish charm of Caracas. Or visit modern Brasilia. Night life in Rio. Steaks in São Paulo—where some of the finest restaurants offer more than 25 entrées at $1.50 or less! Skiing near Santiago, Chile. Magnificent Inca ruins of Machu Picchu. Silver shopping in leisurely Lima, Peru. (Or the wonderful Indian dolls you can buy anywhere in Peru.) No doubt about it: you haven't seen anything till you've seen South America—coast to coast. And your ticket 'Round South America can cost you as little as $630 from New York, $578 from Miami, $766 from Los Angeles. *On the only airline system that can fly you completely around the continent.*

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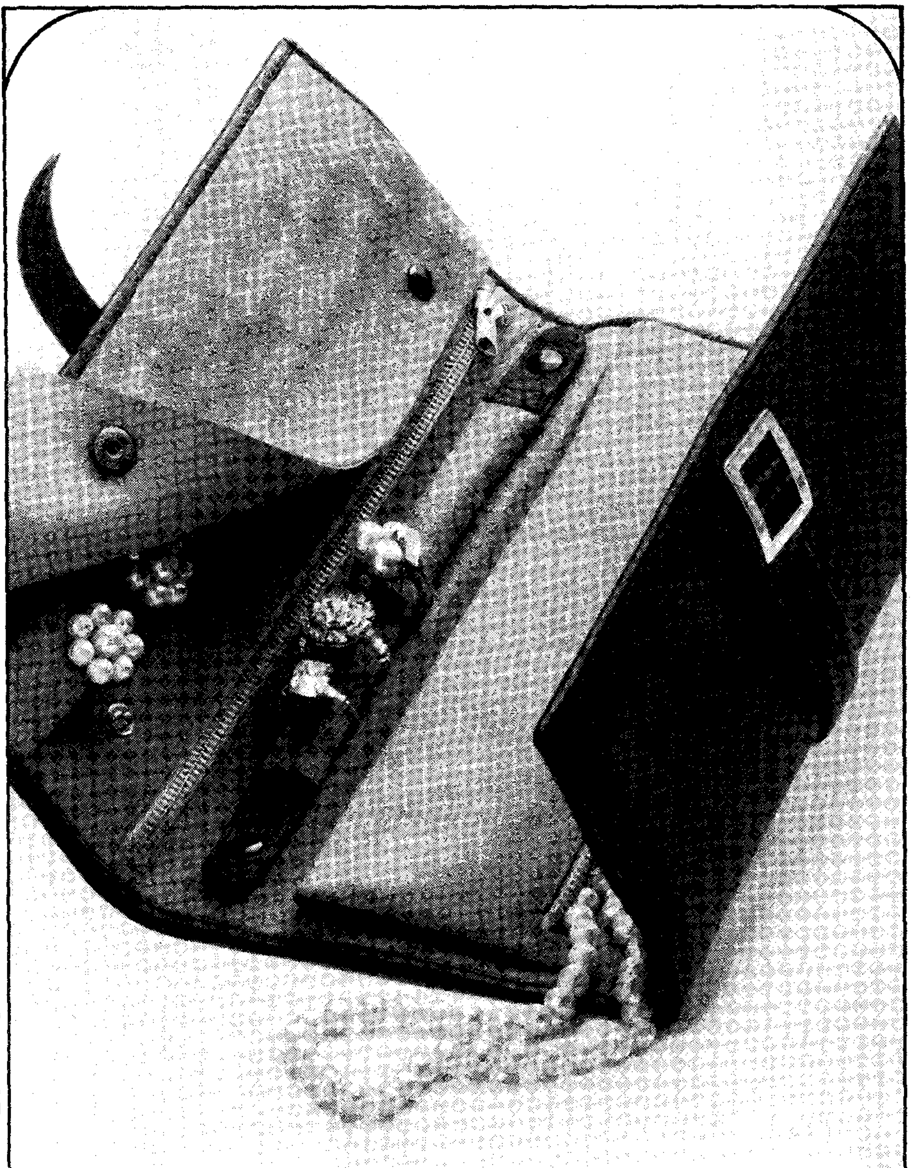
PANAGRA

relatively dashing young man from a lumber camp, but when he tries to come to see her in midwinter, he loses his way in the woods, succumbs to the cold, and is never seen again. Another young man now presents himself. He has sold his family farm and gone to live in a New England mill town. Maria knows she does not love him, but he tempts her by telling her how infinitely more agreeable life is in the United States: brick buildings, hot water, gas, streetcars, roads that one can walk on without snowshoes. Then Maria's mother—one of those monumental Canadian mothers on whom the whole household depends—somehow strains herself and can no longer function. The family cannot believe it: instead of getting on her feet again, she continues to lie groaning in bed. At last they bring a bonesetter and a doctor, over almost impassable roads, from communities many miles away. Neither of them can tell what is wrong. The doctor can only give her sedatives. The mother dies, and the main responsibility for the household devolves upon Maria. She can hardly now leave her father and her younger brother and sister. She must marry her only other suitor, a young man of no originality, who has nothing to offer her but a life of hard work on a farm as poor and isolated as her father's.

But the author is not content to leave Maria Chapdelaine, as Maupassant would have done, simply the victim of her cruel situation. On the night when she is to make her decision, the spirit of the Province of Quebec addresses her in a voice "which was half a woman's song and half a priest's sermon. It came like the sound of a bell, like the august peal of church organs, like a naïve complaint and like the piercing prolonged cry of the woodsmen calling to one another in the forest." It tells her that the French had come to Canada three hundred years ago and that everything they had brought with them, "our religion, our language, our virtues, and even our weaknesses, have now become sacred things, unalterable and destined to endure to the end." They are surrounded by aliens whom they call barbarians—who have taken almost all the power and acquired almost all the money—but they know that in the course of the centuries the world will eventually turn to them and say, "These people are of a race that cannot die." And in the meantime they themselves transmit from generation to generation the commandment "In the land of Quebec, nothing is to die and



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We believe these to be about the finest soft wool sport shirts you can find . . . featuring single needle construction and flawlessly matched patterns of eight authentic Clan tartans, District checks, and solid colors . . . woven expressly for Rogers Peet in Scotland . . . $22.50.

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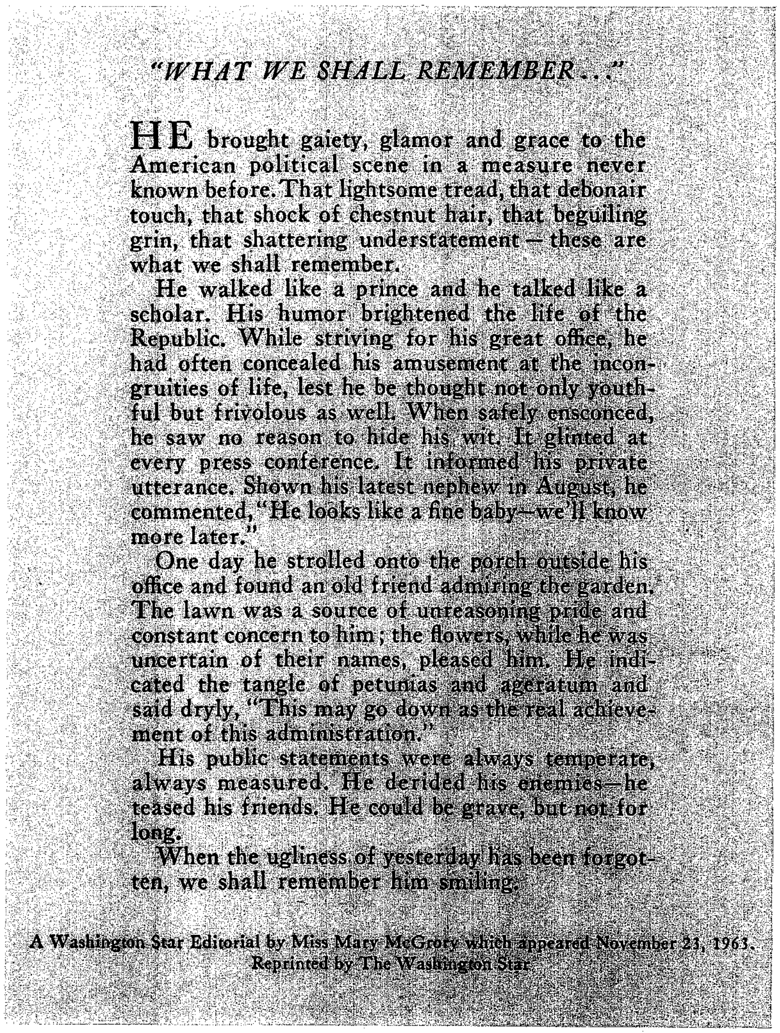
nothing is to change." The point is that Maria Chapdelaine is rejecting, in obedience to this voice, the lure of the life that is offered her by the admirer who has gone to the States. I was reminded by this end of the story of the very similar ending of "Colette Baudoche," a novel by Maurice Barrès, which came out a few years before "Maria Chapdelaine." In this book, a young girl of Metz, thirty-eight years after the defeat of the French, is on the point of marrying a Prussian professor when attendance at a Mass for the soldiers who were killed in 1870 revives in her the patriotism of Alsace-Lorraine and prevents her from going through with it. Here it is the author himself who apostrophizes his heroine, but in much the same vein as the Province of Quebec in "Maria Chapdelaine." The political motivation in Louis Hémon's novel strikes for me the same false note. I find it rather hard to believe that a young peasant girl in this kind of dilemma would be influenced by ancestral voices that address her in editorial rhetoric. I imagine that Hémon was echoing Barrès, though it appears that there is a native precedent for the attitude of Maria Chapdelaine. In one of the first French-Canadian novels of any note, "Les Anciens Canadiens," by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé (published in 1863), a young Scotchman falls in love with the sister of a French former schoolmate, but in the course of the war with the English, he is forced, at the orders of Wolfe, to burn down the French family's *manoir*. The girl refuses to marry him. This is much like our novels of the Civil War, in which the lovers are separated or inhibited by belonging to opposite sides. Such conflicts, of course, may arise, but I feel that Maria's revelation has been dragged in by the need of the author to give a more or less rational explanation of the persistence of the French Canadians in sticking so doggedly to their poverty and ignorance.

"Maria Chapdelaine" is now quite out of fashion. The voice of the Province of Quebec is no longer so patient but, as I shall later show, is belligerent and bitter. Yet the book was an important event in the literature of French Canada. To have had their own life described by a Frenchman who had brought to it an eye both artistic and sociological made the native writers more aware of the peculiar features of that life and of its literary possibilities. The result, says M. Baillargeon, was that "Maria Chapdelaine" furnished a formula for a whole series of peasant



"WHAT WE SHALL REMEMBER . . ."

HE brought gaiety, glamor and grace to the American political scene in a measure never known before. That lightsome tread, that debonair touch, that shock of chestnut hair, that beguiling grin, that shattering understatement — these are what we shall remember.

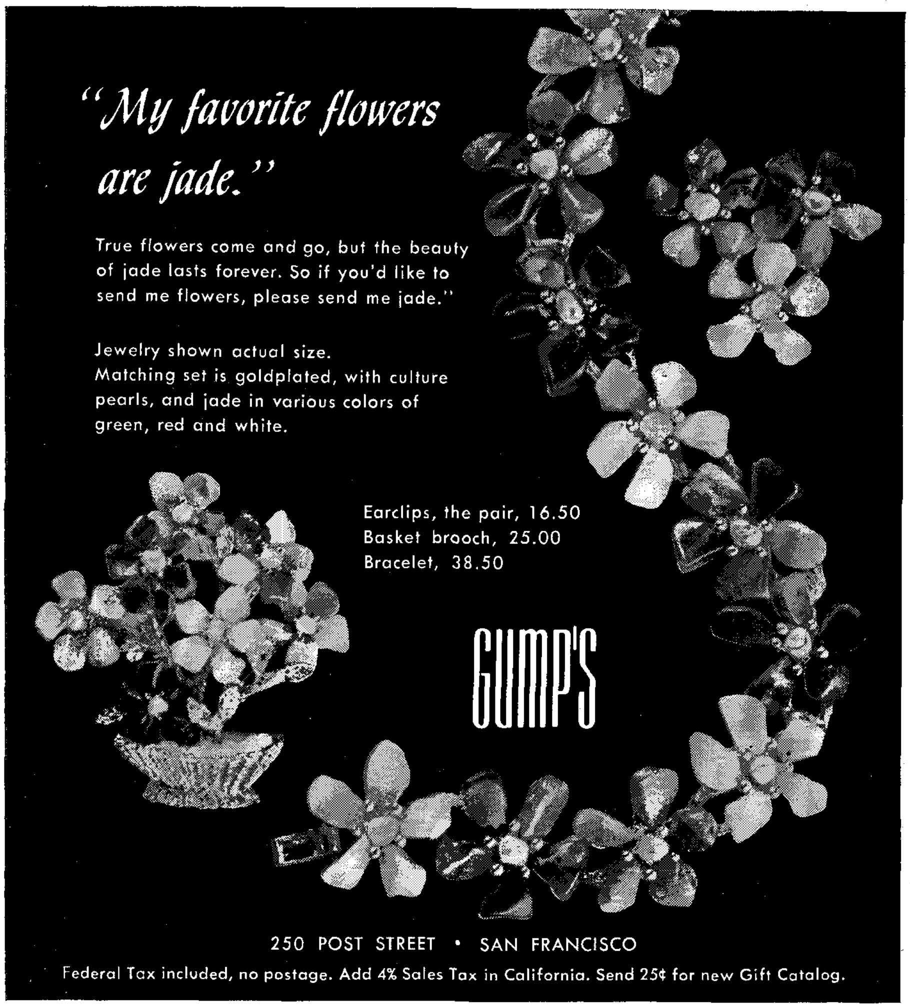
He walked like a prince and he talked like a scholar. His humor brightened the life of the Republic. While striving for his great office, he had often concealed his amusement at the incongruities of life, lest he be thought not only youthful but frivolous as well. When safely ensconced, he saw no reason to hide his wit. It glinted at every press conference. It informed his private utterance. Shown his latest nephew in August, he commented, "He looks like a fine baby—we'll know more later."

One day he strolled onto the porch outside his office and found an old friend admiring the garden. The lawn was a source of unreasoning pride and constant concern to him; the flowers, while he was uncertain of their names, pleased him. He indicated the tangle of petunias and ageratum and said dryly, "This may go down as the real achievement of this administration."

His public statements were always temperate, always measured. He derided his enemies—he teased his friends. He could be grave, but not for long.

When the ugliness of yesterday has been forgotten, we shall remember him smiling.

A Washington Star Editorial by Miss Mary McGrory which appeared November 23, 1963.
Reprinted by The Washington Star



"My favorite flowers are jade."

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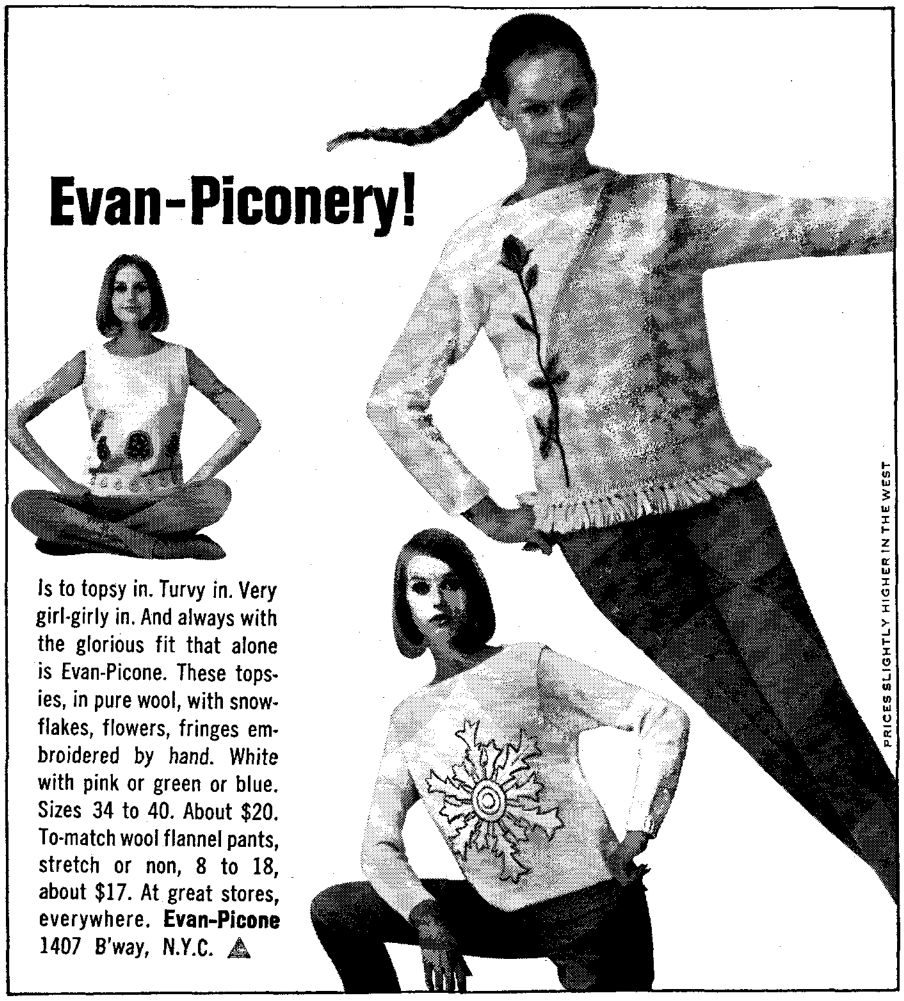

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idyls (though I note that M. Gilles Marcotte contends that the native fiction was already taking this direction). The present writer has been deterred from much research into this aspect of French-Canadian fiction—as well as of its English-Canadian counterpart—by a very strong disinclination to read novels of rural life that take families of simple people through the years and the generations. In these books, the changes of the seasons are always described at length; the crops are planted and harvested, and sometimes the crops fail, and this makes things even more depressing; the animals give birth to their young, and they have to be herded and fed; there are love affairs that develop very slowly; the young people grow gradually old, and the old people pass away; everybody is dedicated and tied to the land. The only agricultural novel that I remember to have thoroughly enjoyed is Zola's once scandalous "La Terre," in which primitive country life is made so outrageously horrible that it finally becomes comic.

I have not read "Trente Arpents," by Ringuet, or "Le Survenant," by Germaine Guèvremont, but I have found one French-Canadian idyl that is distinguished and quite delightful. "La Petite Poule d'Eau," by Gabrielle Roy, deals with the family of a sheep farmer—even more remote and isolated than the family of Maria Chapdelaine—who are the sole inhabitants of an island in northern Manitoba. Since the only school is eighteen miles off, over an almost untraversable road, the government is obliged to provide a special teacher for the seven children, who is condemned to go and live with them on the island—first, a Frenchwoman, whom the children adore and who stimulates an ambition to learn, then a British one, who does not know how to get on with the French and who discourages them by lectures on Dominion patriotism that they do not understand. The family is visited at long intervals by a polyglot Belgian priest, who mixes saintliness with a good deal of shrewdness. We follow him on his adventures as he goes about his ministrations among the French and the Scottish, the Poles and the Ukrainians, the Finns and the Swedes and the Icelanders, and ends with a festive gathering—almost an apotheosis—in celebration of one of his visits: a banquet, a little sermon; the young people dance. There in the Northwest, so thinly populated, the different national strains are able to mingle on jovial terms. The caller for the square dance is a Scot, but he presently

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begins calling in French. He thinks with affection of *"ce beau pays,"* France. The priest lights up his pipe. "Above his head shone millions of bright stars. The lightning bugs in the grass gave out little sparkles of light." To the priest, too, "the old civilization seemed far away, gracious and kind. The farther he had gone toward the North, the freer he had been to love."

Louis Hémon makes his French-Canadian peasants the servitors of an austere ideal; Gabrielle Roy invests hers with a kind of sentimental jollity that reminds one of the many American books about humble people of various nationalities in the period—the early nineteen-hundreds—when "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was popular. These idyls of country life were to give way to a kind of anti-idyl. One of the features of this anti-idyl was that it abandoned the country for the city, but before I go on to deal with the French-Canadian novels of urban life, I want to speak of a writer in a class by herself—Mlle. Marie-Claire Blais, who has so far shown herself incapable of allowing life in French Canada to appear in a genial light or to seem to embody any sort of ideal.

Not that Mlle. Blais is a realist. Her novels—and this, as I have said, is quite common in Canadian fiction—are not even localized in Canada. The only one that is given a definite setting is supposed to take place in France. Yet these stories could never have emanated from any country but French Canada. Mlle. Blais is a true "phenomenon;" she may possibly be a genius. At the age of twenty-four, she has produced four remarkable books of a passionate and poetic force that, as far as my reading goes, is not otherwise to be found in French-Canadian fiction. Her countrymen, in reviewing these books—since the astonished acclamation provoked by the first—have not been particularly kind to her; but I have been glad to find my opinion confirmed in an article by another young French-Canadian woman writer, Mlle. Suzanne Paradis, who, with a generosity rare among literary competitors, announces that of all the new novelists Mlle. Blais alone is unmistakably recognizable as the real thing. The first of her books, "La Belle Bête," written when she was eighteen and published in 1959, is a story of country life that is in its narrower way as shocking as Zola's. It is another tale of isolation: a widow and her two children on a farm. The daughter, who is ugly, hates her young-

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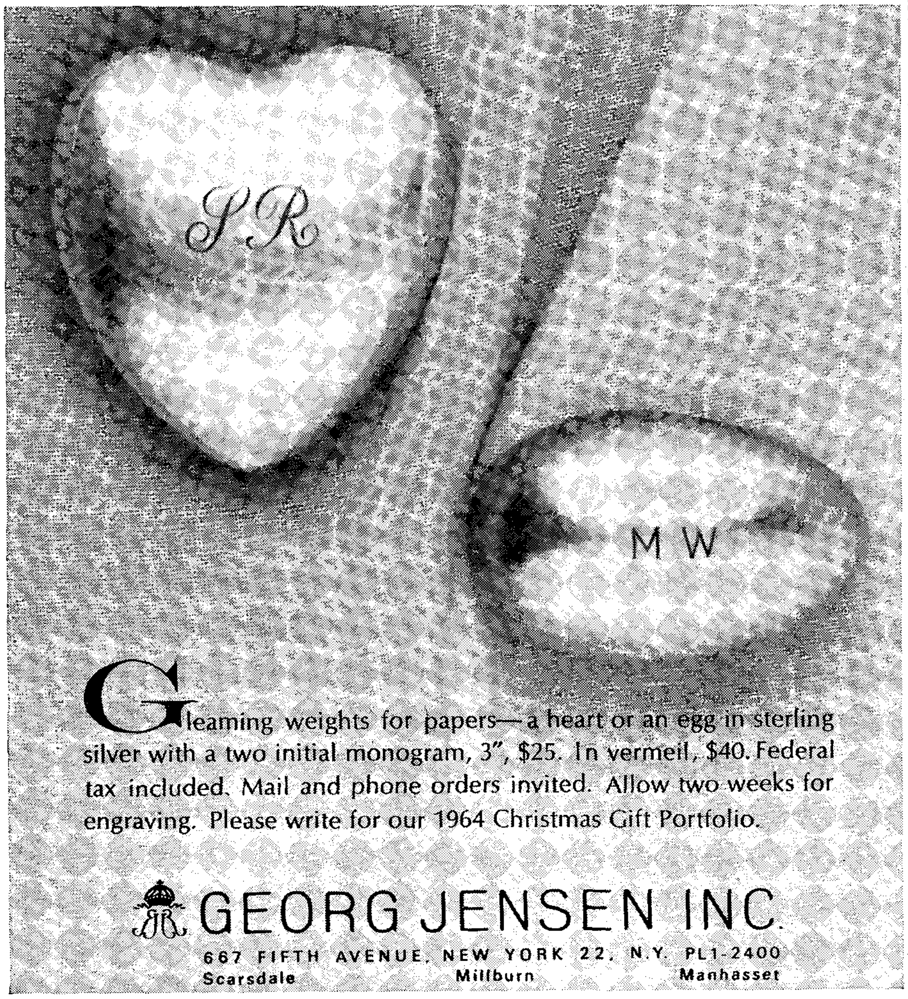

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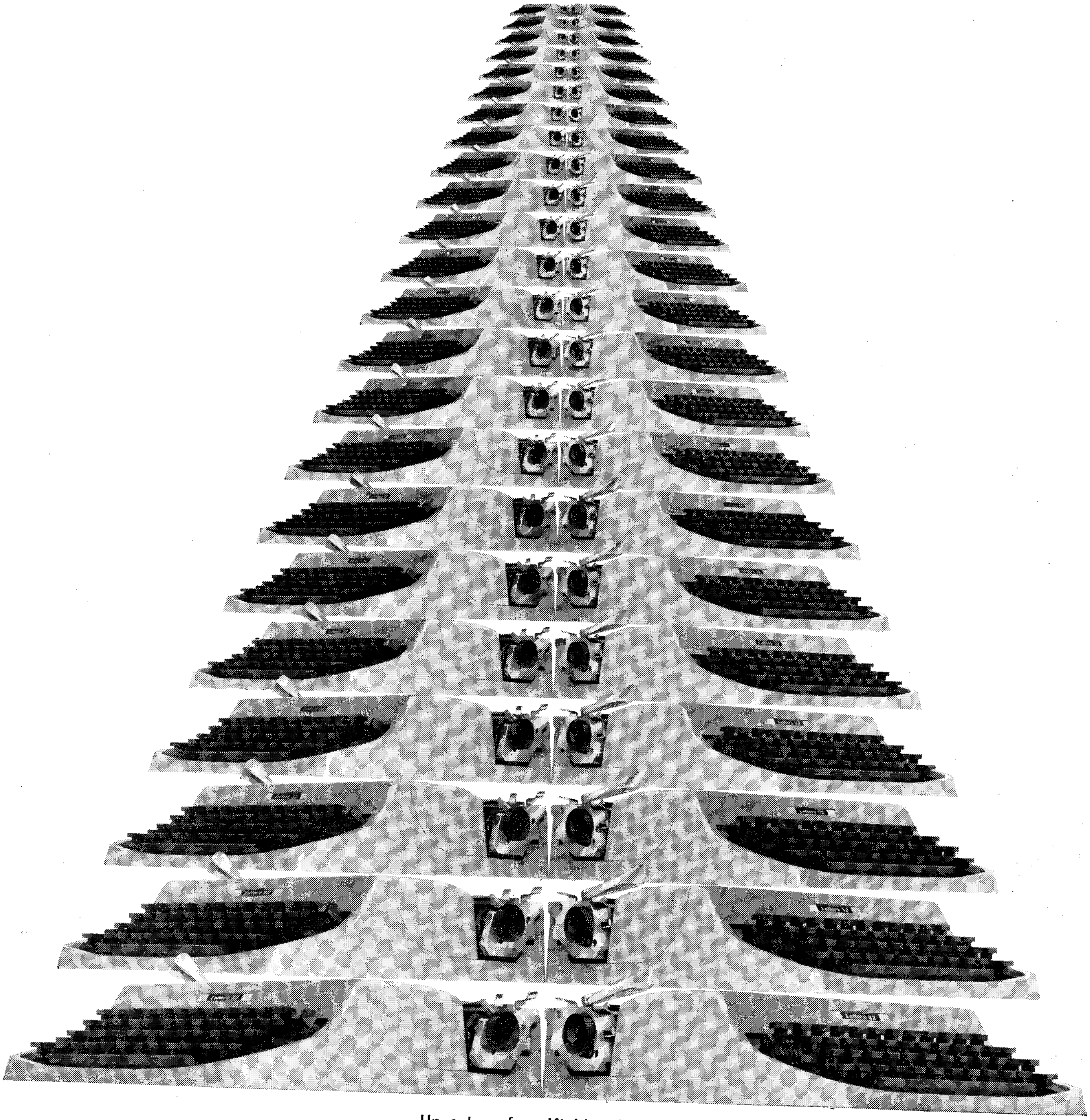

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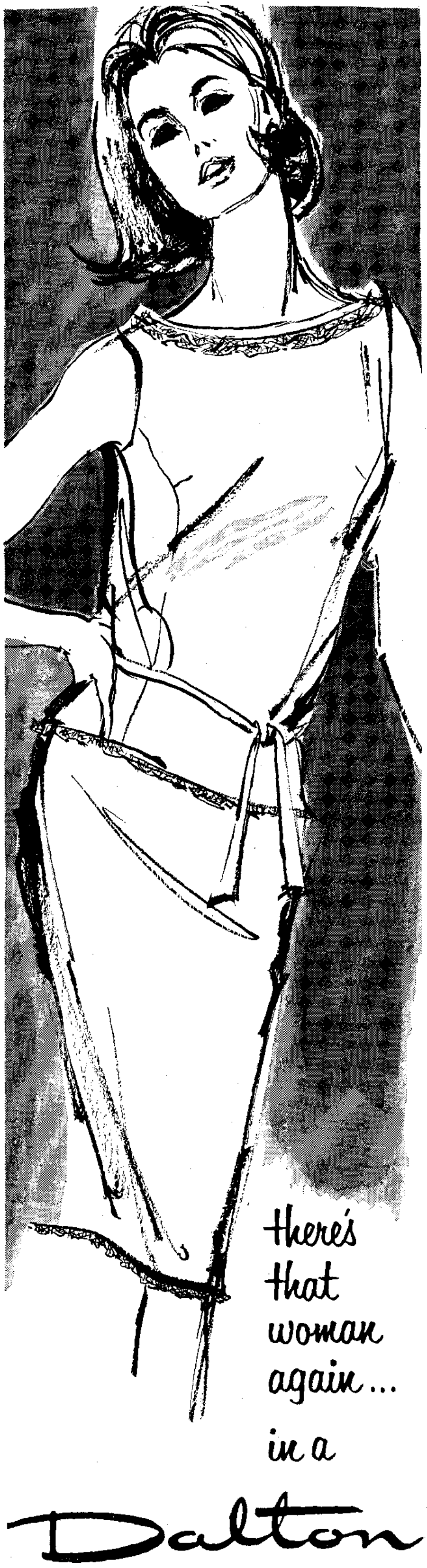

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er brother because, although an idiot, he is extremely good-looking—"*la belle bête*." She also hates her mother, who, vain of her own looks, dislikes the daughter and lavishes affection on the idiot. The mother takes a lover, a broken-down dandy, who comes to live with them and whom both the children loathe. The idiot manages to kill him by riding him down on horseback. In the meantime, the daughter has married a blind man, who cannot see how ugly she is and imagines her to be very beautiful. When he suddenly regains his sight and sees that he has been cheated, he leaves her. She now has a little daughter, whom she believes to be as ugly as herself. She returns with the child to her mother's. The idiot is sent to an asylum. The mother is afflicted with cancer of the cheek, which she tries to conceal with makeup. The daughter becomes sickened with the situation and throws a lighted lamp into a haycock. When the idiot, escaped from the asylum, makes his way back to the farm, he finds everybody and everything in ashes. He goes off to take a drink from the lake and sees in the water that he has lost his beauty. He throws himself in and drowns.

The second book, "Tête Blanche," deals with people on a somewhat higher social level. It is the story, mostly told in letters, of a bitter, intelligent boy, cruelly neglected by his actress mother and cruelly separated from the girl he loves. These novels of Marie-Claire Blais are the most unrelievedly painful that I remember ever to have read, and one questions, as in Thomas Hardy, the inevitability of so much pain. One asks why, for example, it is necessary that Tête Blanche should lose his Émilie, who has given him every sign of reciprocating his love. Their separation is fortuitous and need not be permanent. If he had had a little more gumption, we think, he would have looked her up again—unless we are to suppose that his mother's neglect has made him pessimistic about women. (Translations of both these novels have been published by Little, Brown, the first as "Mad Shadows," the second with the French title.)

"Tête Blanche" takes place in a recognizable world—school days, college, holidays at the seaside—but the next novel, "Le Jour Est Noir," passes like a troubled dream. It reminds one—though I find it more moving—of the shadow world of Anne Hébert. "La Belle Bête," in subject and tone, may perhaps have some relation to the story of Anne Hébert's called "Le Torrent,"

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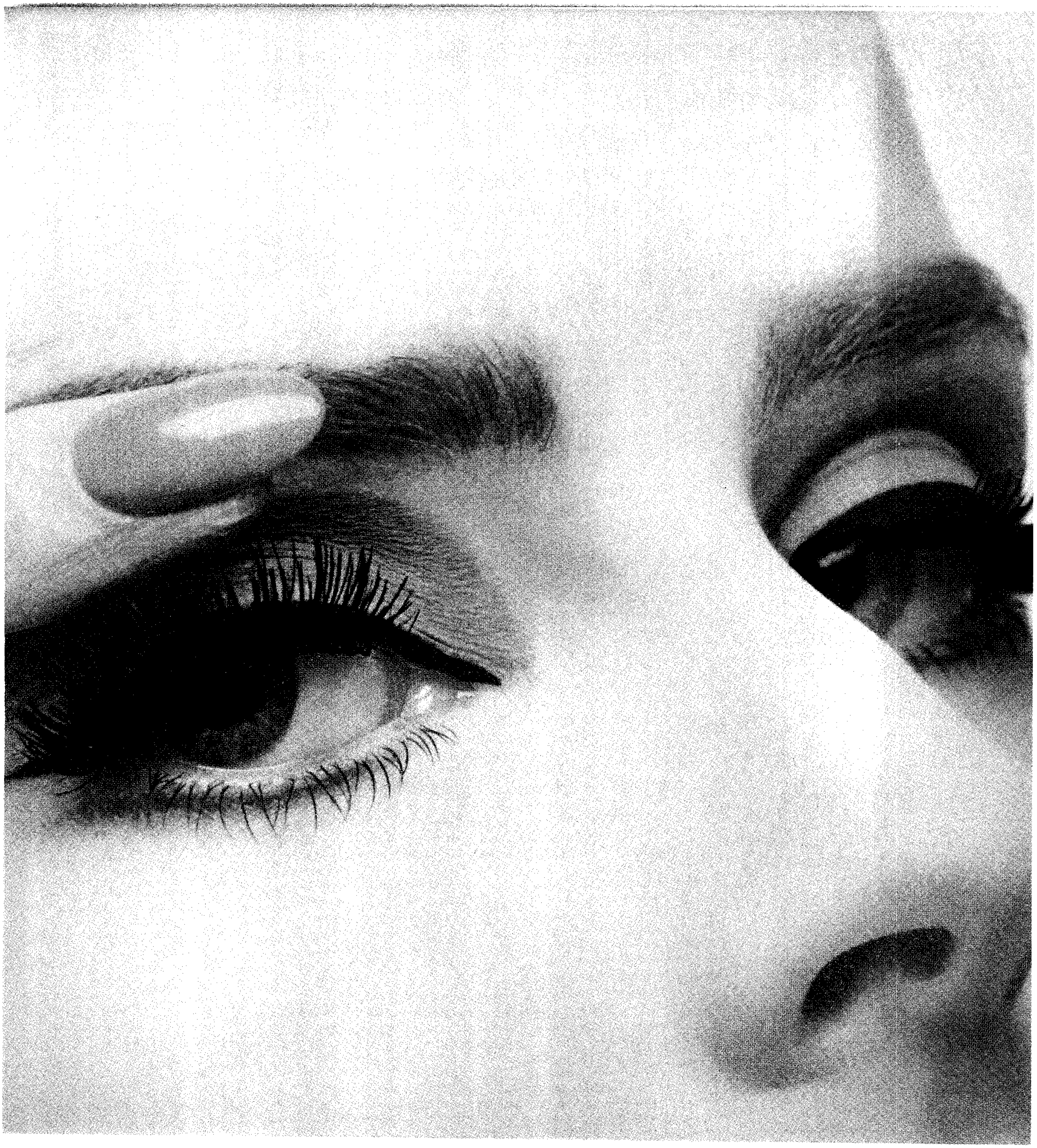

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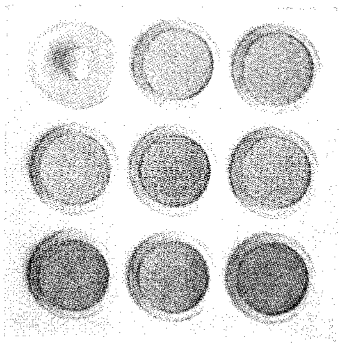

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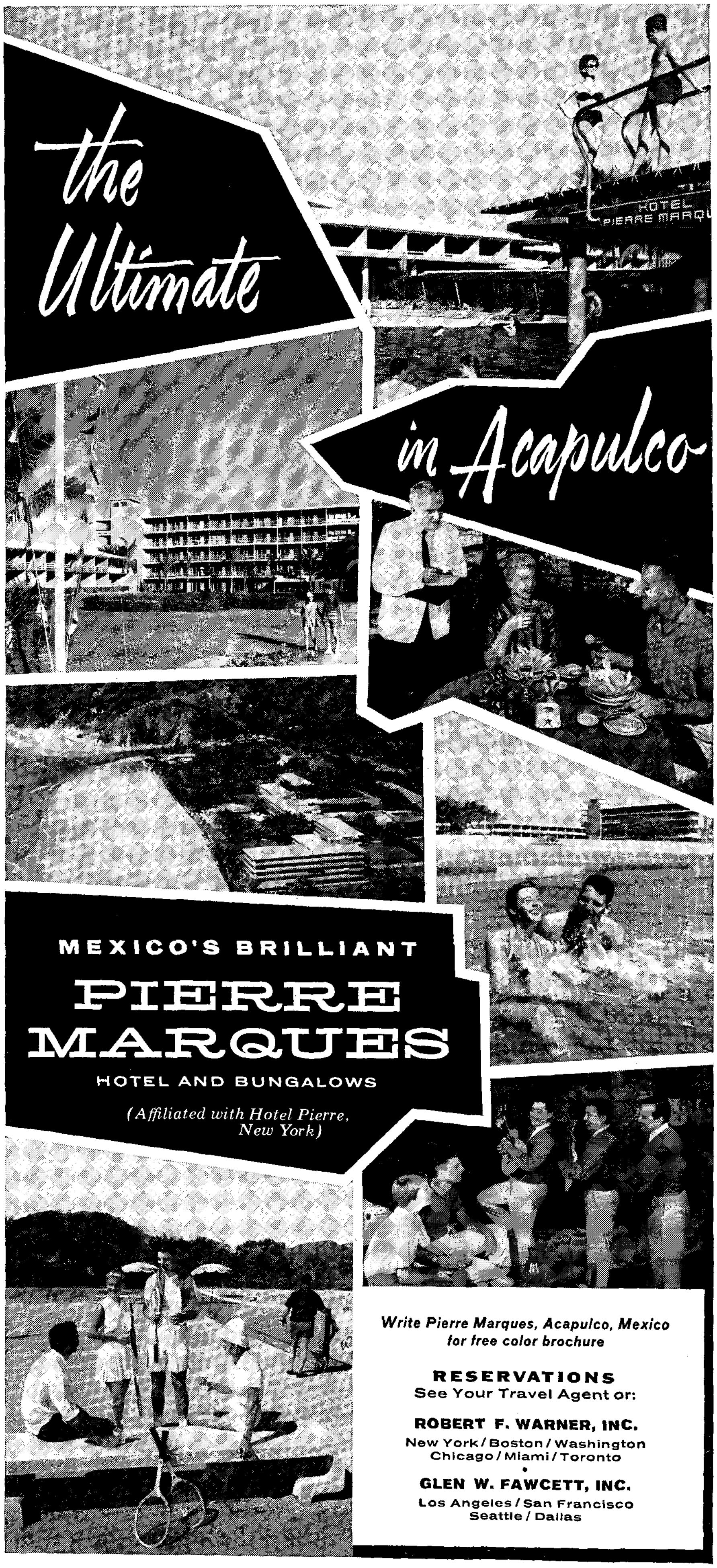
in which a boy provokes a stallion to trample his hated mother to death, and the characters and happenings of "Le Jour Est Noir" are even more floating and unreal than those of "Les Chambres de Bois." We find that we are sometimes following a narrative, sometimes, and without warning, listening to unspoken soliloquies going on in the characters' minds. Though Marie-Claire Blais herself does not come out of the *manoir seigneurial*, she has caught over something of its mood. She heads one of the sections of "Le Jour Est Noir" with a characteristic quotation from a poem of Anne Hébert's: "Retrace your steps, O My Life, you can see that the street is closed." Death and suffering dominate this novel, which is really less a novel than a poem in prose, like a story by Walter de la Mare. It made me think of de la Mare's "The Riddle," in which the seven children one after another go up to the mysterious oak chest in the room where they have been told not to play, get into it, and are not ever seen again. The people in "Le Jour Est Noir" cannot sustain any intimate relationship. Wives and husbands abandon one another; mothers abandon their children. In her two preceding books, the principal theme is the anguish of children to whom love has been denied by their mothers, but here we are evidently to sympathize with the mother who will not love her children. The characters expire or drift away; sometimes they return, after years. A married man, for some obscure reason—a guilt that the reader cannot grasp—after telling his wife that he will be back for dinner, that he is going for a walk in the winter woods, turns out to have hanged himself. Everybody talks about dying. "Yance, we are summoned to die, in this family we love death. That is our misfortune." . . . "I hear the words of Raphaël [the husband of Yance], when I announced to him that I was expecting a child: 'What an idea, Yance, to bring a child into the world! Are you sure, then, of this world?' . . . The child next to my heart, the interrogation of Raphaël, confronted by the future and the present, becomes mine, too. I am no longer on terms of confidence with the generation that my daughter carries under her innocent brow. A night with no waking is shadowed before me: are we condemned to die? Are we the dark generation, chosen to look on at the end of the universe? Is this doubt but a presentiment of a horrible fatality? Is Raphaël cynical from fear? Is Josué weak for the



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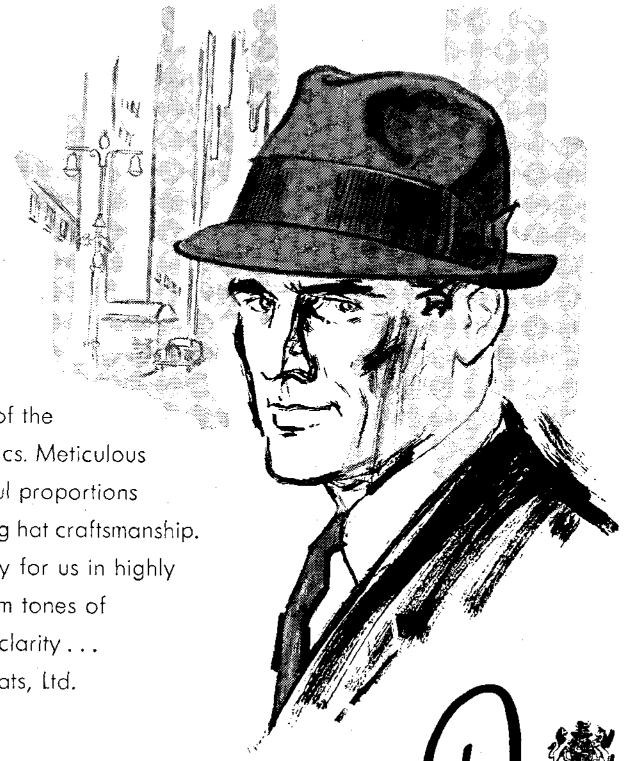

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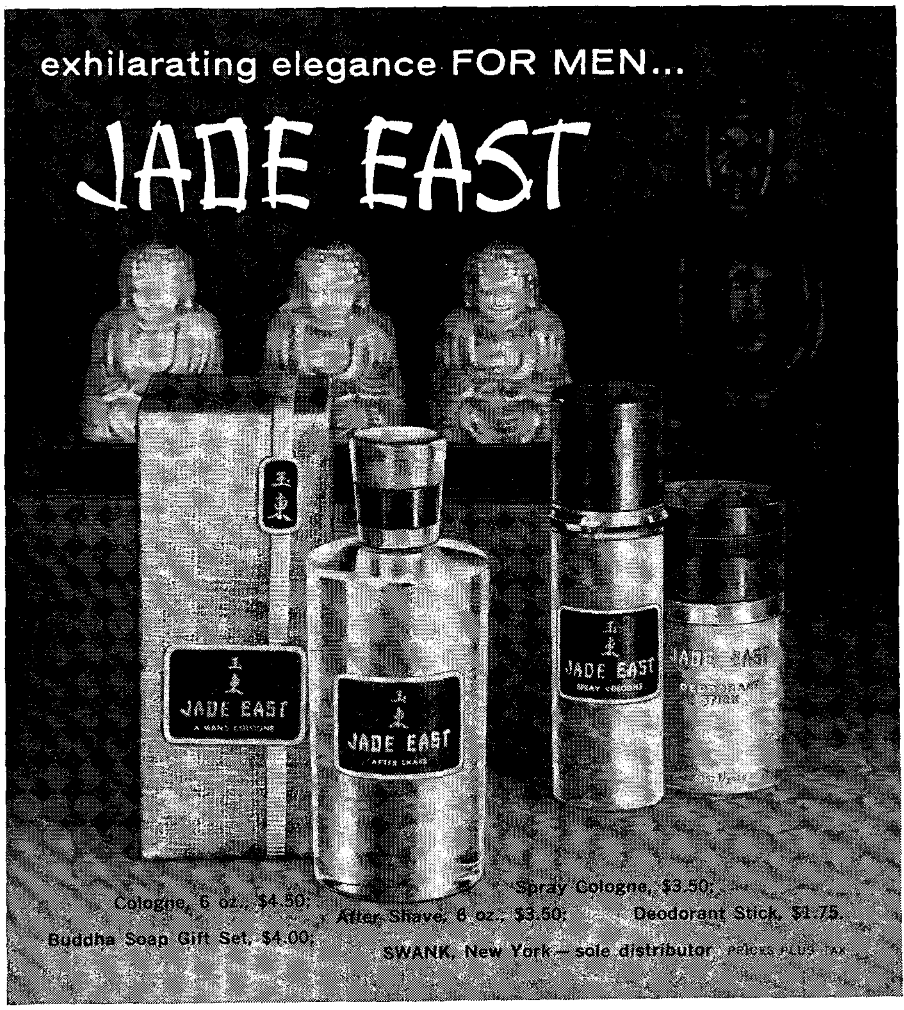

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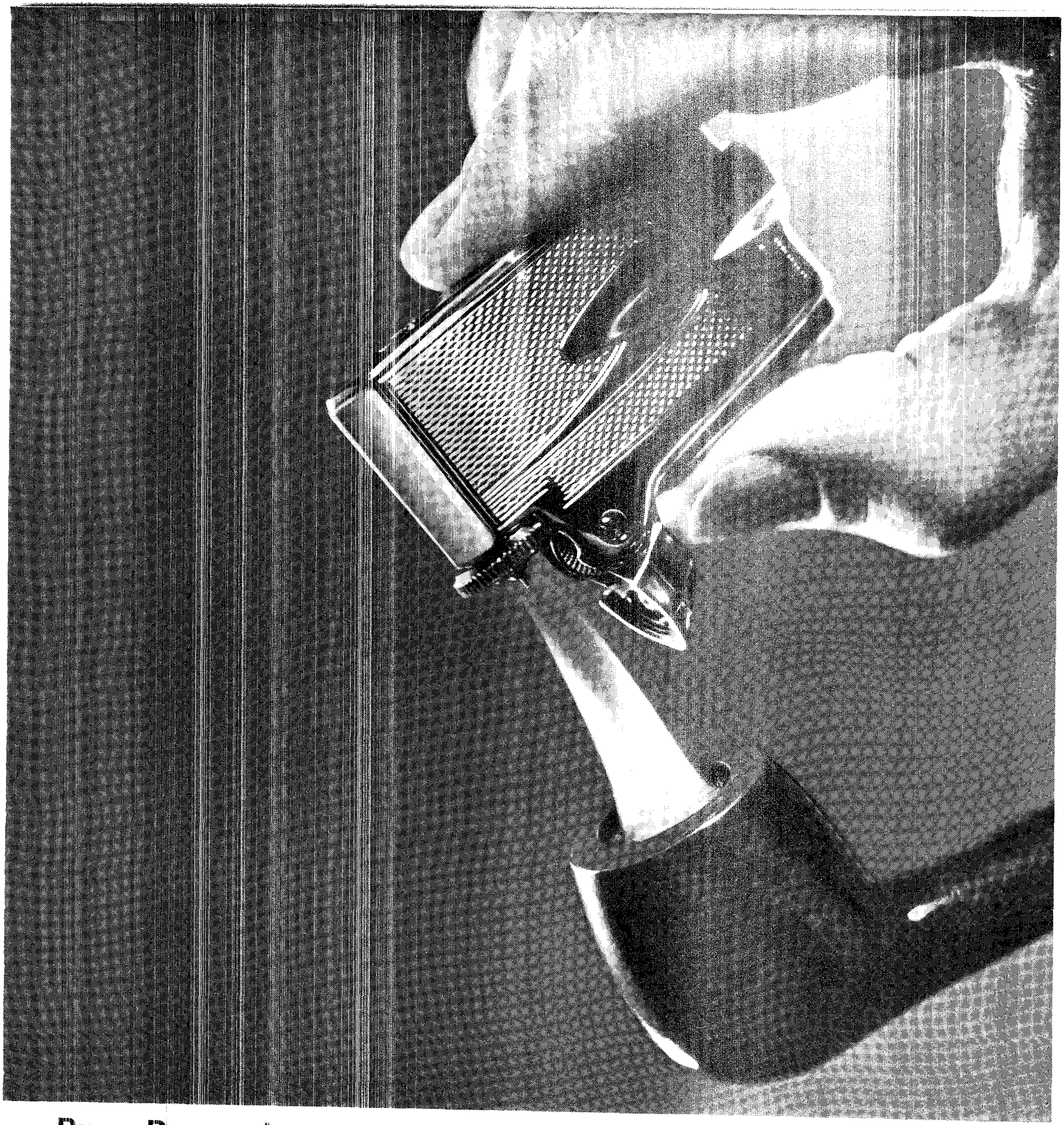
same reason? Is he suffering from an absurd panic in face of his own death? His poor little death? It is true that the beings of our generation have to suffer from advancing into an age of destruction. They deliberately choose abysses on the scale of their dreams." . . . "I am nursing my baby, Josué [another couple is here involved]; you have turned away your head because you know that this moment is the most intimate for me: you sit at my knees and do not move. Your life, my life are torn from us drop by drop by a little child's body." Mlle. Blais tends always toward images of desolation. "When you are the child of the waters and the beaches, you feel yourself called by the wind. I lived on my island till I was thirteen years old. Then the cities were opened before me like wounds." . . . "I shall see them [the snows of my country] again. The snows have taken root in me. You don't understand, Marie-Christine. The snows become an excuse for the laziness of body and mind. You belong to a journey. I am the man of a country in which nature is as solitary as man."

The next published work of Mlle. Blais, "Les Voyageurs Sacrés" (in the collection Écrits du Canada Français), is even more a prose poem than "Le Jour Est Noir" and is in fact given the subtitle "Poème." The scene here is laid in France, and the story is a traditional French triangle—husband and wife and lover—presented, however, in a form which is almost as symphonic and unconventional as that of "L'Année Dernière à Marienbad." The married couple have established for themselves a perfect pattern of "gracious living," based presumably on a personal harmony of tenderness, sensibility, and taste, but this union is to be upset by the sudden impingement on their lives of a brilliant Viennese pianist, who has come to play Mozart in Paris. At first the couple share their admiration for him, as they have been sharing everything else; then a play by the husband is a failure. The pianist lays siege to the wife. The something wrong, the something wanting that has always been wanting, in the relations of husband and wife is uncomfortably and subtly conveyed as they try to go on serenely with their systematic visits to cathedral towns. The wife yields at last to the pianist. The husband throws himself into the Seine. The wife says farewell to her lover and follows her old companion in death. The pianist, however, is delighted by the news that his wife in Vienna has just had another baby. But it is al-



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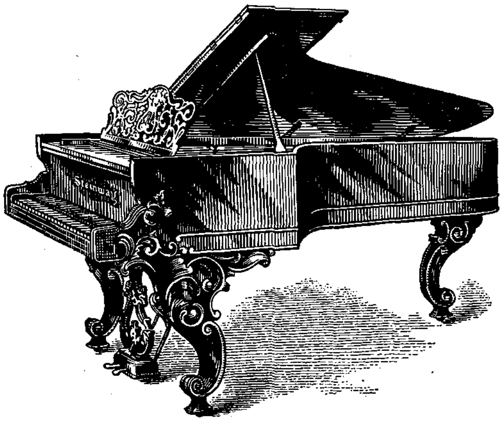

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most as inappropriate to attempt to summarize in this way a work as lyric as "Les Voyageurs Sacrés" as it would be "The Waves" of Virginia Woolf.

In reading the most recent works of Mlle. Blais, one sometimes becomes a little annoyed by the solemn and portentous dialogue and a constant repetition of surnames that reminds one of Maeterlinck; yet she is developing so fast as a writer—every one of her books has been distinctly different from the one before—that she will no doubt soon have outgrown this, and these works, like her volumes of poems, "Pays Voilés" and "Existences"—though the second of these is somewhat haunted by the to me insufferable presence of Paul Claudel—are full of bold and beautiful images of a kind that had hardly appeared in the rather bleak "La Belle Bête." What all of her works, however, do more or less have in common are the familiar Canadian themes of the fugitive or exile from society and the broken or impeded love affair. The figure of the priest is not present, and we hear nothing of the official cult; but Mlle. Blais has grown up in this cult, and the idea that man is born to sorrow, the agony of expiation, is at the base of her tragic consciousness. But her work is by no means a literature of mere local interest. It is the refinement to a higher kind of poetry of the desperate cry that arises from the poverty, intellectual and material, the passionate self-punishing piety, and the fierce defeated pride of Quebec.

Mlle. Blais was educated in a convent in Quebec, where she spent eleven years and managed to read not only such classical French literature as was approved by the convent authorities but also the anarchic writers, from Rimbaud to the Surréalistes, who would undoubtedly have filled them with horror. I was astonished, when I inquired of Mlle. Blais what she felt had influenced her, to have her answer Lautréaumont's "Les Chants de Maldoror," Cocteau's "Thomas l'Imposteur," and André Breton's "Nadja"—which I never should have suspected from her work and of which I can see no direct traces. She afterward added Claudel and Mauriac, which seemed to me more comprehensible.

When she had written "La Belle Bête," she gave the manuscript to Père Georges-Henri Lévesque, the remarkable Dominican monk who has played such an important role in the cultural life of Quebec. Père Lévesque had been the founder and the head of the School

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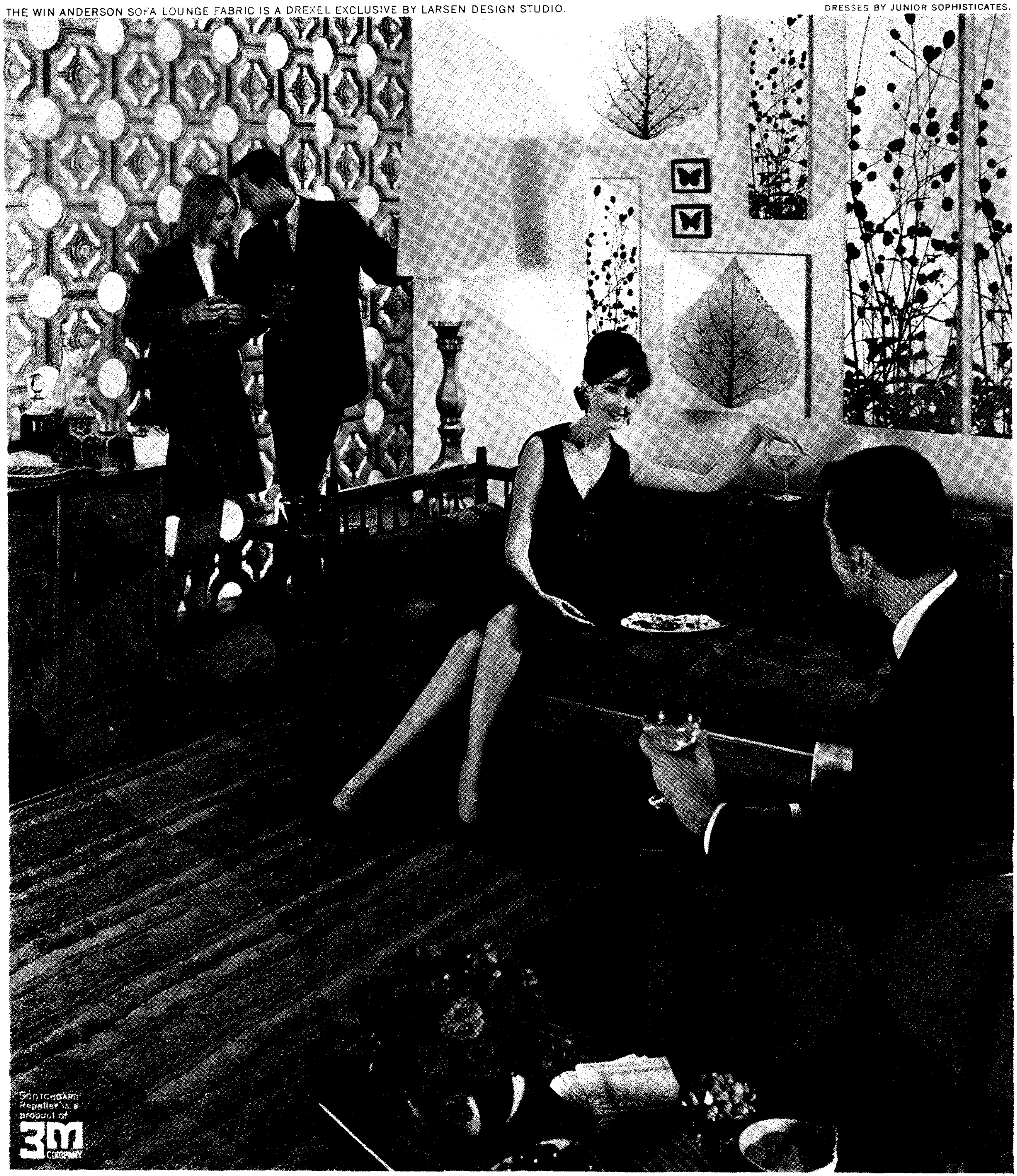
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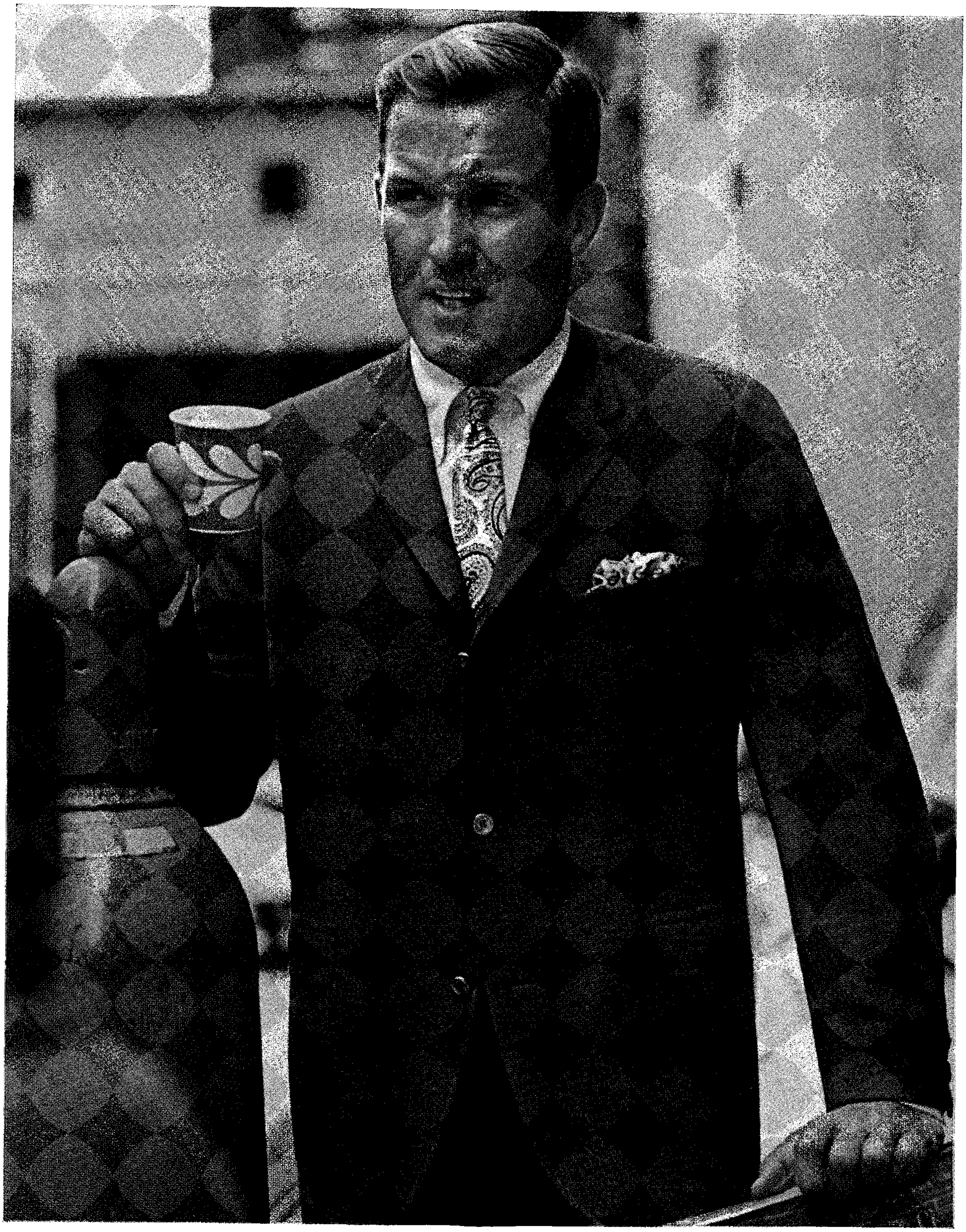

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of Social Sciences at Laval University, and he had had a good deal to do with the awarding of literary prizes and scholarships. His attempts to modernize education had aroused against him the conservative old guard of the clergy and the dictator-Premier Duplessis, who succeeded in dislodging him from Laval—whereupon, in 1955, Père Lévesque established at Montmorency, just outside Quebec, a unique institution of culture. La Maison Montmorency had been the residence of an eighteenth-century English governor and the *pied-à-terre* of the Prince of Wales when Queen Victoria sent him to Canada to sober him up. It has now been converted by Père Lévesque into a kind of combination of the Peterborough Colony and the New School for Social Research. Here Catholics can make their retreats, but scientists and artists also can find a refuge in which to work. The house is also available to serious organizations, Protestant as well as Catholic, for the purpose of holding meetings or conferences. Between September, 1955, and September, 1959, there were hundreds of clerical gatherings, reunions of the Federation of Classical Colleges, sessions of "*syndicats ouvriers, agricoles, et coöpératifs,*" cultural and social meetings, and conferences on international, national, provincial, and regional affairs. An illustrated booklet on La Maison Montmorency describes its purpose as follows: "Being convinced that everything which contributes to the liberation of man from his prejudices, his pettinesses, and his anxieties may throw open the way to Christ, [the directors] have believed that the discreet presence—on the hill of Montmorency—of monks whose profession it is to clear away the shadows and to live in peace would be for our generation, so avid for the freedom of truth, a hope and an invitation." In a pamphlet called "Le Chevauchement des Cultures," which contains an address delivered at a conference of the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, we find Lévesque, whose English is excellent, recommending an uninhibited interchange between the French and the English cultures. Culture, he says, must be open and universal; it must be free to enrich itself from any source. "A culture which pretended to be *human, French, and Catholic* but which sought to remain closed would be simply a triple contradiction in terms." When Père Lévesque read Marie-Claire Blais's manuscript, he arranged to have it published and secured for her a travelling scholarship

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that would give her a year in France. When people asked how he, a Dominican monk, could bring himself to back a book filled with such horrors and a book in which religion was never invoked, he would reply that real talent was so precious and so rare that when one found it one could only encourage it.

Mlle. Blais, after leaving the convent, took courses in literature and philosophy at Laval University, in her native city of Quebec. She has studied English and German and is a voracious reader in English as well as in French. Last year, she got a Guggenheim Fellowship, and she is now living in the United States. If one has already read her books, it is rather surprising to meet her. She has the appearance of a pretty little schoolgirl, and on occasions when I took her out to dinner, I found that I usually had difficulty in getting the waiters to serve her with drinks, because they could not believe that she was not under age, and she finally had to take the precaution of bringing her passport along. She does not strike one, however, as callow, and a very first-rate mind is seen in her avidity for intellectual experience and in the intensity of her personal responses to everything she sees or reads.

THE REALISTS: The first serious large-scale attempts on the part of French-Canadian novelists to deal with the life of the urban lower classes were made during the last war, when Roger Lemelin, in 1944, published "Au Pied de la Pente Douce" and Gabrielle Roy, in the following year, published "Bonheur d'Occasion." These books at the time made a considerable impression and are still regarded as important events, but here again the non-Canadian reader must recognize that the interest of a book in the context of a local situation may not necessarily coincide with its interest as literature seen in a larger context. Such a reader will have some difficulty in getting through these long, prosaic novels. They are what used to be called "realistic," and follow a method that one already knows well from many novels that have presented the more lustreless aspects of other Western urban societies, in which modern industrialization came earlier and is further advanced than it has been in the Province of Quebec.

Mme. Roy's "Bonheur d'Occasion" is a much more ambitious book than her "La Petite Poule d'Eau," yet its ambitious intention turns out, from the point of view of literary art, to be rather a handicap. "Bonheur d'Occasion" is

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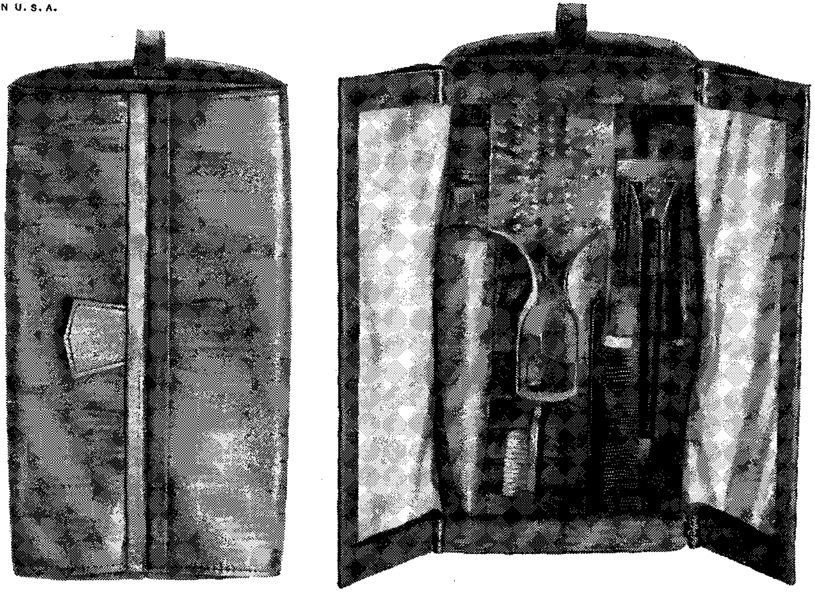

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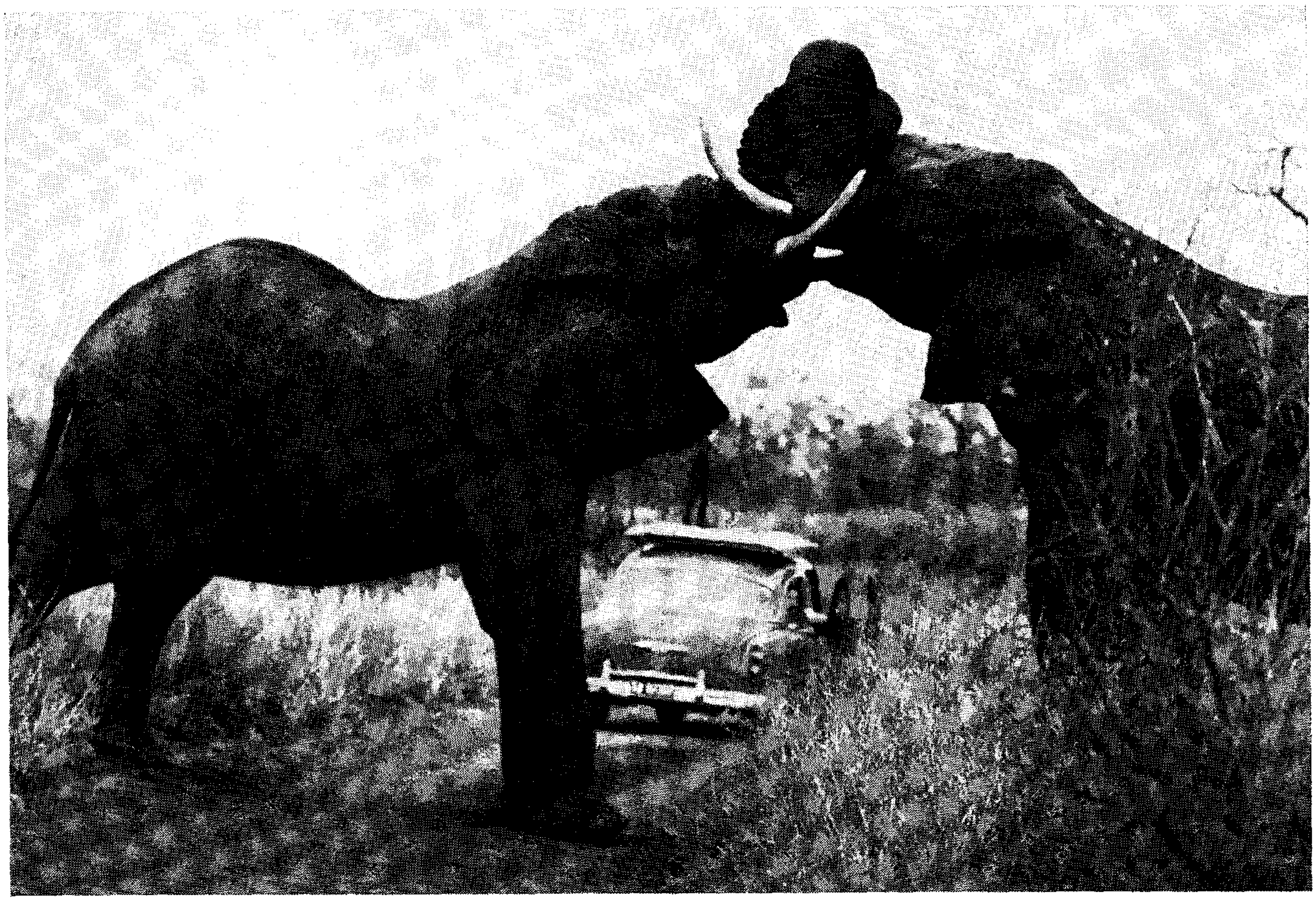
serious, well observed, very competently written, though it has none of the charm or humor of "La Petite Poule d'Eau" (published in 1951). It takes us back to the age of George Moore and Arnold Bennett, when the French naturalism of the nineteenth century had belatedly reached the English-speaking countries. Like Bennett, when he wrote about the Staffordshire Five Towns, Mme. Roy, in writing about Montreal, builds a solid mass of drab streets and buildings, weaves a texture of homely happenings and commonplace conversations. It takes her almost three pages to tell of a short journey by streetcar and bus, one page of which is occupied with a detailed account of a girl getting her lipstick out of her bag and noticing a run in her stocking. A young man walking from his lodging to a rendezvous at a cinema is described at a length of ten pages, which involves exact specifications as to all the streets through which he passes, and careful accounts of the river boats, the railroad, the grain elevators, and the telegraph wires—with all of which this young man must have been so familiar that at such a time he would scarcely have noticed them and which only discourage such interest as the author has been able to create in regard to the results of the rendezvous, which, as it turns out, is not to take place. We have none of the sensations of drama that Hugh MacLennan is able to impart to the material, almost equally graceless, provided by the city of Halifax.

"Au Pied de la Pente Douce" is equally hard going, but it is Lemelin's first book, written when he was twenty-five, and the difficulty of reading it is perhaps largely due to a difficulty on the part of the author in getting hold of and finding out how to manipulate his then unexploited material—the sordid, swarming, and sometimes repellent life at the bottom of the Rock of Quebec. We are here, in the Quartier Saint-Sauveur, in what is called the Basse-Ville, far below the parks and the museums, the churches and the convents of the august old town. To the people who live below, the great hotel, the Château Frontenac, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is a place for Americans on vacation, which these natives hardly dare to invade. Here we find the same dogged illiteracy, the same primitive superstition, and the same incomprehension of hygiene that we do in the rural novels. Here, as in "Bonheur d'Occasion," the fathers, no longer tied down to the demanding routine of the land, become idle, drunken, and boastful; the mothers



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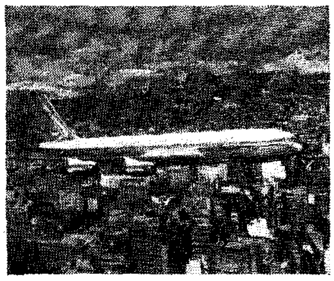

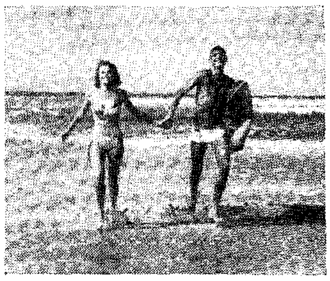

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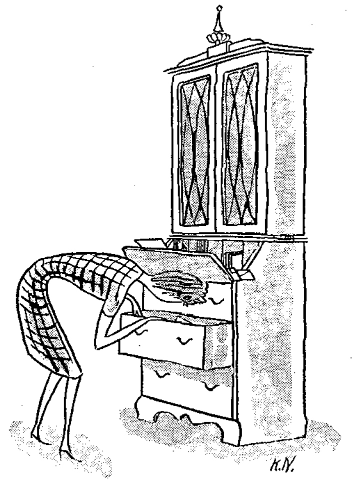
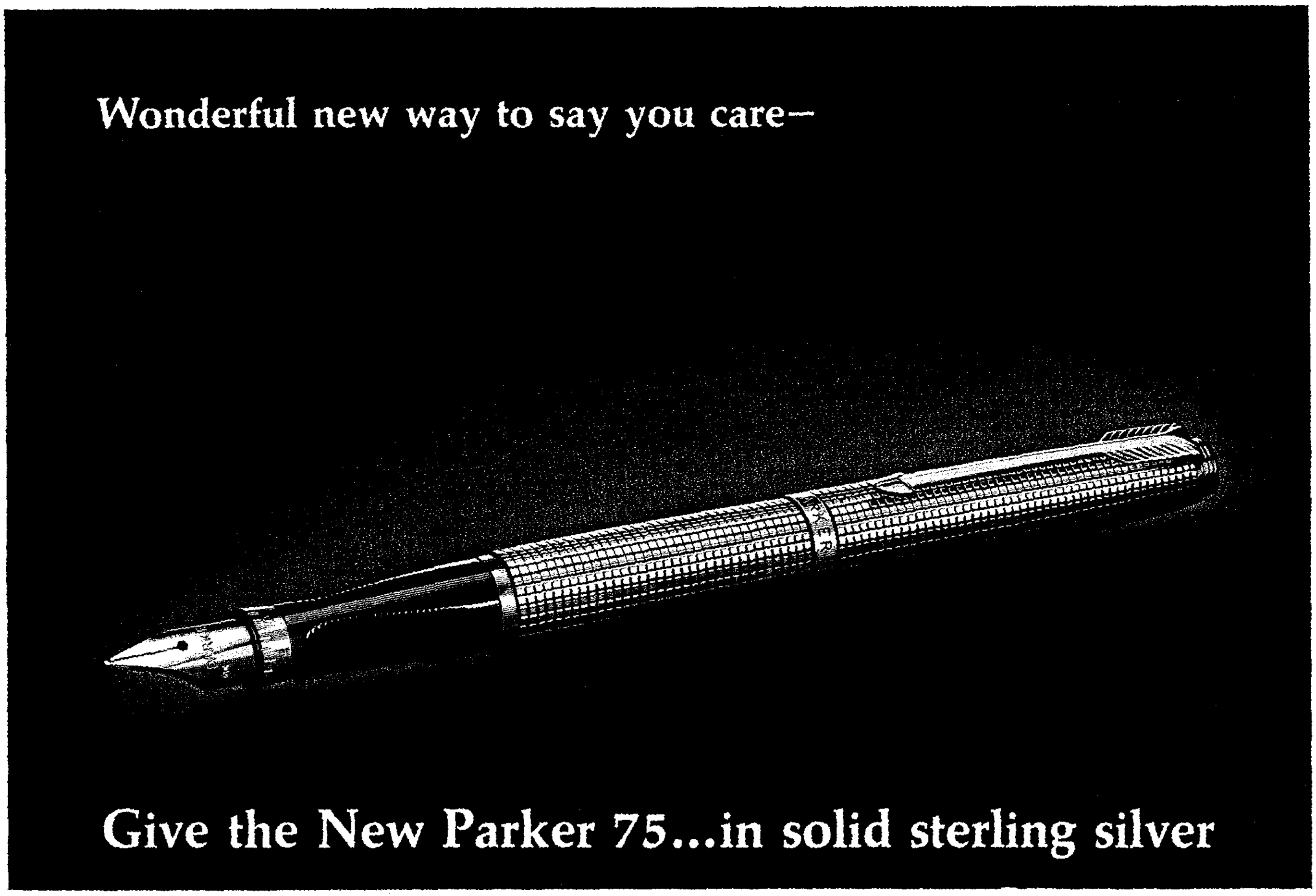
can no longer control a flock of children turned loose on the city. In this novel and in its two successors, as in "Two Solitudes" and "Bonheur d'Occasion," the political and religious problems that agitated French Canadians at the time of the Second World War are given a good deal of attention, and they are treated by Lemelin in the tone of uniform irony that was established in French fiction by Flaubert. In "Au Pied de la Pente Douce" he is attempting to present a "cross-section" of the life of a social organism, and as a story it is rather chaotic. The real center of interest is a boy in his late teens called Denis Boucher, who is brilliant, independent, and rebellious. He has started with the great advantage of having parents who could read and write, and he obtains tangible evidence of his talent by winning a prize in a fiction contest. He imagines himself constantly in noble roles and treats his neighbors with a certain condescension; his relations with his family, his closest friend, and the girl he sometimes thinks he loves are shifting and indeterminate. No clear situation emerges, and we are given, at the end of the story, no hint of what direction his life is to take.

When, however, we read Lemelin's two subsequent novels, "Les Plouffe" and "Pierre le Magnifique," we discover that the three volumes constitute a kind of trilogy, all hung upon, though not entirely centered upon, the career of Denis Boucher. The Plouffes of the second of these books are a family of the Basse-Ville—the father is employed as a printer—who are evidently intended to be typical of the aspiring lower middle class. But the novel tends to revolve around Denis Boucher, who, now twenty, becomes a reporter and, as an enthusiastic nationalist, gets himself and the old Plouffe fired from their paper, *L'Action Chrétienne,* when he

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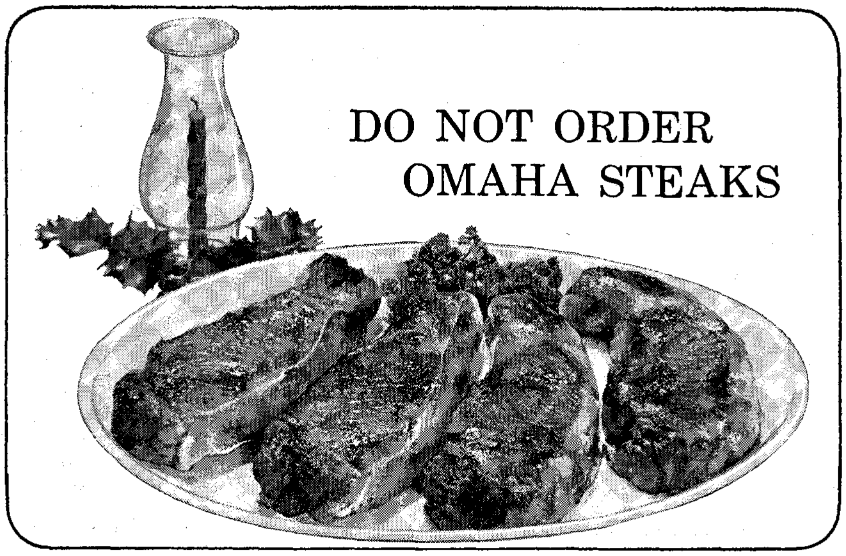

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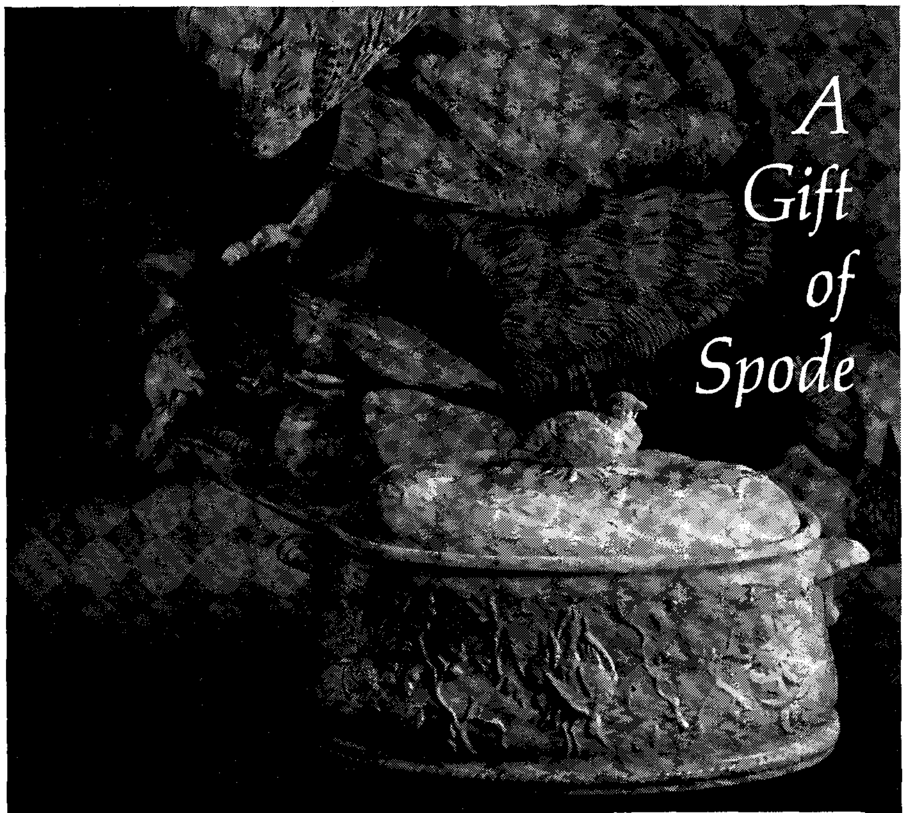

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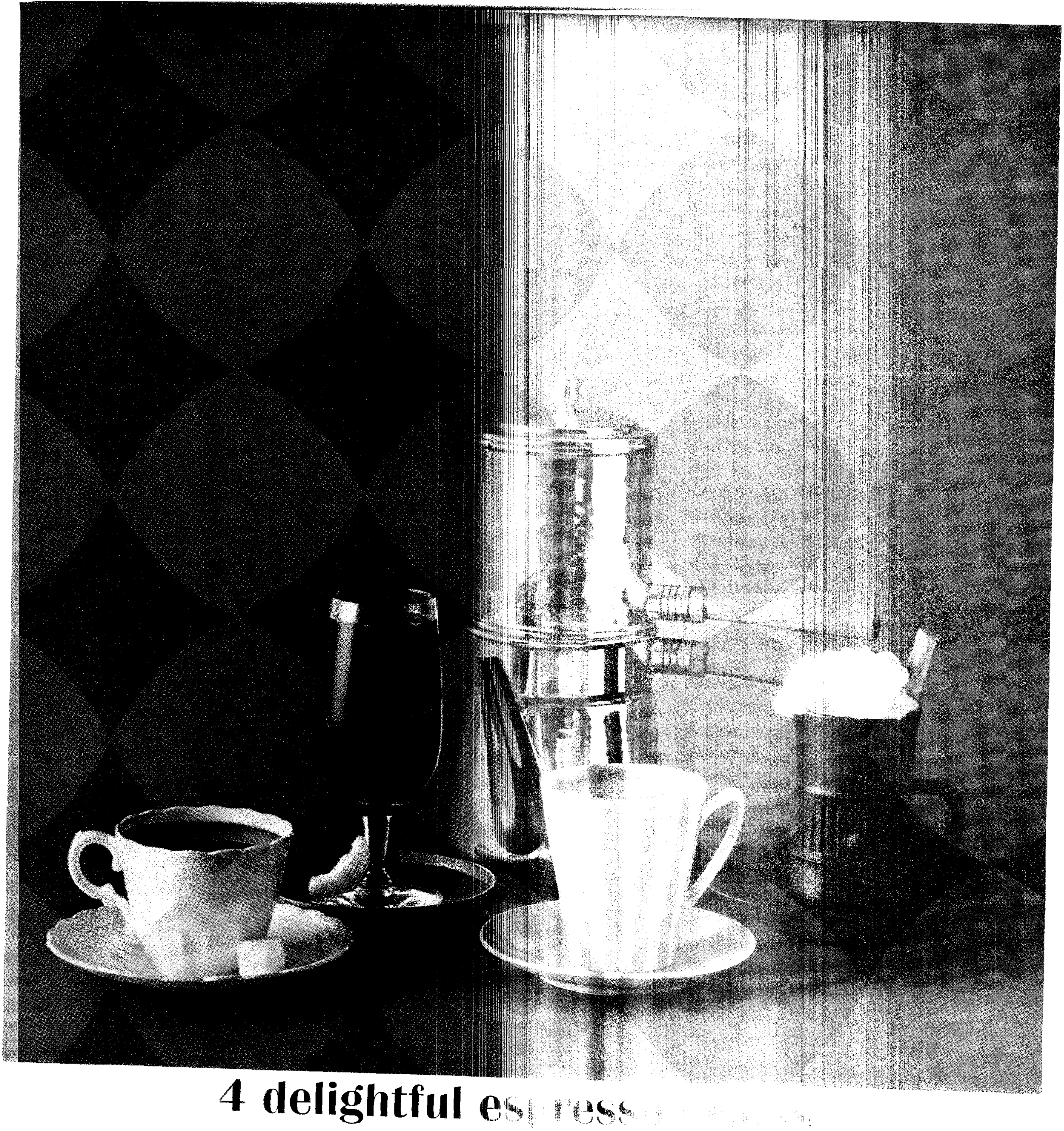
writes for a nationalist paper a sharply anti-British story that calls attention to the hostile behavior of the Plouffes on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen. The father had failed to put out a flag, and one of the sons had pitched a baseball past the nose of the royal car. When the Second World War begins and Denis discovers that the Bishop of Quebec is all for the Allied cause and will abstain altogether from the fight that the clergy have been putting up against the Ottawa federal government, he becomes discouraged with nationalism and goes to Europe as a war correspondent. In the third of these related volumes, we find Denis, now thirty, living quietly in Quebec with a mistress and leading a more or less bohemian life. He does not seem to have come to anything, and his relations with his mistress are unstable. He asserts that his failure to succeed is due to his "having been born with this instinct of revolt against society and all its pettiness. . . . Life is too short for me to sacrifice my taste for the infinite to a few years of ambition and success."

Denis's equilibrium, such as it is, is suddenly upset by the appearance of another rebellious young boy, whom he comes to identify with his younger self. Pierre Boisjoly, like Denis, has emerged from a background of poverty. He is being put through a seminary by a benevolent and innocent old priest; he decides, however, that this has been a mistake, that he does not have the religious vocation, and he breaks the heart of his patron when he refuses, after finishing with honors at the preparatory Petit Séminaire, to go on to the Grand Séminaire. Denis guiltily feels that the effect on Pierre Boisjoly of his getting to know himself and his mistress has had some influence on the boy's decision, and, in compunction, he wants to do something to help him to go on with his education. Pierre's mother works as a charwoman for a well-to-do Quebec family, whose son, an obnoxious and stupid boy, has been one of Pierre's schoolmates, and the son and the mother both are resentful of Pierre's achievements. They revenge themselves by treating the boy with all the insulting superciliousness of which Quebec upper-class-consciousness is capable. Pierre's mother has discovered accidentally a cache of money in her employer's house, and Denis—reverting to the lawlessness of his boyhood, when we first met him, in "Au Pied de la Pente Douce," as a member of a neighborhood gang—decides to break



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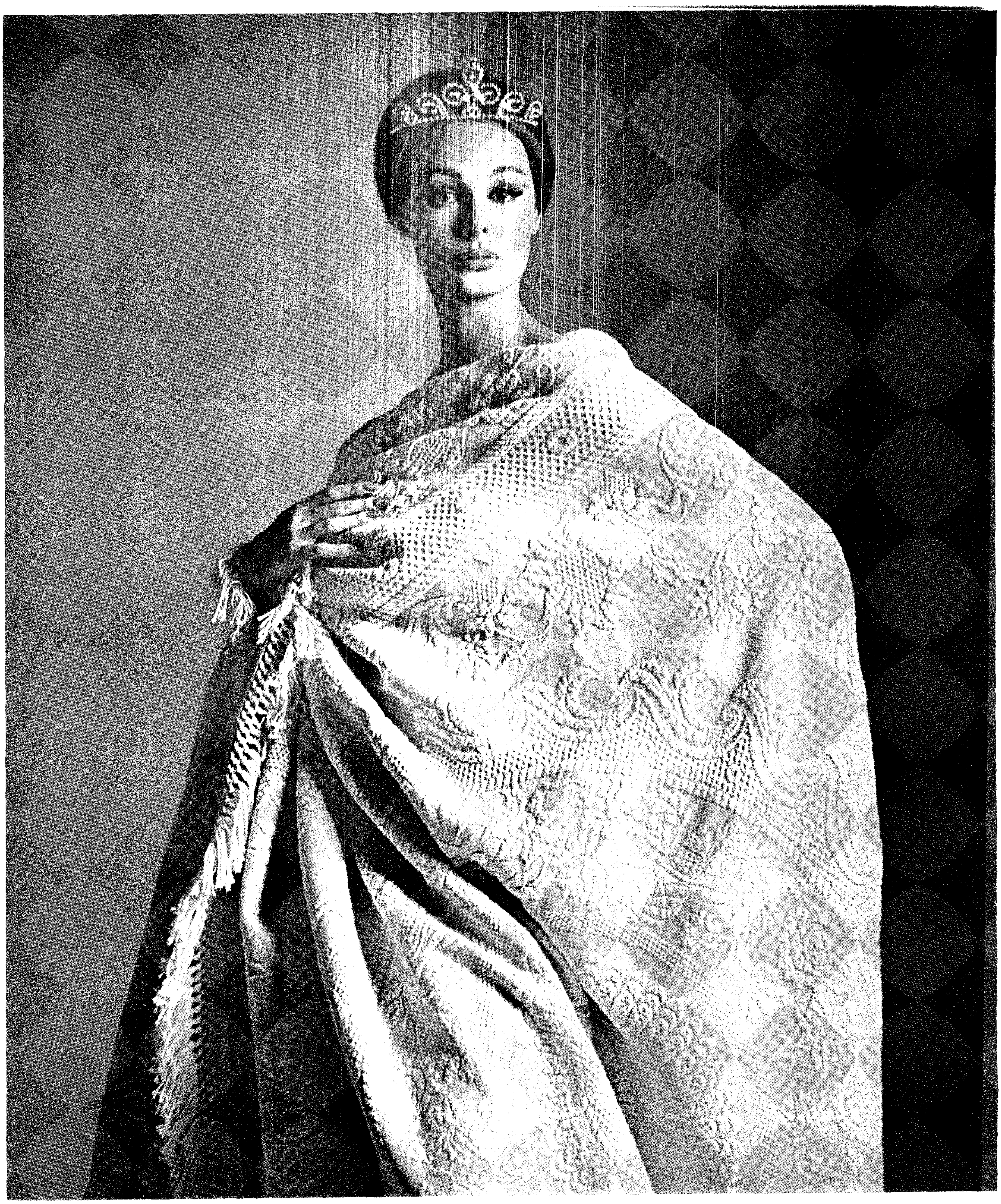

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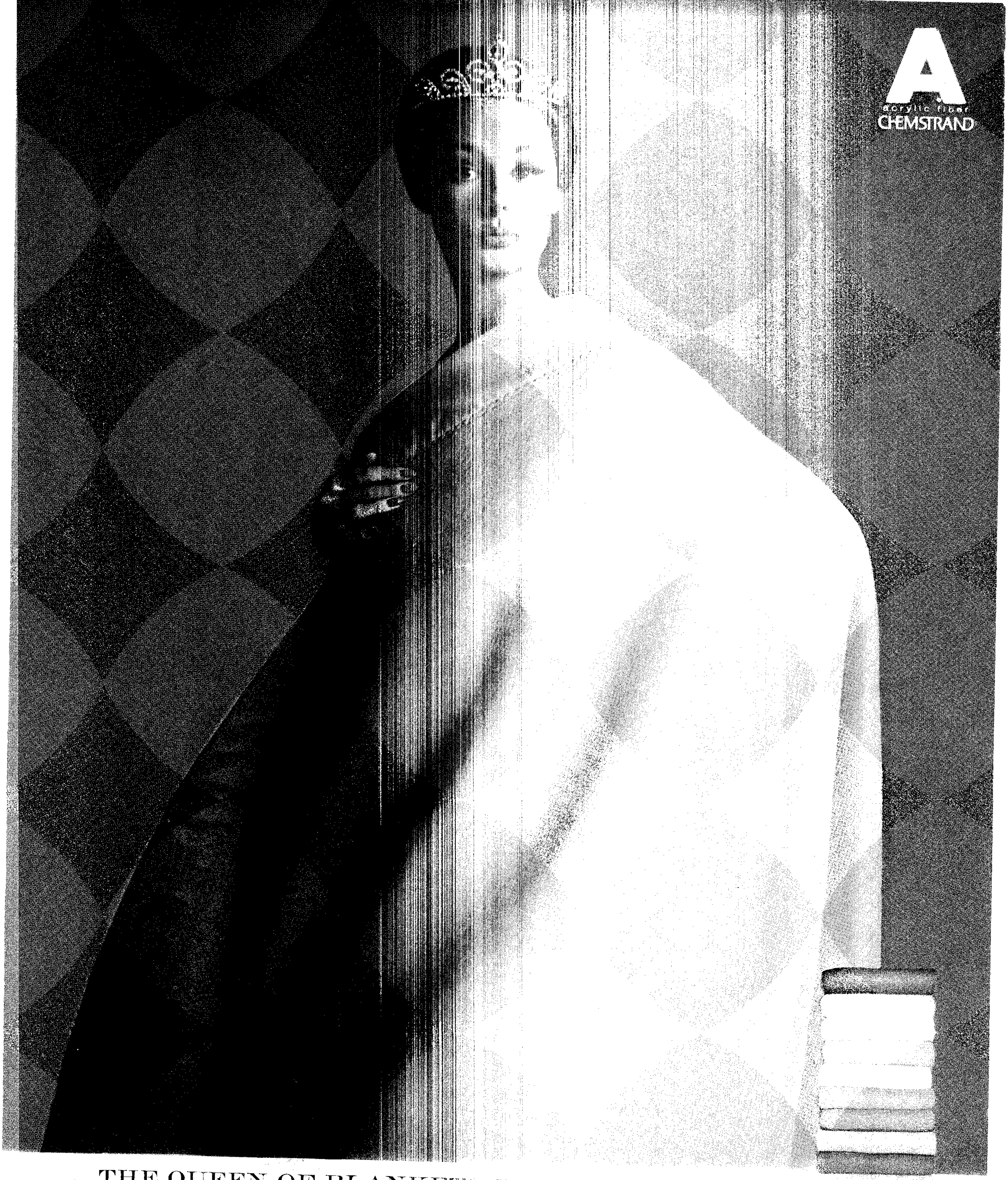

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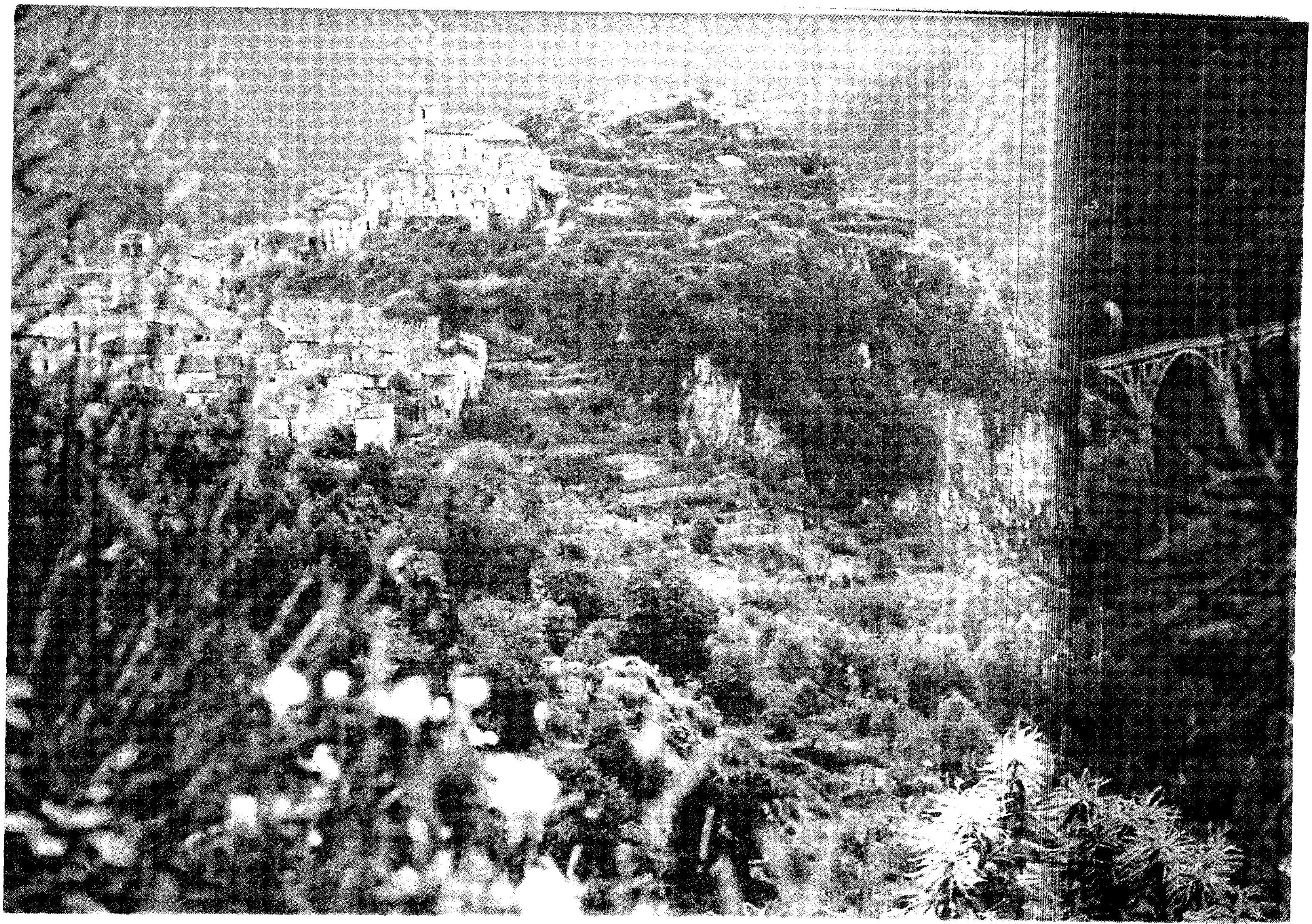

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in and steal the money in order to make it possible for Pierre to finish his education. Pierre gets wind of this and tries to prevent it, and the robbery results in a fiasco, which involves the accidental death of the grandmother of the spiteful schoolmate. More feelings of guilt for Pierre, who is already feeling guilty at having let down the old curé.

The story of Denis and Pierre is now to take a turn that, for the reader not accustomed to French-Canadian fiction, is likely to be unexpected. Though Pierre is a Catholic renegade and Denis by now a cynic, they both have a terror of women, the instinct to shrink from "*la chair*." Denis Boucher in his youth has regarded it as a sign of weakness to fall in love with a woman, but he has been tempted by a physical appetite for a convent-bred *jeune fille* who is mad about him. He treats her brutally and lets her go. The most sensitive of the Plouffe brothers, Ovide, has been bitterly humiliated when a girl he has hoped to woo and to induce to share his great passion, opera, is stolen by his athlete brother. He decides to enter a monastic order and spends a year of preparation in a monastery, but he emerges from this at once when he is given a hint by Denis that the girl is still interested in him. He takes her to the Château Frontenac, where she introduces him to Singapore Sling cocktails. In a taxi, she kisses his neck: "*Ovide . . . s'adonnait à des calculs méticuleux . . . sur les possibilités de cueillir une parcelle de plaisir charnel.*" He takes her to a quiet spot by the wall of a monastery, where she offers herself with abandon, but the cocktails are wearing off, and the monks inside the monastery strike up a midnight chant. "*Habillez-vous, petit démon!*" he yelps. She bursts into tears and flees. (One gets to feel very sorry for these women in French-Canadian novels.) Ovide rushes to a priest, but the priest is absorbed in a book and receives him with complete indifference, telling him to come round the next day. Now, Pierre has been strongly attracted by Denis Boucher's mistress, Fernande, whom Denis, with characteristic abruptness, has abandoned after the night of the robbery. She has also been much drawn to Pierre, but they have lost sight of one another and she has married a swinish husband. When they meet again, there seems to be no reason that they should not attain their desire, and the non-Canadian reader is awaiting the consummation. The lovers are alone in

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Pierre's room, and the scene seems to be all set. Unreservedly they declare their love; they are "made for one another." But to yield to it would involve adultery, and, besides, Pierre has had in the meantime a particularly disgusting glimpse of a drunken debauch with prostitutes. "Go to bed here and wait for me," he says. He wants to think over the situation. "If I should stay now, we should both be vanquished, and you would share in a punishment that is deserved by me alone." He goes to see Denis Boucher and denounces him for having corrupted and ruined both Fernande and himself. Denis learns that Fernande is with Pierre, and the interview at once arouses in him feelings both of guilt and of jealousy. He dashes off to confess to a priest, who turns out to be the good old man who put Pierre through the seminary. Pierre returns to Fernande and tells her that "*tout est fini.*" Denis bursts in with the priest. Pierre says farewell to Fernande and goes away with the priest to confess. He now knows that he does have the vocation and that he will enter the Grand Séminaire.

Among the best features of Lemelin's novels are the portraits of clerical characters. When the first of his books appeared, he was scolded for bad taste and irreverence, but in his handling of the clergy there is at least as much respect as satire. It may be interesting in this connection to quote from an article of Lemelin's in a paper called *Le Collectioneur*, written in answer to the question "Are you an agnostic?" In his childhood, Lemelin says, "I was up to my neck in the Catholic religion, as other people are Negroes. My advice had never been asked, nor do I ask my children for theirs." Later on, reading Renan and other authors, "I became almost completely detached from the Faith." He tried to reject Church and family. "A deep need for irreverence incited me against everything that seemed to me most sacred." He "rebelled against the temporal face of the Church and in certain of its representatives could see nothing except ignorance and absurdity." But "just as the nasty rebellious boy does not, on that account, deny the existence and the enormous presence of his father, so my little run-ins with the clergy have not for an instant made me doubt that God was the force behind everything, or the divine character of the Church of Christ." His health has been so good and he has been kept so busy, he says, that he has never known "those spir-

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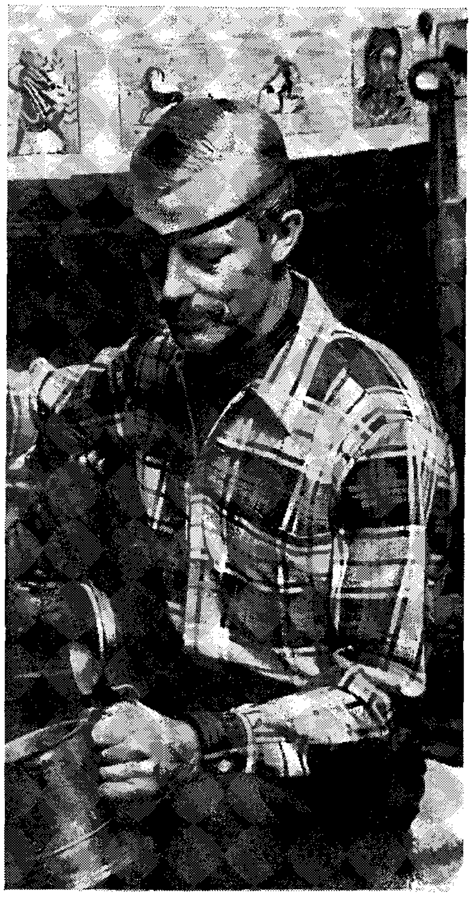

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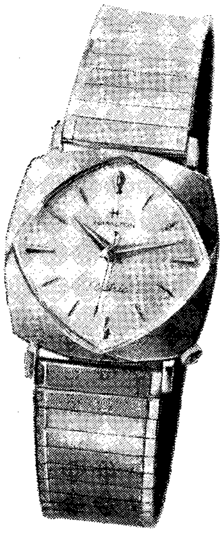

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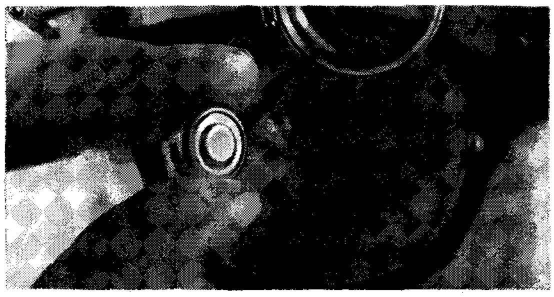

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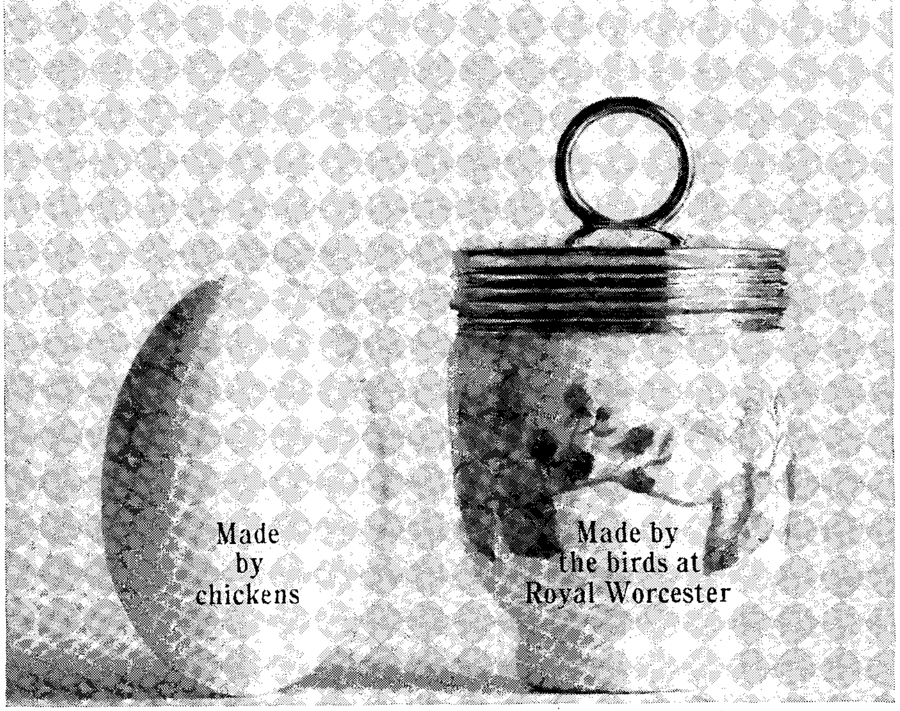

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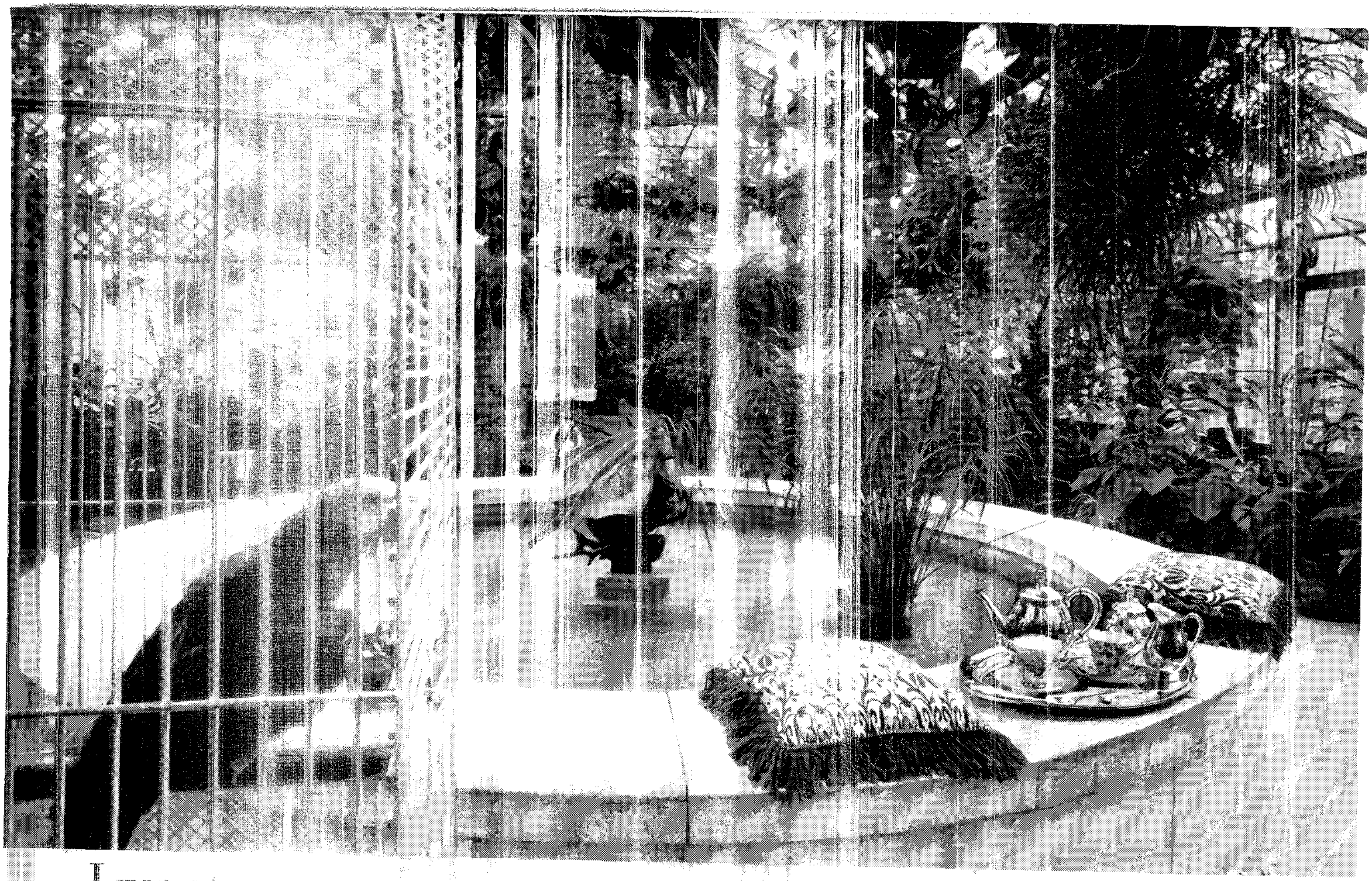
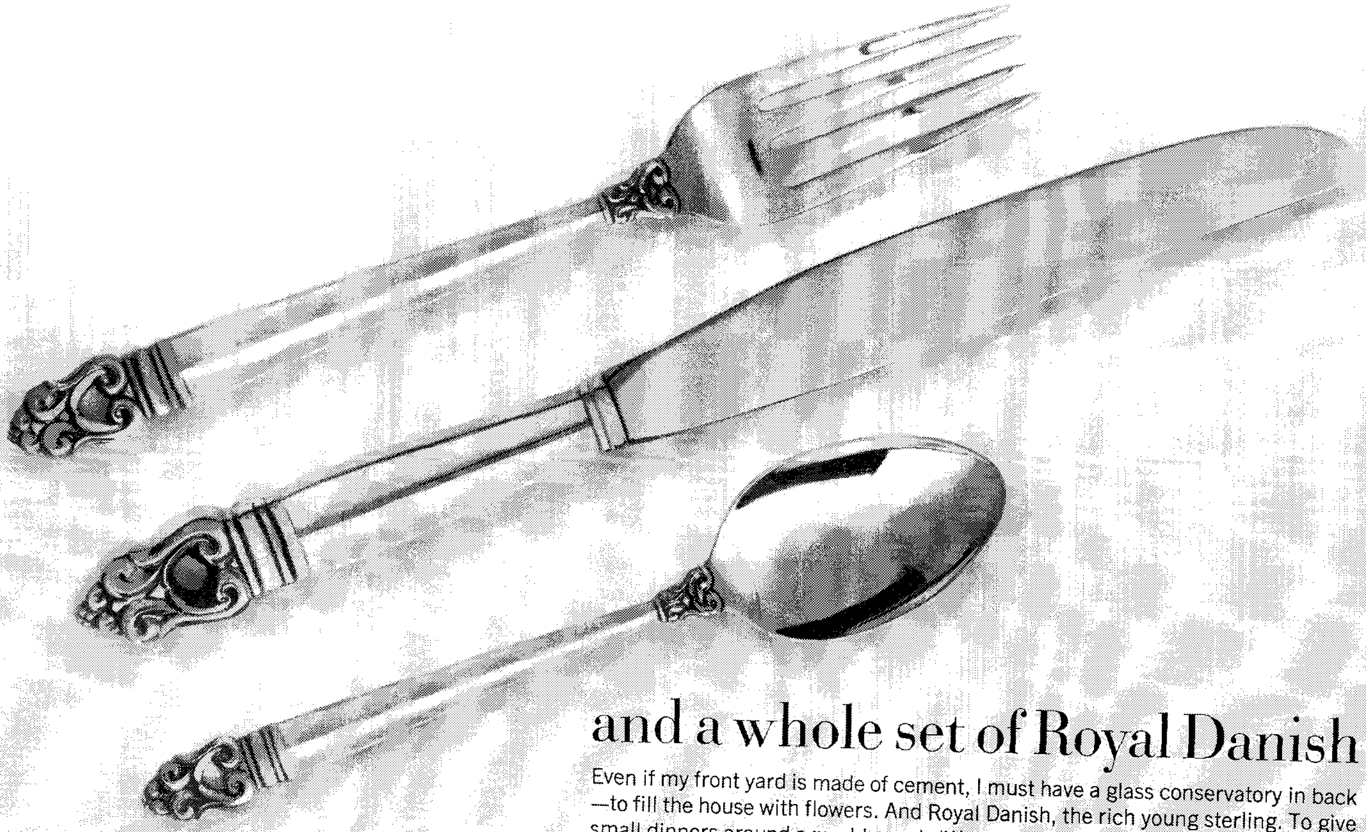
itual crises which one hears so much about in novels." He did not cease to be a practicing Catholic, but his observances became perfunctory. It was later that, "in the perspective of intellectual curiosity, I turned more seriously toward my religion," and he decided that since he was an artist and since "nothing exalts me more than the phenomenon of transposition, which, by a sort of *inexplicable miracle makes it possible* for man to multiply himself infinitely in beauty," he must accept the revelation of the Church. "Every transposition in the realm of art brings us close to God. What a grandiose, what an incomparable transposition, coming from God, in the inverse sense, is His incarnation in Christ, and multiplying itself, through His death, over the centuries in ourselves. . . . I am happy to belong to a religion all of whose principles rest on love and charity. By its temporal role in society, I *have recognized that the Church was* my principal ally in the education of my children and that it is through her that, in this so terribly dangerous age, I can be most sure of making men of them. I try to bring to the priesthood an understanding which I was incapable of giving them in my youth. When they have weaknesses, my first impulse is to help them; they are no longer authority, but my brothers. For our clergy forms an intimate part of the French-Canadian family."

It seems impossible to live in French Canada and not in some way come to terms with the clergy.

LEMELIN has improved as a writer. His first book was confused and elliptical; he was clumsy in handling his characters; it has to be plodded through. "Pierre le Magnifique," on the other hand, has a straight, unencumbered story line, and is amusing and exciting throughout. And yet M. Lemelin says that he will write no more books of this kind. The Plouffes were transferred to television in a soap opera that departed from the novel in being much more sentimental and humorous. The series was done both in French and in English by the same cast of actors, and it ran, I am told, for years. The Plouffes have now become a cliché for the lovable French-Canadian family—Denis Boucher was very soon dropped—and are as much of a bore to the intelligent young as Maria Chapdelaine. But M. Lemelin has announced that his imaginative work in the future will be aimed at the wider audience. One can quite understand



I want my own conservatory



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that it must be disheartening to write for the small group of readers that literate French Canada provides. M. Lemelin now owns a small sausage factory and likes to speak of himself as a businessman. He has become, in Quebec City, a well-known and well-liked figure, though he is looked at a little askance by professional literary people, who do not approve of his failure to follow up his early career. He has something of the jauntiness and perversity of his recurrent Denis Boucher, and, as in the case of his complicated hero, one cannot be sure where he is headed.

M. Lemelin, when I was in Quebec City, took me to lunch at the Garrison Club, which was founded after what the French call "the Conquest" and is one of the oldest clubs in North America. The membership was originally confined to resident English-Canadian officers—old colonels, said Lemelin, who had been on safaris. But the French are now admitted, and they constitute, in fact, the majority of the membership. The French Canadians say that the club is much gayer than it was, and that the English themselves enjoy it more; in those ample and comfortable rooms, which are still rather plain, bleak, and British, and as one passes through the gallery of photographs, in the corridor that leads to the dining room, of square-shouldered and mustachioed English officers, encased in their uniforms, one feels that this may well be the case.

I HAVE sometimes been retelling the incidents of novels that are interesting as documents on the special conditions of French Canada but that are not, as I have said above, necessarily to be recommended to the general reader of fiction. In the case of André Langevin, however, the general reader may simply be sent to his books—especially "Poussière sur la Ville" (1955) and "Le Temps des Hommes" (1956), which seem to me comparable to the work of the very best contemporary writers of fiction anywhere. These sombre stories have a moral interest, as well as a tragic force, that makes them parables of human destiny and not merely reports on the local life. They are also extremely well told. The stagnancy of life in French Canada has in the past been reflected in many of its novels by a certain static quality. It has been rather unusual for them to proceed along a well-paced course and arrive at a logical end; their progress is likely to be sluggish, as if blocked by heavy impedi-

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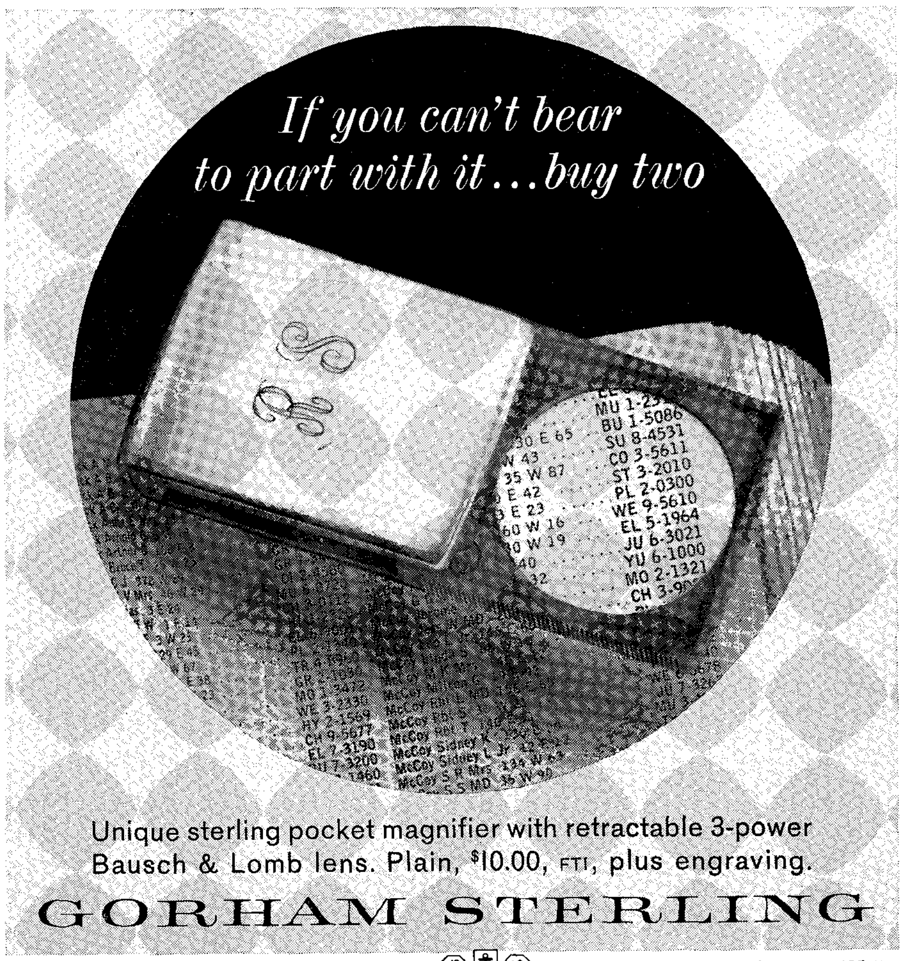

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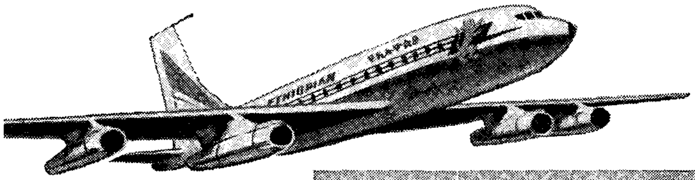
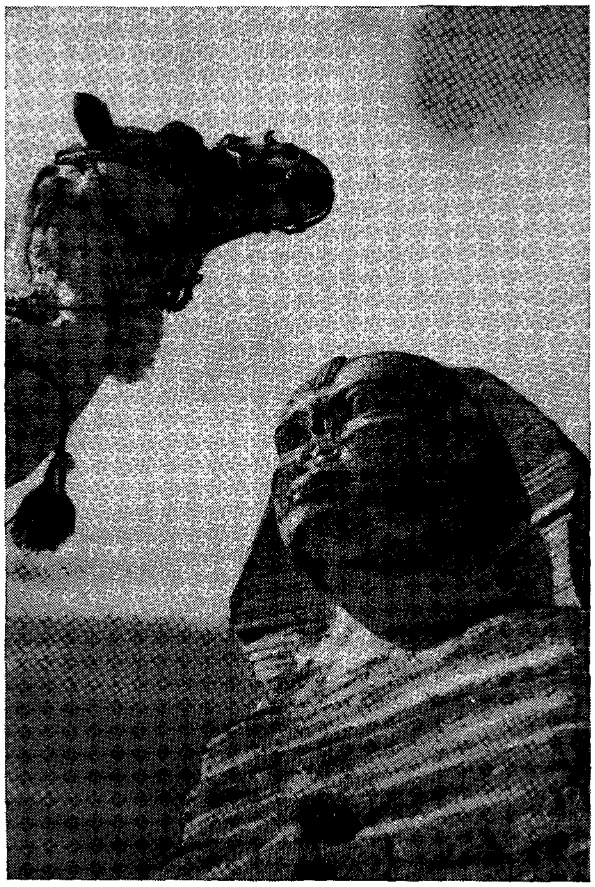
ments, and they sometimes go round in loops. They are as different as possible in this respect from our own American novels, which have usually compelling pace even when they are not really going anywhere. It is true that Langevin's first novel, "Évadé de la Nuit" (1951), has many of the forbidding features of French-Canadian fiction. It is turbid and moves rather sullenly, and it is deadened by a doom of frustration that does not seem to be wholly warranted by the handicaps of the orphaned hero. The lugubrious and leaden vocabulary that sometimes makes these novels so oppressive is never allowed to lift: "*l'angoisse*," "*la douleur*," "*la souffrance*," "*la misère*," and, always lurking in the background, "*la mort*." But Langevin, in the novels that follow, has managed to get free of all this. He never stumbles; he makes rapid progress; as a narrator, he goes into action. Nor does he diminish the importance of his characters by rearing around them vast walls of naturalistic detail, though his godforsaken little industrial towns and his desolating winter forests are made as real to us as if we had been there. His books belong to the class of which it is said that you cannot put them down, and they leave a lasting impression.

These novels also make connections with that international school of thought of which le Frère Untel complained that the Catholic universities knew nothing: the Existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre. The conception of the moral obligation to persist in a chosen course of conduct from which no definite results can be hoped in a world that makes no sense in relation to it was originally inspired, I believe, by the predicament of Frenchmen like Sartre at the time of the German occupation, when they continued, discouraged but obstinate, to carry on with the French Resistance. The situation of intelligent young Catholics in Canada must sometimes seem equally discouraging. "Four Days," the second novel by John Buell of Montreal, is evidently an extreme example of what the Existentialists call "the absurd." The boy must persist, without hope, in a course that is, without his really grasping it, not merely anti-social but quite senseless. In Langevin, the principal characters stick to courses that are apparently futile and have a moral value only for the men themselves. This theme is first stated very clearly in "Évadé de la Nuit": "That which, an hour before, could have still been called a jeu d'esprit was becoming a decisive ordeal. To gamble everything on the





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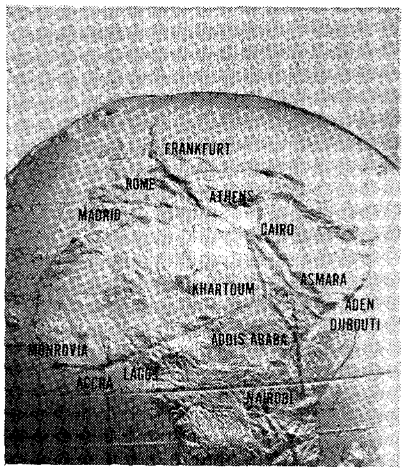

chance of winning everything, but with lucidity, in an orderly manner. To re-create another's soul, without love, without pity, especially. And, for stakes, one's own resolution in a world that was undecipherable." And later, when the wife is in labor: "The suffering body on the bed was doing his life violence, was imparting to it direction, obliterating the past. The chains which were being forged could not be easily broken. It would be happiness or nothing, *nothingness. Finished* was the blind advance into a hostile universe: a cell was forming itself of which he would be the nucleus, the nourisher. He no longer belonged to himself. Why should he exert himself to find a meaning now? He had already committed himself, and the road which he had come was closing behind him, was being effaced in a sea of sand, which did not preserve even his footprints. And, for the first time, he saw his way, stretching straight ahead, even to death." His wife dies; the baby survives, but he abandons it as he has been abandoned when he was sent by his own father to an orphan asylum. He plunges into the winter forest, sinks into the snow, and dies.

The doctor in "Poussière sur la Ville" returns, against the advice of a friendly priest, to the ghastly little dust-covered mining town in which he has set up his practice but in which he has been humiliated by the unfaithfulness and suicide of his wife, so that he cannot expect, after this, to be anything but badly received. The priest, Father Dupas, in "Le Temps des Hommes" has fled from his clerical duties when he has had to administer the sacrament to a child who is dying of meningitis. He has been tortured, after the death of the child, by a sense of divine injustice confused with a sense of guilt at having committed the sin of pride because he has appealed to God not to let the child die and so dared to tell Him what to do. When he has buried himself in the woods and associated only with "a brutish humanity," he has come to doubt the sharp distinction, so important for the French-Canadian Church, between the soul and the body. Still, hoping to be of some service to a doomed and cowardly murderer, he sticks by him in his flight through the frozen woods till the man goes out of his head and makes an attempt to kill him, with the result that, in a tussle for the gun, the priest shoots the man he has been trying to help. He is left at the end with a frozen foot, which may have to be amputated for gangrene. This

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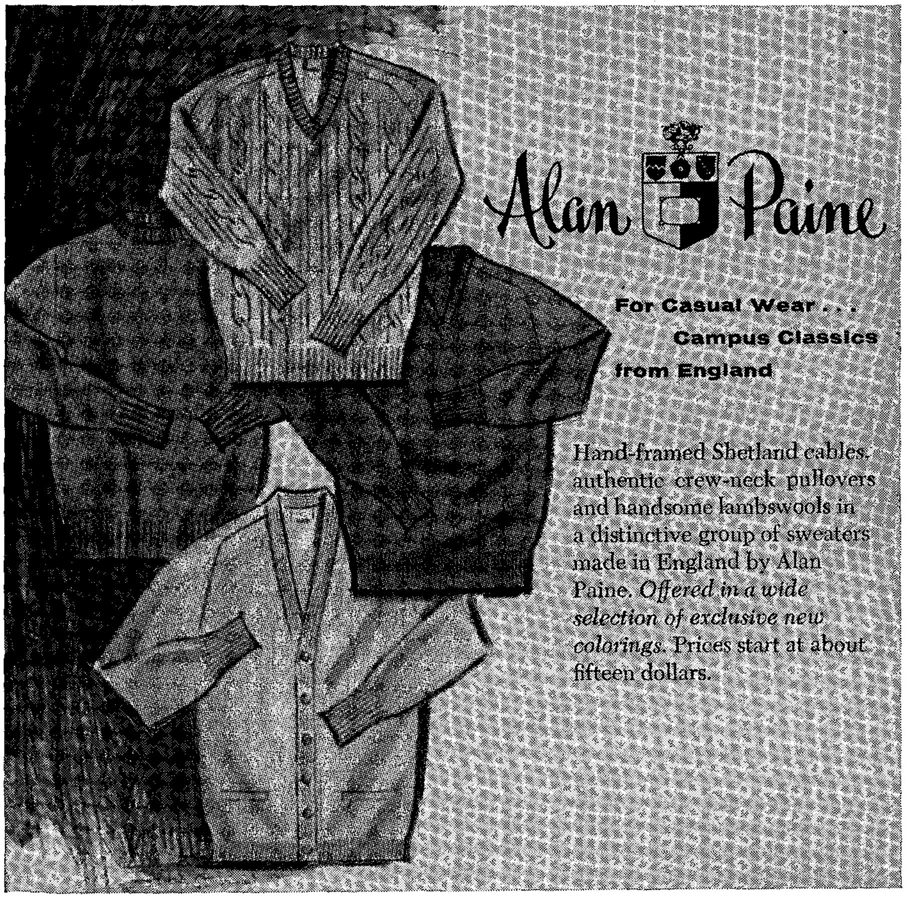

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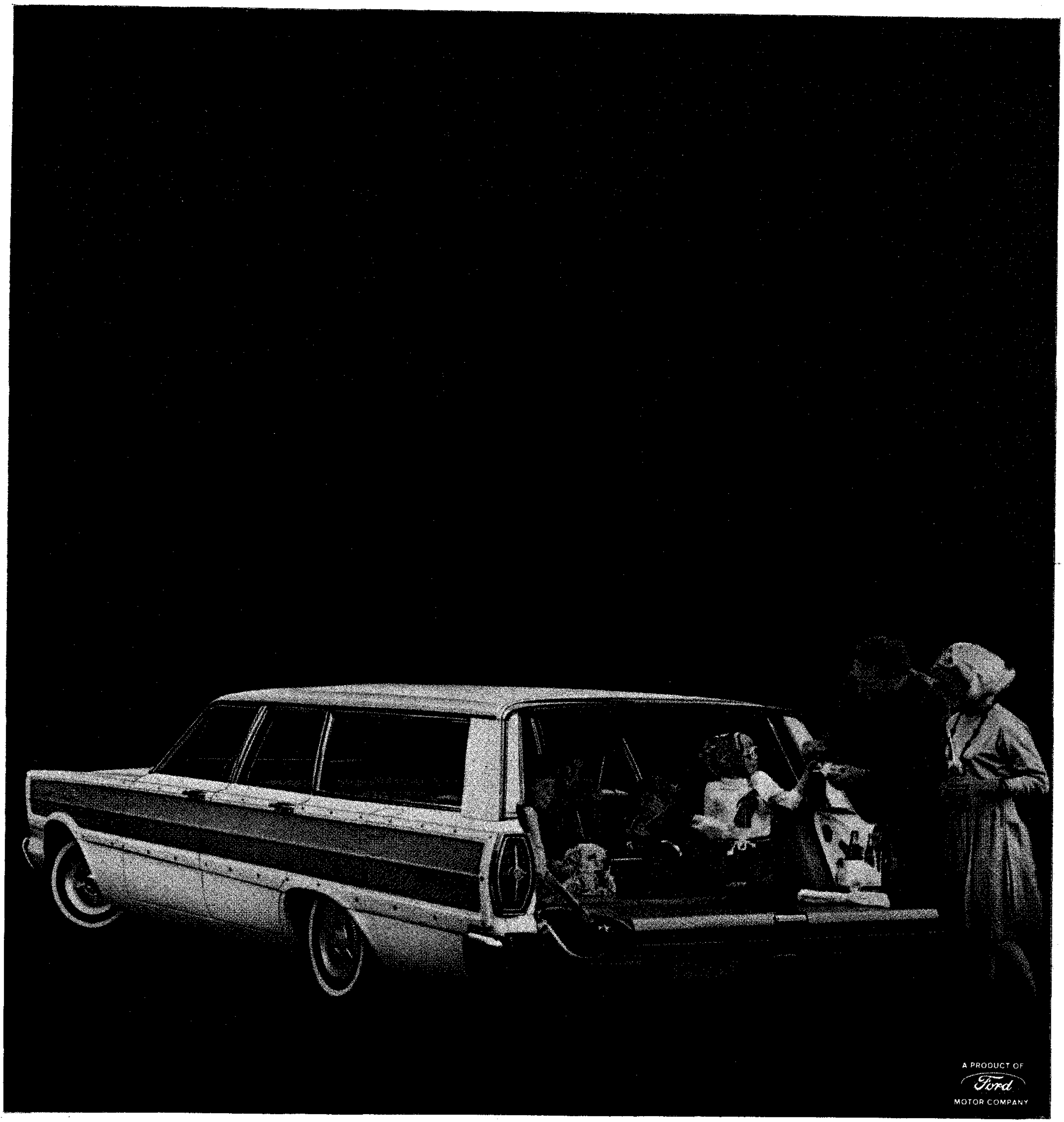

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Father Dupas, an Existentialist persister, combines also the recurrent Canadian figure of the fugitive into the wilds with the priest with a hard row to hoe. But this priest points a moral, not localized, in relation to the Christian religion. The book has something in common with both Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" and Edwin O'Connor's "The Edge of Sadness." Langevin has, however, put Father Dupas in a situation even more baffling than those of the priests in these other books. Greene's priest is a parishless alcoholic wandering in communist Mexico at a time when the priesthood were persecuted; O'Connor's has pitted himself against a sordid and alien parish where he has for his only companion a simple-minded Polish curate. Father Dupas, who has always been handicapped by an incapacity for human relations, is condemned to a wretched lumber camp in the worst possible season of the year, with a crew of unattractive woodsmen, of whom only two will come back alive. And you have, also, here that other French-Canadian specialty, the frustrated love affair, for Dupas is loved by a woman who does not know that he is a priest and that he cannot return her devotion.

There is, however, a very strong sex interest in these novels of Langevin, which gives them a kind of vitality that is lacking in so many of the others. He has also published a play, "L'Œil du Peuple" (1957), which deals with the triumph of "sexuality," as it is now so often called. Though it was produced in Montreal and won a prize, this play seems to me unsuccessful, and is in any case of purely local interest—a satire on French-Canadian prudery. A Parti d'Épuration is about to win an election and impose its puritanical restrictions, but, because of flagrant scandals on the part of the staff and the megalomania of the leader, the organization goes to pieces, and the only way to save it from bankruptcy is to allow its headquarters to be turned into a brothel by a Consortium des Plaisirs.

TODAY, French-Canadian literature, in spite of its almost unilluminated gloominess, is undoubtedly more alive and interesting than it has ever been before. (In a chronology compiled by Mlle. Lapointe of the important events in this literature, most of them are seen to date from the middle thirties of this century.) What, one wonders, is to be its future? It has considerable

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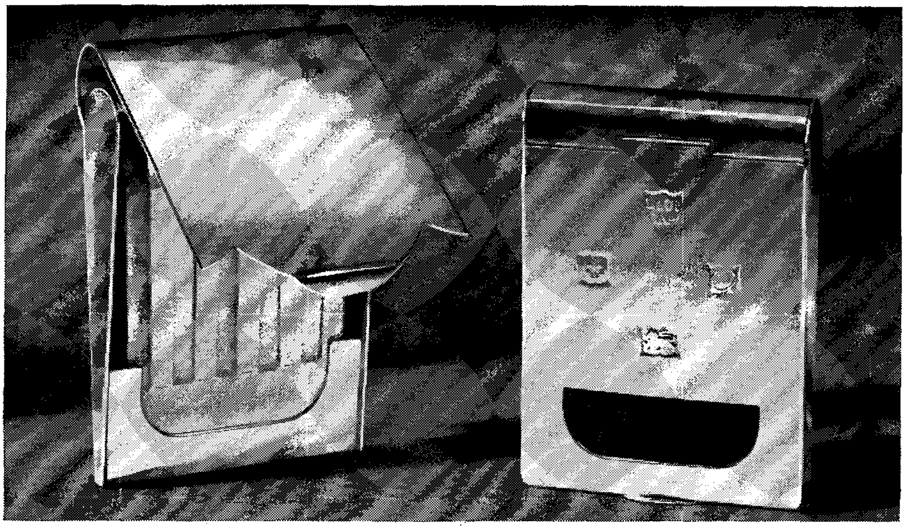
obstacles to surmount. It is cut off from the mother culture. The French Canadians have a grudge against France, for they remember that the mother abandoned them when Louis XV refused to send reinforcements at the time of their war with the English, and that she has taken little interest in them since. The French are imperturbably provincial and snobbish in matters of accent and language. Even the scripts of Canadian documentary films have sometimes to be put into Parisian French before they can be shown in France, and a young Canadian told me that on one occasion a Frenchman he had met in Paris suggested that they might better speak English, since the Parisian would no doubt not be able to understand the Canadian's French. And the Canadians have not yet produced and imposed on a wider audience—as the Americans have to some extent done—a literary language of their own. When they make use of their own vocabulary, they are likely to give rise to misunderstandings. For example, in my copy of "Bonheur d'Occasion," printed by Flammarion in Paris, I find the following detail in a description: "*la tranquillité du majestueux original qui vient le soir s'abreuver entre les roseaux.*" The explanation of this strange statement is that whereas a moose in France is called "*un élan canadien*," in Canada it is "*un orignal*," a word unfamiliar to the French, and the Paris printer and proofreader could not be expected to recognize it. A famous example of comic misunderstanding occurs in an English translation of the same novel. As the story is sometimes told—as it is by Harry Lorin Binsse in an article in the Montreal *Star*—an account of a Quebec blizzard begins with the following sentence: "*Vers huit heures du soir, la poudrerie éclata.*" I find that in my Paris edition the sentence reads "*se déchaînait*," not "*éclata*," and I wonder whether Mlle. Roy may not, for this edition, have changed the verb in order not to mislead foreign readers. In any case, the English translator, not knowing that in French Canada "*une poudrerie*" is "a blizzard," made it "Toward eight o'clock in the evening the powderworks exploded." No powderworks has yet been mentioned, but the explosion is given for the moment a certain plausibility by the description that follows of cracking trees, rattling shutters, and tearing roofs. The powderworks, however, is not mentioned again. In the speeches of Réal Caouette, the French-Canadian prophet of Social Credit, I find the following



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words, unintelligible outside French Canada: "*enfarger*," which means "to take a pratfall," and "*suiveux*," which means a yes-man, an obsequious follower.

In Canada, I was made aware as I never had been before of the importance of nationalism as a stimulating force to literature. It was true of most of our own best writers till after the Civil War that they were occupied in one way or another with the attempt to give America an identity—by inventing a legendary past, by idealizing an imperfect present, or by prophesying a transcendent future. All these writers had a national mission. But in English-speaking Canada no such mission was felt, because no such independence and no such unity had been achieved. The English writing of Canada is scattered all across the continent; it has no center, no organic development. In French Canada, on the other hand, the literature has kept pace with the nationalist cause, and it is evidently taken more seriously than its English-speaking neighbors take theirs. The tone of an English Canadian writing on English-Canadian literature is likely to be "Well, perhaps we ought to take stock and find out what we've really got;" the tone of a French Canadian writing on his is one of almost anguished solicitude. One thinks of small nationalities, like Ireland and Hungary, in which the literature is largely inspired by a movement for national independence and, in turn, provides an active ferment in the political life of the people. French-Canadian literature, besides, is concentrated in a much smaller area than is the writing of the English Canadians. In spite of the curious dissociation of the writers from one another that one observes, though to a lesser extent, in French as well as in English Canada, one finds oneself here in a world which, though much more inbred and limited, is subjected to a higher emotional pressure—a society in which the writers have the stimulus of a common discontent, a common interest in preserving their language, and the excitement of a common animosity.

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

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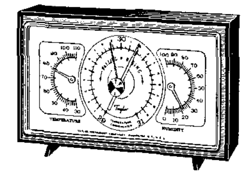

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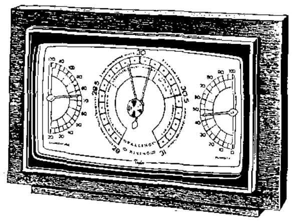

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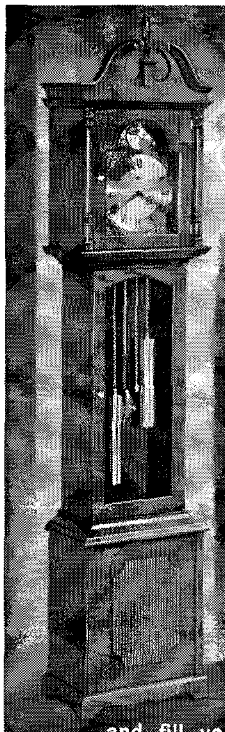

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THE THEATRE

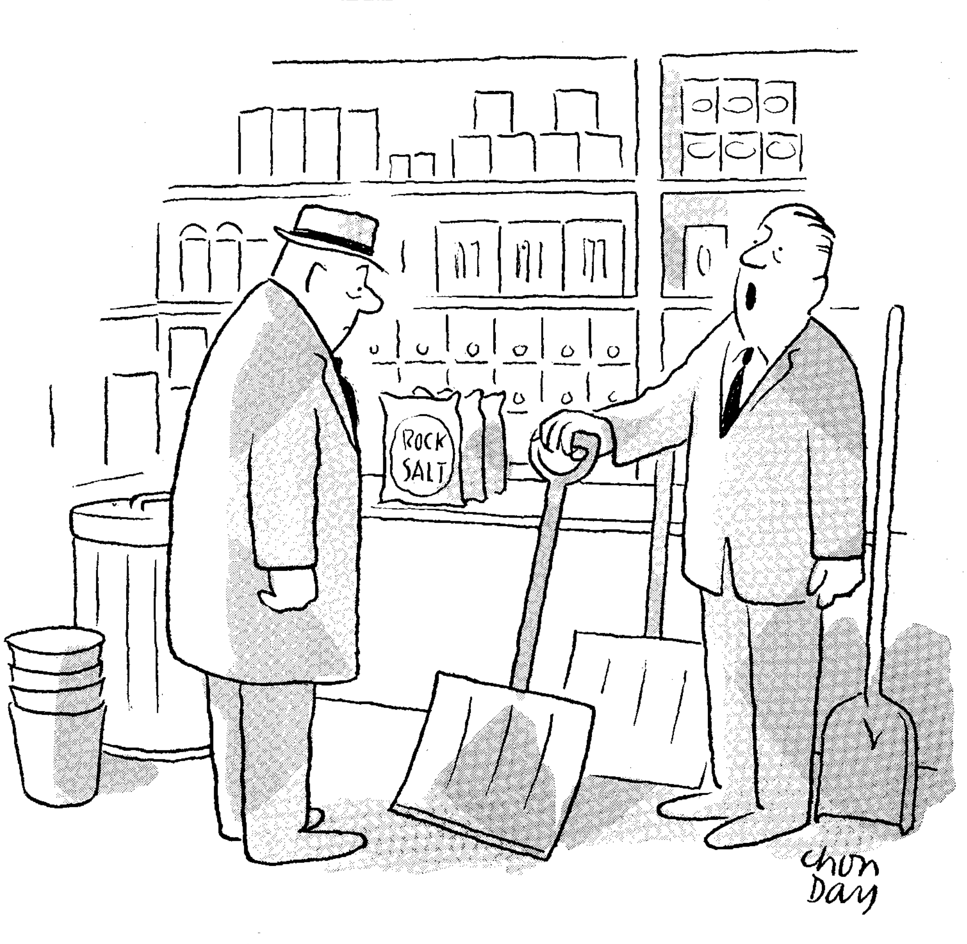
ANOTHER VIEW FROM A BRIDGE

YEARS ago, Noël Coward wrote a slight comedy about a pair of footloose lads who, when they were not engaged in wandering around the world, were involved with a lady who was nothing if not generous with her affections. Something along the lines of this frail theme—lacking the world-travel aspects—is reiterated in "Luv," at the Booth, but this time the gentlemen and the lady are a lot less evanescent than Mr. Coward's trio, and their ups and downs, invented by Murray Schisgal, are humorous and appealing. There are only three people in "Luv" (the title may have some whimsical connotation, but it escapes me)—Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Alan Arkin—and there is only one set, which is a jumping-off spot for suicides on a bridge leading to Brooklyn, Queens, or outer space. Under the astute, precise, authoritative, slapstick direction of Mike Nichols, the principals bounce about with all kinds of vivacity, and Mr. Arkin, whom I first came upon happily in "Enter Laughing," a while back, is really superb as an intellectual lost in a sea of uncertainty because a dog once mistook him for a fire hydrant. Why this should make a man abandon dreams of being a doctor, lawyer, or Greek scholar, I do not know—take it up with Mr. Schisgal—but I can assure you that Mr. Arkin is very droll as a man who has sunk from high aspirations to the level of a beatnik guitar strummer, and whose presence on the bridge where all this takes place has to do with a desire to jump out of a world he never made. It might be appropriate to give you a skeletal outline of the plot of "Luv," but the bare bones aren't of much significance. For what it is worth, Mr. Wallach is married to a girl who is incredibly loquacious and full of misery, and when he finds an old schoolmate, Mr. Arkin, preparing to end it all on the bridge, he decides that this is just the man to relieve him of his spouse—as it happens, she's a guitar player, too—and sets about persuading him to do so. It might be remarked that "Luv" is a bit tenuous; in fact, I had a notion, when the mechanics of the business became somewhat obvious, that Mr. Nichols and his partner, Elaine May, might have boiled the comedy down to a brief skit. But laughter these days is in short supply, so let us go along with "Luv."

"POOR BITOS," at the Cort, is a drama that was written by Jean Anouilh half a dozen years ago and has aged quite a bit in that short span. In this enterprise, Mr. Anouilh introduces us to a parcel of upper-class bounders out to wreak vengeance upon a washerwoman's son who, by dint of brains and ability, has become a provincial legal light in a French town ten years after the Second World War. The method employed to tear the poor man down is to invite him to an elegant masquerade party and assign him the role of Robespierre, so that he can be reduced to shreds and patches, as his prototype was. Others at the gathering represent Saint-Just, Danton, Marie Antoinette, Mirabeau, Camille Desmoulins, and so on. By and large, "Poor Bitos" struck me as a rather heavily contrived business, and the time element—what with the washerwoman's son being fairly contemporary one minute and Robespierre the next—struck me as murky. However, Donald Pleasence, as the poor butt, does a fine job.

THERE isn't, I'm afraid, much in the way of dramatic structure in "I Was Dancing," a comedy by Edwin O'Connor, at the Lyceum, but the piece has the benefit of a couple of ingratiating performances by Burgess Meredith and Pert Kelton, and a spate of jovial moments as Mr. Meredith, portraying an aging hoofer, sets out to frustrate the plans of his son (Orson Bean) to send him to a rest home. Mr. O'Connor's play is as full of holes as a lace stocking, but he has a way with dialogue, and his jokes kept me chuckling a good deal of the time. I might add that Eli Mintz, David Doyle, and Barnard Hughes are all extremely helpful to Mr. O'Connor's vaudeville.

A TEAM of sinuous and remarkable dancers named Jo Jo Smith and Paula Kelly occasionally galvanize "Something More!," at the Eugene



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O'Neill, but otherwise it is rather a dud. The book, by Nate Monaster, who got his inspiration from Gerald Green's "Portofino P.T.A.," has to do with an author who feels that Mineola is cramping his style and heads for Italy in the hope that he and his family will be able to stretch their wings in the sun. After some dreary escapades, they wind up sun-struck. The music for this one, by Sammy Fain, is hardly memorable, and the lyrics, by Marilyn and Alan Bergman, are an invitation to amnesia. Arthur Hill plays the author from Mineola, and Barbara Cook, who is nice to have around, plays his wife.

VICTOR BORGE is no longer all alone at the John Golden, as he has been on previous occasions. In the entertainment called "Comedy in Music, Opus 2," he has Leonid Hambro as his accomplice. Mr. Hambro is almost the perfect straight man for the Master. The patter is, as it always has been, witty, and the piano playing ranges from the ludicrous to the illuminating.

"CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT" subsided at the Billy Rose after four performances. Edna St. Vincent Millay's work is readable, but, alas, it is not playable. —JOHN MCCARTEN

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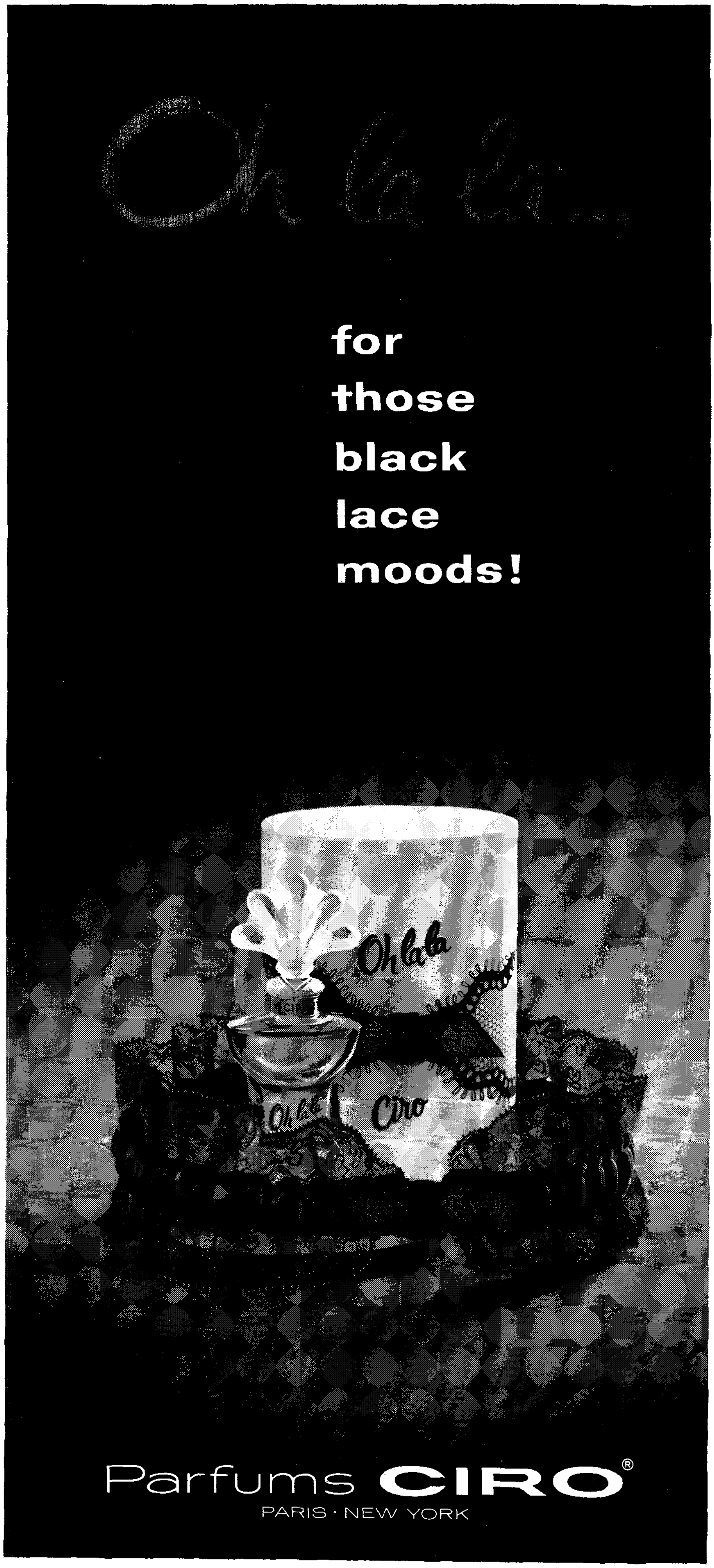
As the acclamation for Kelso died down after the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last week, a racing man standing beside me said, "A runner like that comes along only once in twenty-five years or so." If he'd said "once in a lifetime," it would have been no exaggeration. In fifty-six starts, Kelso has won thirty-six races, twenty-eight of them stakes, and a total of $1,893,362 in prize money—more than any other thoroughbred has earned. Also, no other racer in my time—and I go back a long way—has ever been such an idol of the crowd. Without a doubt, he'll be voted the Horse of the Year for the fifth consecutive season.

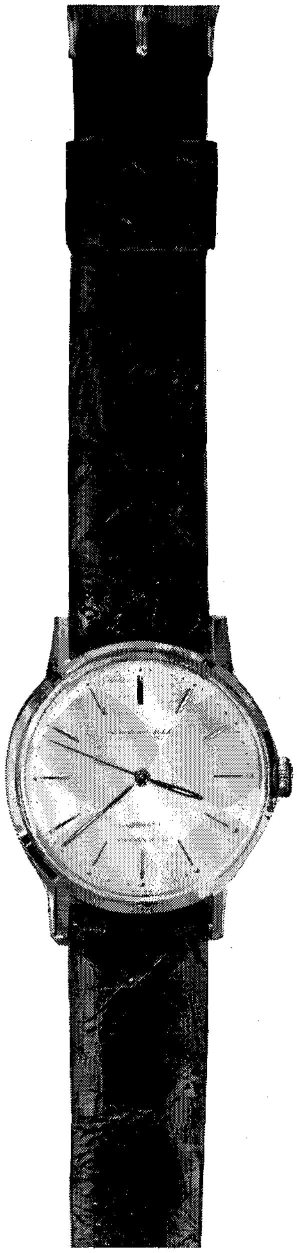
Winning the International from Gun Bow, Russia's Anilin, Ireland's Biscayne II, France's Belle Sicambre, Venezuela's Primordial II, Italy's Veronese II, and Japan's Ryu Forel, who finished behind him in the order named, was one of the great performances of Kelso's career. Actually, though, the *International* was a two-horse race. Gun Bow, who drew the post position nearest the rail, was quickest away when starter Eddie Blind, impressive in a bowler hat, pressed the lever that raised the webbing. In fact, passing the stand the first time, Gun Bow was at least four lengths to the good. As he approached the backstretch, however, Kelso, who had been going smoothly in second place, began to move up. Halfway from home, he joined Gun Bow, and for a couple of furlongs the two matched strides, recalling their dramatic struggle in the Woodward last month. (Meanwhile, the foreigners behind them were having a merry try for third and fourth money.) Turning into the stretch, Kelso veered toward Gun Bow, who was on the rail (he's done that sort of thing before), but he straightened out again quickly and went on to win by nearly five lengths. Gun Bow passed the post nine lengths ahead of Anilin.

As soon as Blum had dismounted from Gun Bow and weighed in, he lodged an objection against Kelso. It seems that the boy thought he and his mount had been intimidated, though he admitted that the horses hadn't



bumped, or even touched. The stewards deemed the charge unfounded and dismissed it. Still, you couldn't blame Blum; he was duty-bound to use any tactic he could get away with. In my opinion, Gun Bow was a beaten horse when the incident occurred. He's a nice colt, but a mile and a quarter is as far as he cares to go, and the International is at a mile and a half. By the way, it was run in the remarkable time of 2:23⅘, which lowered the track mark by two and two-fifths seconds and the American record for the distance by a fifth of a second. The reason was that the turf course, over which the race was run, was like a macadam road, because of the drought. This put the racers from abroad, all of whom are accustomed to soft going, at a disadvantage.

Veronese, who is the top handicap horse in Italy, and was quite the best-looking animal in the race (he reminded me of Match, the winner in 1962), might as well have stood in his stall. I'm told that A. B. Hancock, Jr., of Claiborne Farm, tried to buy him, but the deal fell through. Next to Veronese, for looks, I put Anilin, who seemed to me—and to every horseman I spoke with—the most promising of all the entries the Soviet Union has sent here. Those in the past have been weedy, ungainly animals. This colt, on the other hand, is a handsome fellow, a bit on the small side but well made, with a deep chest and powerful quarters—just about the size and general conformation of Northern Dancer. Incidentally, although Yevgeni Nikolaevich Dolmatov, director of racing in Russia, was listed as Anilin's trainer of record, the colt was actually handled by Nasibov, his jockey, who also groomed him and did a beautiful job of it. (In the U.S.S.R., where all the horses as well as all the tracks belong to the state, it is the custom for jockeys to groom the horses they ride. In addition to a regular salary, they get thirty per cent of the purses their mounts win, but don't tell this to our Jockeys' Guild.) Another visitor who caught my eye was the French filly Belle Sicambre, but her coat was not as bright as Anilin's, and in the race she tired after going a mile. When Ryu Forel, the Japanese, went to the International's saddling paddock, he wore an extraordinary white hood—just the thing, you'd say, for a Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. I don't know what it was for, but I'm glad it was removed before the race, because it would probably have scared the other horses off the track. Also, both his forelegs were done up in the tightest ten-



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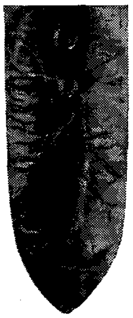

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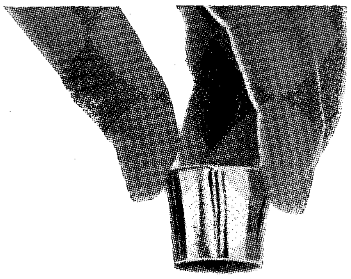

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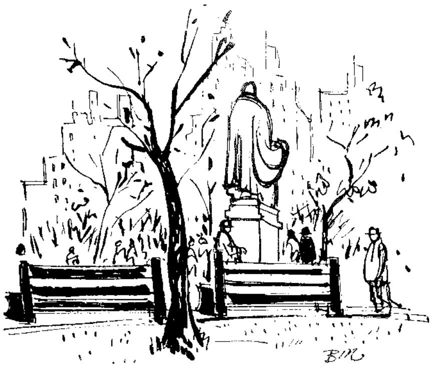
don bandages I've ever seen, and he walked as though his shins hurt. He came out of the race quite lame.

Perhaps it's a case of handsome is as handsome does, but I've never seen Kelso looking better or in a livelier mood than he was before the International. I can understand the feelings of Carl Hanford, his trainer, who said after the race, "He's in such wonderful condition it would be a shame to stop him now." As this is written, Mrs. Richard C. du Pont, who owns Kelso, hasn't made up her mind about that, and I shall not try to outguess her.

Speaking of jockeys, as this department seldom does, the Englishman Lester Piggott had no luck on Belle Sicambre, but later that afternoon I watched him ride Lucky Turn, who hadn't won in ten previous starts, and it was plain why he's England's leading rider. Handling his mount with skill and assurance, he brought him up in the stretch to win going away for a $35.60 mutuel. Though the other races were lively, too—there was a dead heat in one, and in another the winner paid $85.40—the best show of the afternoon was a musical ride by thirty-two members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I've never seen a finer exhibition of horsemanship than that of the troopers on their marvellously trained black horses. It's one of those things that lose in description. Don't miss it if it comes your way.

ABOUT the same time that Kelso was winning the International, Mongo, who beat him in it last year, was running his farewell race—the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park. He won it, too, and for good measure set a track record of two minutes flat for a mile and a quarter. The running last weekend of the Garden State Stakes, once the richest event for two-year-olds, seemed something of an anticlimax. Only ten racers went to the post, and, as had been expected, Sadair won—by ten lengths, in fact. Royal Gunner was second and Hail to All third. Eurasian, who was fourth,



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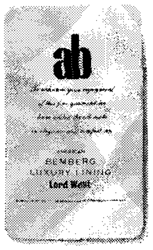
Lord West



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He loves me

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is, I'm afraid, just another colt by Swaps.

As for the racing at Aqueduct, Affectionately beat colts again, this time in the Vosburgh Handicap. It was her fifth victory in a row. In the Roamer Handicap, Point du Jour led by lengths from start to finish of the mile and three-sixteenths. Nothing else was worth remembering. —Audax Minor

●

SPIRITS, DANCING

Having put yourself on the way,
it is inevitable that you
should reach here. If in
your thoughts you've had
the notion of reward
as you fought to come this far,
banish them. And,
as penalty for entering,
shed the attitudes of worldly men
regarding us and this
celestial sphere, where now
your spirit begs to enter.

From the extremity
to which you've come, you see
us sway as in a dance.
It is no sign that we
are happy. To be happy
is being a step removed
from happiness. Which we
never are. Nor are we sad.
Sorrow is man in the world,
and we, the total expression
and awareness of his state,
are sorrowful.

What seems to you,
who were taught to feel
we must fulfill
where the world has failed,
must turn to good the bad,
must invoke permanence
for material whose law
and will it is to die—
what seems to you, driven here
by urgency, a dance
is nothing but the pain in the world
which we like a mirror contain.

To sway is to depart,
as branches from a stem,
as shadows from foliage
thick and dark—
and to depart is what is pain.
What you must know before
you enter this domain
and learn the ways of which
we shall not speak is this
first truth of what you are:
a sorrow, a sorrow
begging for home. Or you
would not have come this far.

—Arthur Gregor

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Pursuit of Glory

ON the threshold of ninety, Sir Winston Churchill is the practically perfect subject for a documentary. For one thing, this former naval person is perhaps the most famous man alive, and in our time film and fame are inseparable. For another thing, he isn't merely famous—Elvis Presley is that—but is also what most of us would dare to call great, and it's the particular utility of movies to gather and preserve evidence of the mortality of our immortals: the inimitable, unrehearsed presence that is so much more than appearance, since how a man sits or walks or throws back his head to laugh is often a franker revelation of his nature than what he says or writes. Gandhi, Shaw, F.D.R., Picasso, Wright, Pope John XXIII—posterity possesses them forever, because the camera eye, unlike our own, is perennially young and alert, and when it captures someone to the life, he need never die. A third and somewhat less obvious reason for Sir Winston to be the hero of a documentary movie is the fact that he and the camera are very nearly contemporaries and share the history they have helped to make; still pictures preceded Sir Winston by a few years and moving pictures followed him by a few, but they may be said to have grown up together, and the relationship between them has been both intimate and mutually beneficial. Generations of photographers have doted on that bland yet vivid baby face and chunky body, and on those gestures and props—the fingers raised in a cheeky, valiant V for victory, the square bowler, the cigar, and the painter's floppy smock. (Isn't there in Churchill something of W. C. Fields' genius for wearing absurd clothes grandly?) For his part, Churchill has seemed always to welcome the importunities of photographers, and it may be that his welcome began in the cradle, with a friendly growl instead of the more customary coo. For Churchill is rare among the famous in having never not been famous—in having been moderately well known before he was born. Scion of a family whose treeful of dukes and duchesses he has taken pains not to let us forget, son of a celebrated father and a no less celebrated mother, he was waited for at Blenheim with cameras at the ready, and there can be scarcely a week of any year in the nine decades since his birth that he hasn't had his likeness taken.

From thousands of separate stills and from what must have been many miles of movie film, Jack Le Vien has produced an effective documentary called, with shameful obviousness, "The Finest Hours." I'm uncharitable enough to say that Mr. Le Vien has successfully worked up materials that only a clod could have failed with; the result is, of course, worth going to see—how could ninety years of Churchill in pursuit of glory not be? One blemish on Mr. Le Vien's success is the fact that the portrait he gives is itself nearly without a blemish. In effect, it's an authorized biography, the scenario by Victor Wolfson being based on Sir Winston's memoirs of the Second World War, and our doughty hero is shown with none of those faults of character that even the friendliest of his colleagues have long since set down in *their* memoirs. This is a superhuman, and to that extent inhuman, Sir Winston; surely a man who has lived his life in reckless accord with the motto "Immoderation in All Things" must have many sides, dark as well as bright. The harmless narration of the film is spoken by Orson Welles. There are also abundant quotations from Sir Winston, some spoken in his own incomparably defective elocution and the remainder by an actor, Patrick Wymark, whose skill at imitating Churchill's voice is so great that it threatens constantly to invalidate the entire documentary—if one can't tell the genuine article from the fake, what opinion dare one hold of the genuine article?

"UNHOLY DESIRE" is the silly title of an extraordinarily gloomy and ambitious Japanese movie, which, though it concerns desire, has nothing whatever to do with unholiness. Directed by Shohei Imamura, whose "The Insect Woman" was shown here a few months ago, the picture is a dogged, complicated study of lower-class love and life in a highly industrialized and not very beautiful corner of present-day Japan. It lasts for a hundred and fifty

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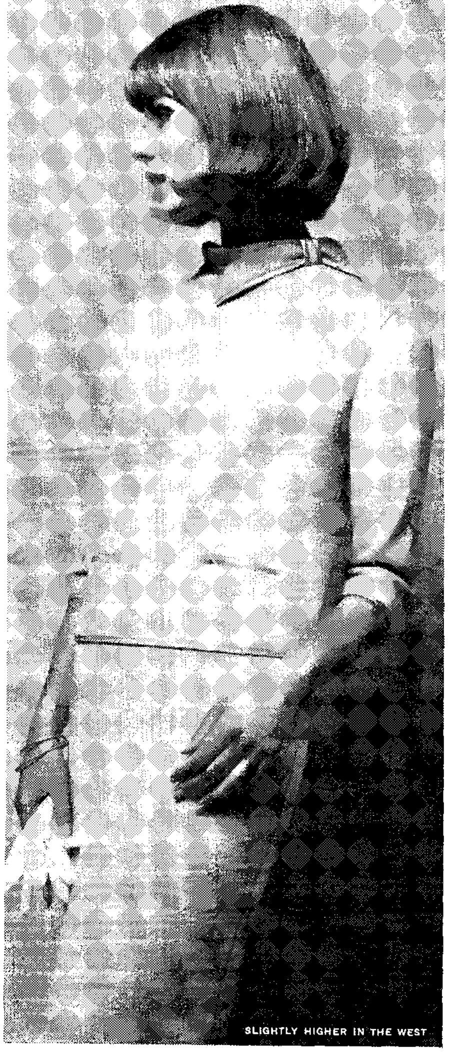

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

"Hello, Bev," she heard him say, and suddenly she felt weak. He was all wrong for her, she knew. Then why did it always happen? Just the sound of his voice was enough to set her spine tingling beneath her Cos Cob dress, a bonded blend of looped mohair, cotton and nylon. Peach or aqua. Junior Petite sizes 3-13. About $18 at fine stores.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER, WEST COAST.

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minutes, and since something nasty or depressing is happening during nearly every one of those minutes, you will understand that I can't offer you even so much as an outline of the plot; its intricacy of event and emotion may be judged by this—that the miserable heroine is the granddaughter of the mistress of the man whose son seduces her, has a defective child by her, and has the child registered as his own mother's, and that this poor wretch of a heroine, having been raped by a young burglar, finds to her dismay that the crime has aroused in her for the first time sexual feelings of an agreeable nature. From this, to her, unwelcome discovery spring a number of still more unwelcome discoveries, and I don't expect anyone to believe me when I say that Mr. Imamura, with the help of a couple of ghastly deaths and a fortunate miscarriage, manages to give his grim study something like a happy ending. I respect Mr. Imamura for his energy and, very often, for his acute visual sense, but I'm duty-bound to confess that I felt beaten to my knees by the time he let me go.

"Bebo's Girl" is a modest, rueful Italian movie starring Claudia Cardinale and George Chakiris as two young peasants who fall in love and are unhappy in their love. The time is immediately after the Second World War, and the director, Luigi Comencini, has succeeded almost too well in making the picture look as if it had been shot in those gray days, with shoddy film, in a pillaged and desolate countryside. What distinguishes the picture is Miss Cardinale. She is always very pretty, and on this occasion she takes the trouble to act as well. What a pleasant surprise! —Brendan Gill

•

Tulsa, Okla. (AP)—It was a hard day's work for the safe-crackers who broke into the Houston Ericksten Oil Co. building.

By contrast, the Eiffel Tower drew 1.7 million for the year, the Louvre 817,000 and Notre Dame 189,000.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Evening Journal & Nebraska State Journal.*

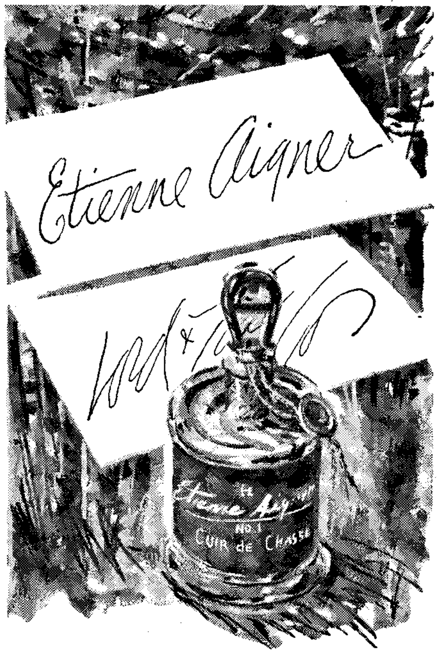
Yes, sir, foiled again!

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE BUSINESS SCENE

[*From an article by R. S. Jhawar, B. Com., A. C. A., in the Calcutta (India) Cost & Works Accountant*]

Since profit is, in the main, the excess of sales over expenditure, failure to make profit may be due to something having gone wrong either with sales or with expenditure.



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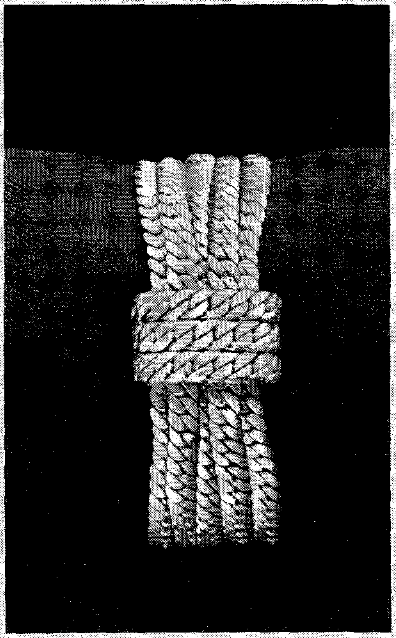

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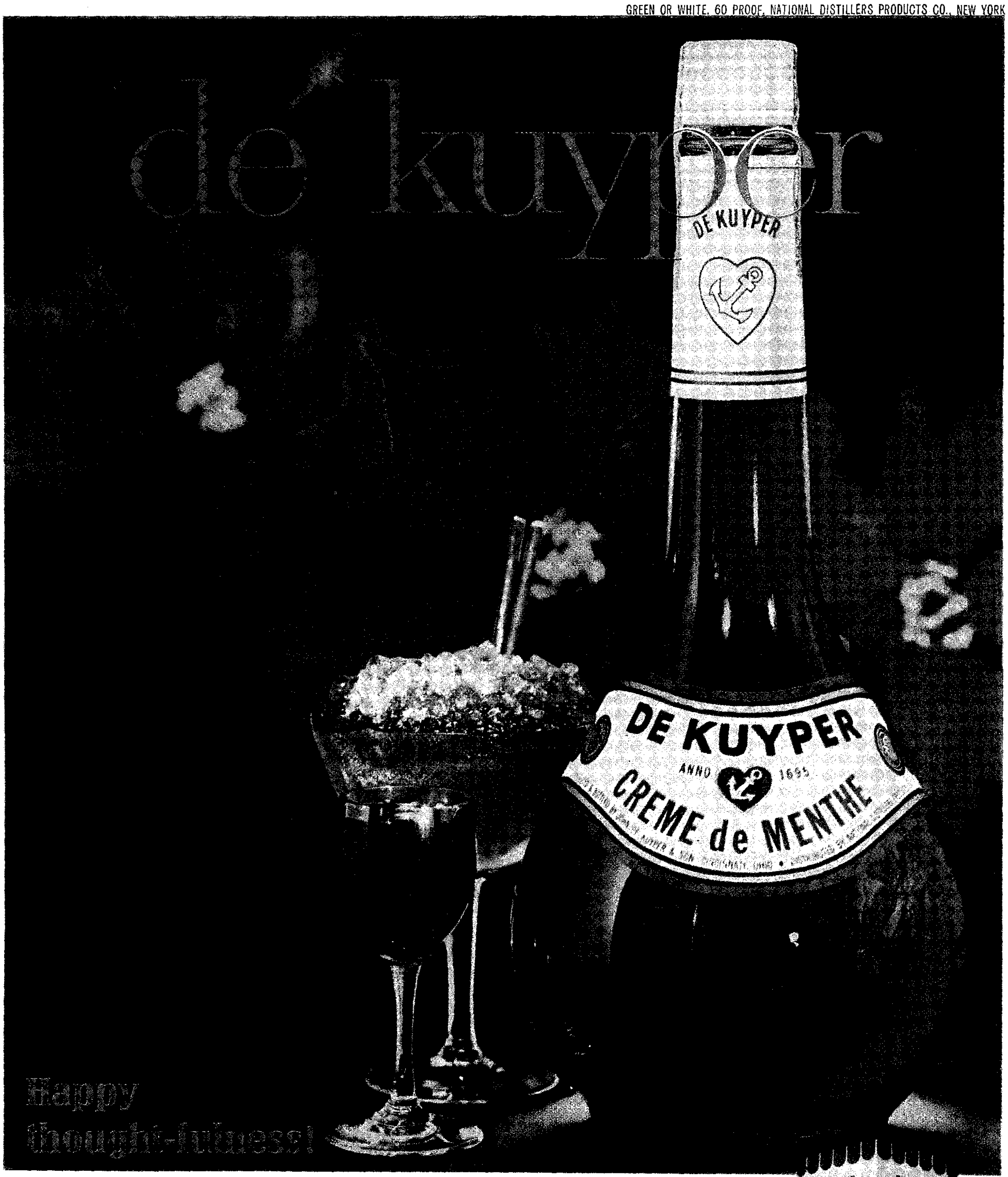
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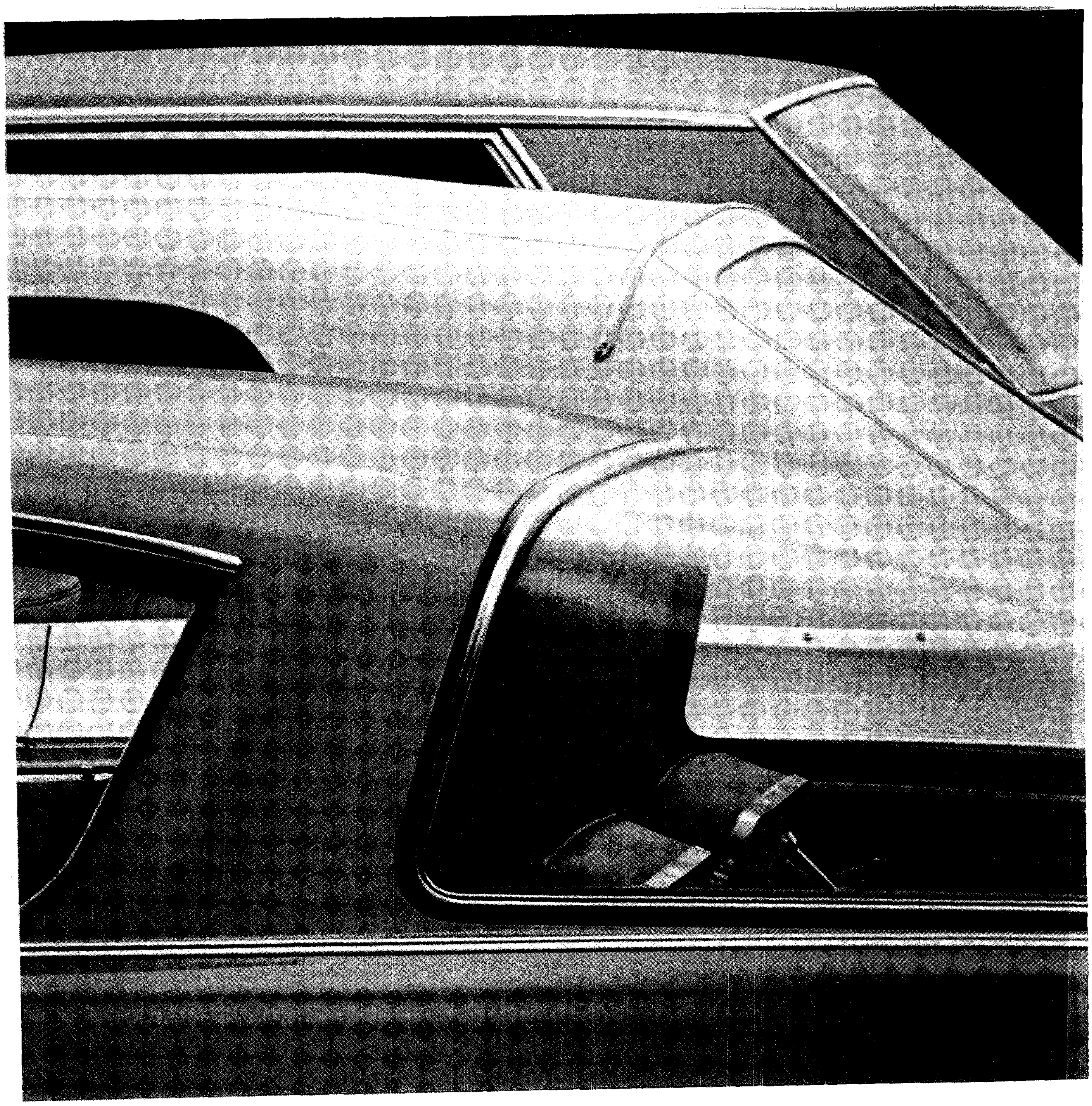

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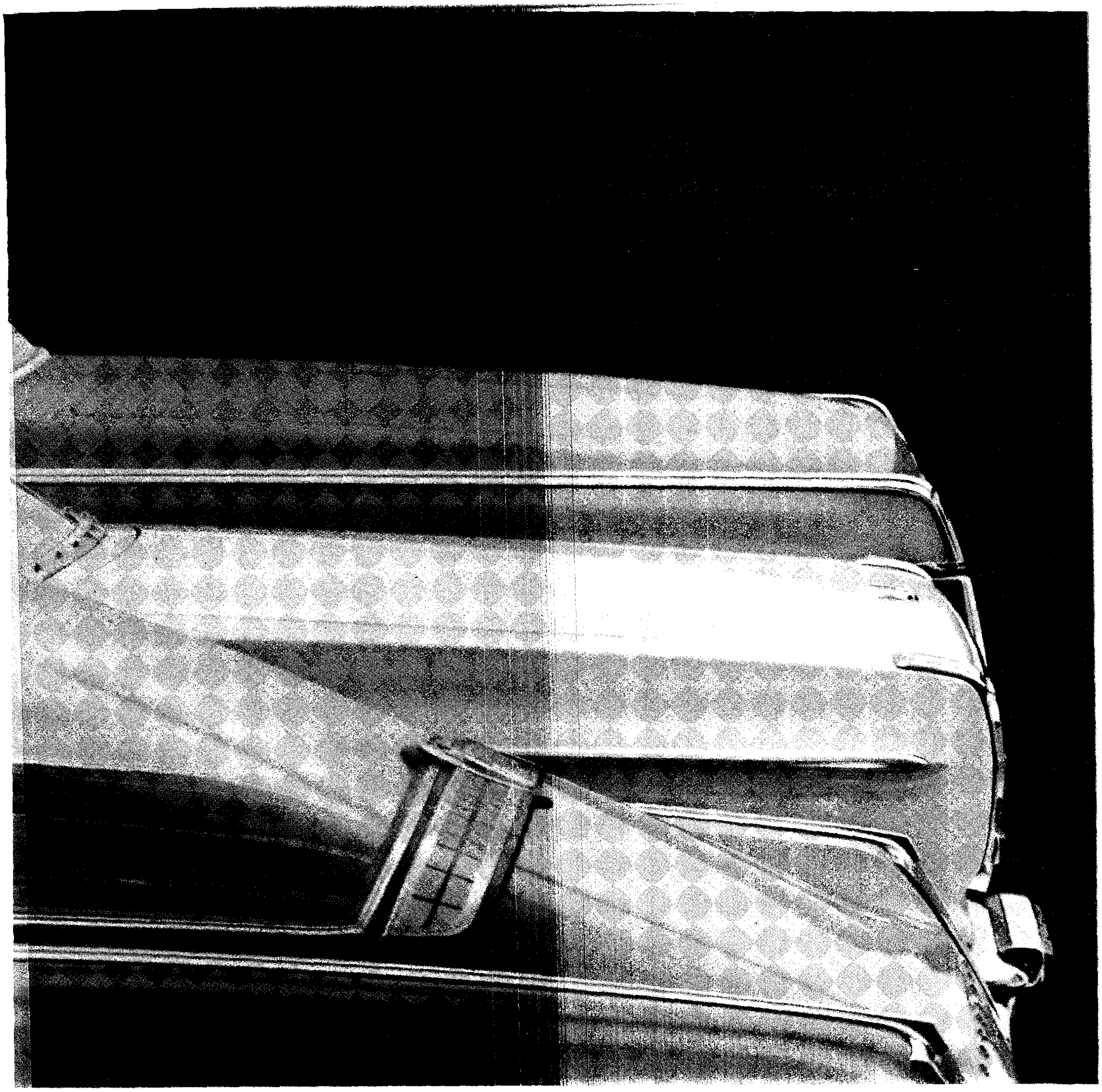

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THE SUPER-EXPRESS OF DREAMS

KYOTO, JAPAN

IT is rare these days for a full-fledged airline to be glum about the speed of a railroad train, but that has been the situation lately in Japan. Since October 1st, when the Japanese National Railways started regular service between the nation's two largest cities, Tokyo and Osaka, with what the J.N.R. formally calls the Bullet Train and newspapers here have informally called the Super-Express of Dreams, the airlines operating on the same run have cancelled several flights and, instead of increasing their fares, as they had planned to, have been muttering about decreasing them. As the Bullet Train flies, Tokyo and Osaka are three hundred and twenty miles apart. Counting driving time between downtown areas and airports, travel by air between the two metropolises takes, in the best of circumstances, two and a half hours. The Bullet Train, even with stops at Kyoto and Nagoya, covers the distance in four. That's just for now, though. The train has a potential top speed of a hundred and fifty-nine miles per hour, but until the roadbed over which it zooms has settled, it is being held down to a maximum of a hundred and thirty-one. There hasn't been much attention paid to the Super-Express of Dreams, even in Japan. The start of scheduled service occurred only nine days before the start of the Olympics, from which it was hard to divert local attention, but most Japanese are by now proudly aware that, come next year, this latest product of their ingenuity is slated to cover the run in a flat three hours, at an average pace, the two stops notwithstanding, of a hundred and seven miles an hour. Some Japanese who were disappointed at their country's not having won any gold medals for speed in the Games are now cheerfully reflecting that, in the year of the XVIII Olympiad, at least they have shown their heels to the rest of the world when it comes to rail transit.

An English-language magazine in Tokyo noted the other day, "The progress of railway in Japan is most amazingly rapidity." Japan didn't have any trains at all until 1872. Today, it has many, and they tend to be extremely crowded. Forty per cent of the country's population and seventy per cent of its industry are in the area served by the Tokyo-Osaka line, but until last month the only railroad connecting the two cities was a narrow-gauge double-track line. The old trains were rapid enough by Western standards—they rattled along, and still rattle along, at speeds as high as eighty miles per hour—but the need for a new, faster through route had been foreseen for a good while. In 1959, the National Railways began construction of a standard-gauge double-track line, with very gentle curves to accommodate really swift trains. The engineers used rail that was welded into five-thousand-foot sections and attached by means of metal mountings, called chairs, to ties of pre-stressed concrete. To hug these rails suitably, new electric trains with a very low center of gravity and a special pneumatic suspension system were built, and painted in dashing horizontal bands of blue and white. Each of the thirty Bullet Trains consists of twelve cars—two buffet, two first-class, and eight second-class, with an engineer's cab in the car at either end. Each train is an extra-fare proposition, and all seats are reserved—a comparatively startling idea in Japan, where standees sometimes fight for enough shoe space. Each train runs on a split-second schedule—its speed being subject to automatic control from signals along the line. An emergency stop can gum things up wildly. A couple of weeks ago, a Super-Express halted unexpectedly at a station along its route to let off a child suffering from what a doctor aboard had diagnosed as a ruptured appendix, and this humanitarian pause so upset the train's schedule that it was delayed for an hour and a half. (At last report, however, the sick child was doing nicely.)

AFTER the Olympics ended, I decided to leave the furor of Tokyo for the relative tranquillity of Kyoto, and I booked a seat on a 10 A.M. southbound train on the new line. There are twenty-eight Bullet

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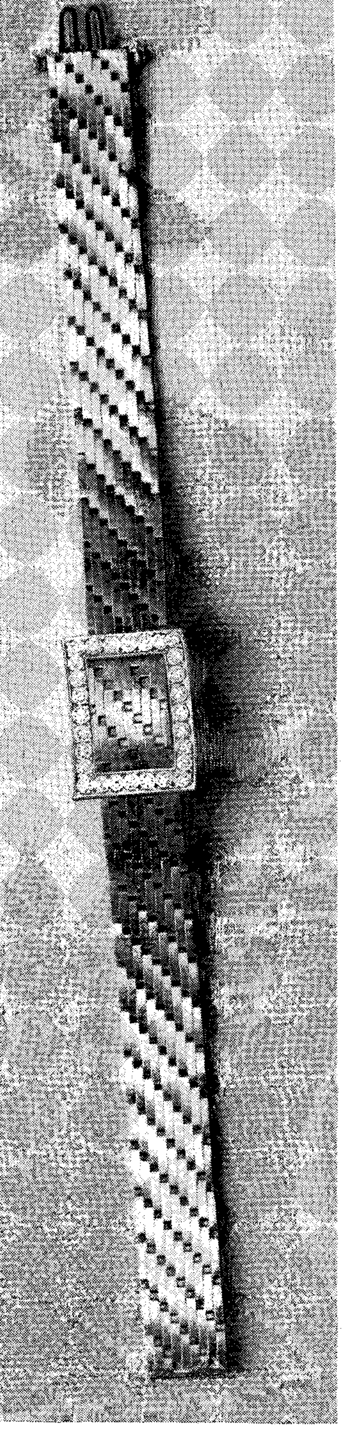

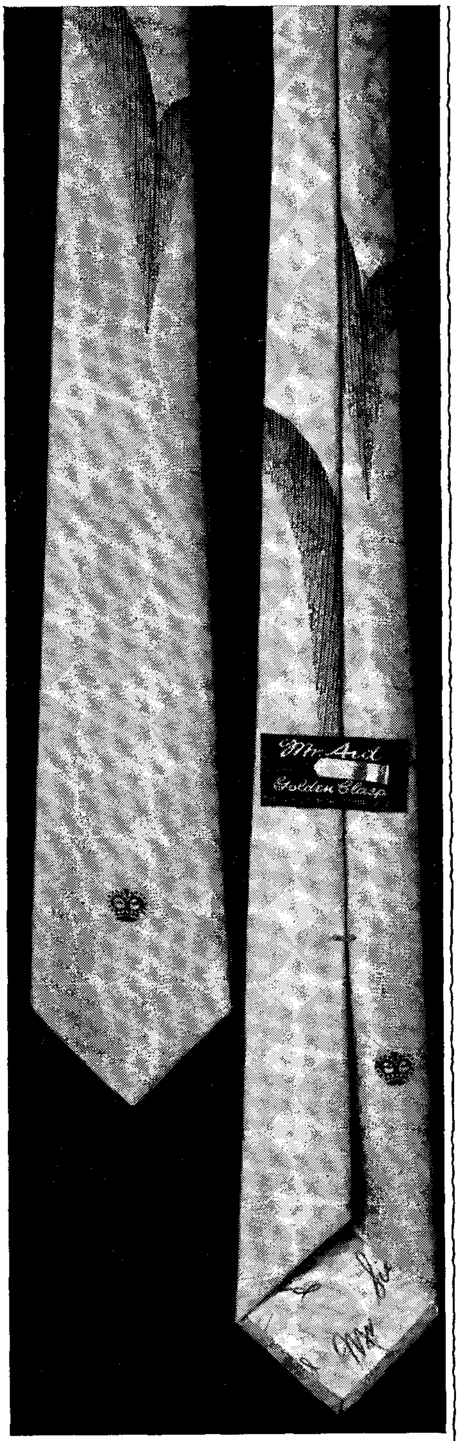

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Train runs a day in each direction, departing on the hour and on the half hour between 6 A.M. and 8 P.M. The fastest trains are those that leave on the hour, making only the stops at Nagoya and Kyoto, and that are classified as Hikari, which means "Light." (At home, I most frequently ride on commuter trains, which can ordinarily be classified as murky and disagreeable at best.) The trains that leave on the half hour are called Kodama, or "Echo," and take an extra hour for the trip, but since they make eight additional stops, they can hardly be accused of pokiness.

My seat was in a first-class car, which was tastefully decorated in the new line's dominant blue and white. There were wide double-pane windows, trimmed with light-blue glass curtains and draperies of a slightly darker blue, both of them elegantly veined with gold. A strip of rich blue carpeting ran down the middle of the car under overhead fluorescent lights, which were flanked by gleaming apparatus for heating and air-conditioning. The seats, which could be tilted back and swivelled, were upholstered in gold, with crisp white antimacassars, and equipped with adjustable footrests and with little tables that popped out of the arms. I had an aisle seat. The seat next to mine was occupied by a Japanese who had placed a pint bottle of whiskey and a glass jigger on the window sill. The sill, I calculated, was slightly less than four inches wide. While we were waiting to get under way, my seatmate uncapped the bottle, threw away the cap, filled the jigger, and set bottle and jigger back on the sill. The only suit I had with me was the one I was wearing, and I began wondering what might happen to it after we hit a hundred miles an hour and the bottle and the jigger began to jiggle. I also began wondering how sedate old Kyoto might react to an American in a whiskey-soaked suit.

We set forth at precisely ten o'clock. A few minutes later, as we cruised at a calm enough clip through the outskirts of Tokyo, there was a musical flourish over a public-address system. Then a pleasant feminine voice came on to tell us, first in Japanese and afterward in English, that we would reach Nagoya at twelve-twenty-nine, Kyoto at thirteen-thirty-six, and Osaka at fourteen hundred. Her voice brimmed with confidence; there were no qualifications or doubts, explicit or implicit, in her prophecy. My seatmate gulped down the contents of his jigger, refilled it, and put it back on the narrow

*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

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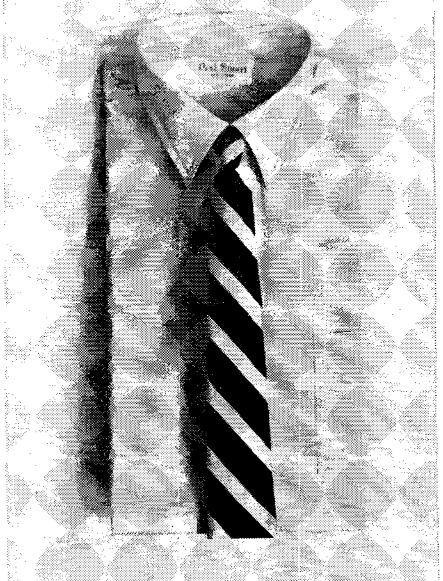

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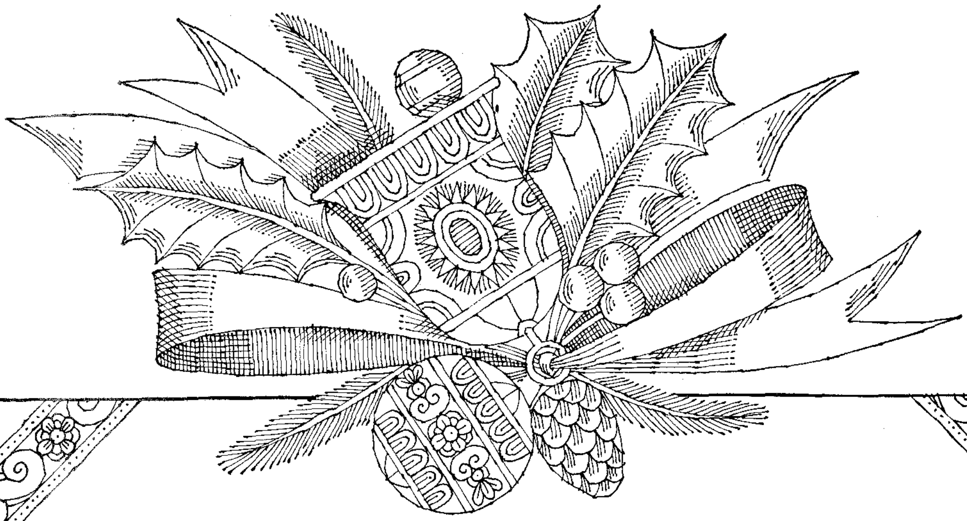

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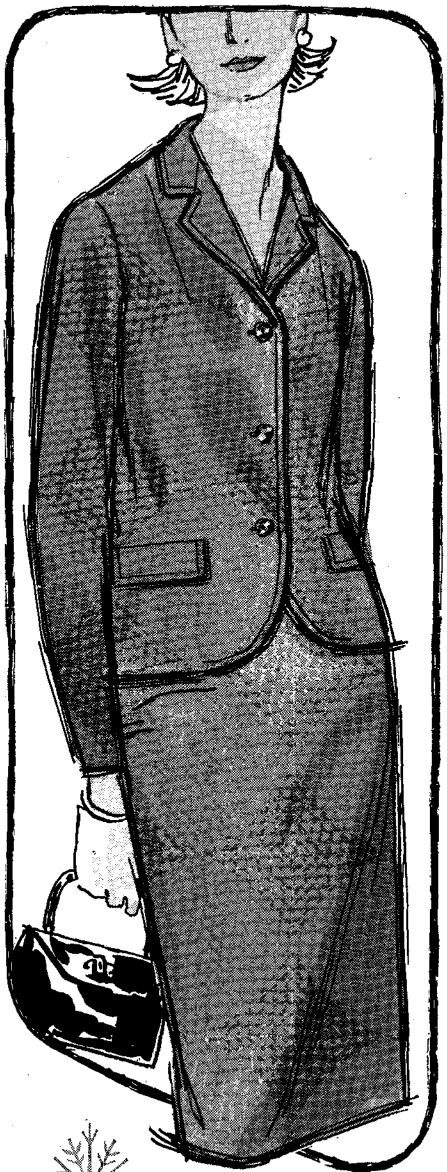

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sill. I just gulped. A conductor and his assistant, both clad in trim blue-gray uniforms and immaculate white gloves, came into the car to check our tickets. First they favored us with smart salutes—an occurrence that would no doubt jolt a New York Central or New Haven commuter into dropping his whiskey glass.

After handing over my ticket and being rewarded with grateful smiles, I pulled from my pocket a strip map that the railroad distributes to patrons. It was entitled "Train Window Panorama," and, fully extended, it was five feet long. In pictures and text, it described points of interest along our route. Like all tourists here, I was most interested in Mount Fuji, which a thick cloud cover had blotted out when I flew into Tokyo a month earlier. It was cloudy this morning, too, but the clouds were scattered and drifting. At ten-fifty-nine—we hadn't seemed to be going especially fast out of Tokyo and through Yokohama, but even so we'd racked up over eighty miles that first hour—the mesmeric tip of that legendary mountain became momentarily visible to our west, above the clouds. I grabbed my camera and clicked away. An Englishwoman across the aisle remarked sourly that the best view of Fuji is from *its* west. (There is a spoilsport in every crowd.) Two minutes later, the public-address girl said that we would shortly be revving up to a hundred and ninety kilometres—about a hundred and eighteen miles—per hour, and that if we gazed to the west at that instant we would obtain our best view of Fuji. The Englishwoman grabbed her camera, but the mountain, I was gratified to notice, had ducked behind another cloud. Soon afterward, I tried to get a picture of some of the shrubbery in the district of Shizuoka, which my "Train Window Panorama" advised me was Japan's principal producer of green tea, but we were now moving faster than my shutter seemed likely to. The window sill, however, was as steady as a teetotaller's hand.

BY eleven-thirty, my companion, his bottle half empty, had tilted his chair back, removed his shoes, and stretched out to use his footrest. I was beginning to feel thirsty myself, so I walked into the next car, which housed one of the buffets. Along one side ran a sitdown counter for eating, and along the other ran a standup counter for cooking and serving and eating and drinking. Above the door at the far end was a roster of the principal cities

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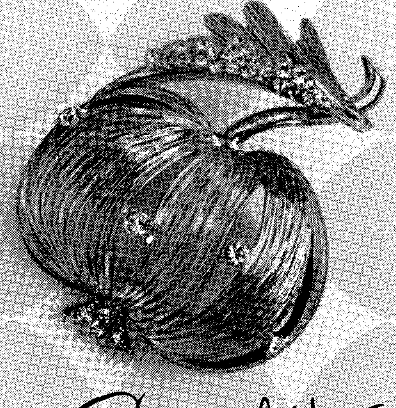

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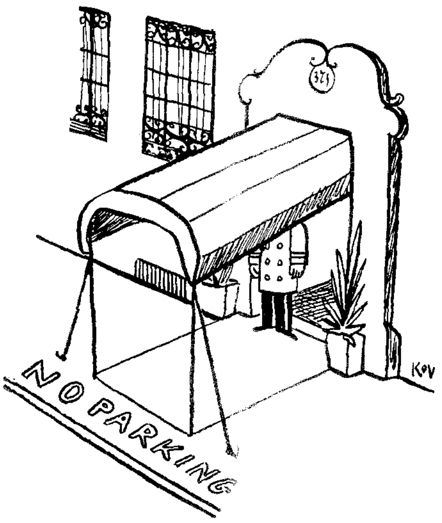
on our route; a thermometerlike red line—for all I know, electronically controlled—moved slowly from one to the next to indicate where we were at any given moment. (We were now approaching Hamamatsu, whence, said the "Train Window Panorama," comes much of Japan's edible seaweed.) At the opposite end of the car was a speedometer. We were travelling at two hundred kilometres an hour—more than two miles a minute. Behind the standup counter was a refrigerator-like appliance bearing a sign reading "Do not drink water when lamp is out." Next to this warning was an unlit light bulb, so I ordered a beer from a girl behind the counter. The buffet car was prettied up with lots of fresh flowers. It was chrysanthemum time in Japan, and in Tokyo I had seen eye-popping displays of that imperial blossom at the Olympic Village, at the National Stadium, and almost everywhere else I turned, but the Bullet Train, as if to emphasize its uniqueness, had this morning gone in for carnations. The speedometer inched up to two hundred and ten kilometres per hour. There was a bit of swaying, but not much more than you get on a New York Central commuter car when it has come so close to a full stop that the passengers are already jumping off. According to a large electric clock that the Japanese had also thoughtfully provided for our enlightenment, it was now eleven-forty-six, and as the red line revealed that we were closing in on Hamamatsu the public-address girl announced, with evident relish, that when we got to that city we would overtake an ordinary express train that had left Tokyo half an hour before us. A minute or two later, we shot past it, and not long afterward there was another sound like a shot as we passed a Bullet Train going in the opposite



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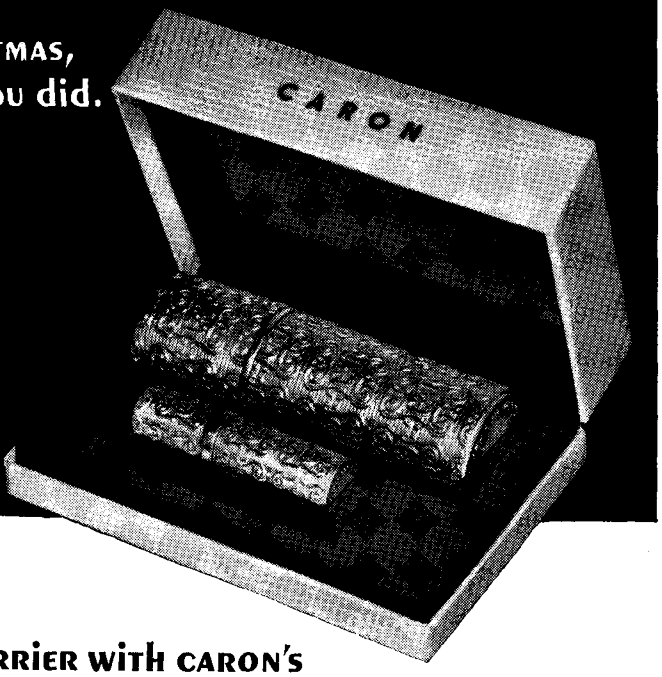

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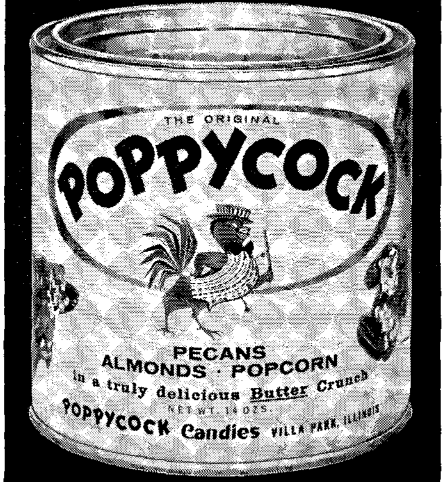
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direction. The other Bullet Train's twelve cars were fused into a single blue-and-white blur.

A Japanese standing next to me at the counter asked, in English, if I was an American, and when I said I was he wanted to know if I was an observer. I asked what he meant, and he explained that he'd read in a newspaper just that morning that the United States was thinking of going into the Bullet Train business on the run between Washington and Boston and also in the San Francisco area, and that American railroad men were supposed to be sniffing around to find out how the Japanese had turned the trick. Washington to Boston in four hours was the American dream, he told me, and he added that as far as he was concerned he hoped his nation would share its technological know-how with mine. I told him I was not really an observer and thanked him, and we exchanged bows. Then he asked me how it felt to be a marmot. I looked puzzled again. He must have taken me for a real dope, but he explained patiently that Japanese doctors use marmots to try out delicate surgical procedures on before they use them on human beings, and that we passengers were akin to marmots (if he had said guinea pigs, I'd have caught on more quickly) in that the railroad wouldn't introduce the three-hour Tokyo-to-Osaka run until it had determined experimentally how we stood up to the four-hour run. The conductor came into the buffet car and stopped beside us to ask the counter girl if there had been much breakage. No breakage at all, she told him. The conductor beamed. My companion offered him a cup of coffee, but he said he didn't drink while on duty. I asked the conductor how everything was going. In twenty-two years of working on the railroad, he said, he'd never had a better time, and the members of his crew—twenty or so all told, including the kitchen help—were also thoroughly enjoying themselves. You meet a higher class of people on the Bullet Train, he added. (This, I reflected, might have some connection with the higher class of fare.) Without even inquiring whether I was an observer, he volunteered the information that each Bullet Train has a capacity of nine hundred and eighty-seven passengers—a hundred and thirty-two in first class and eight hundred and fifty-five in second. On this run, his Hikari was eighty per cent full.

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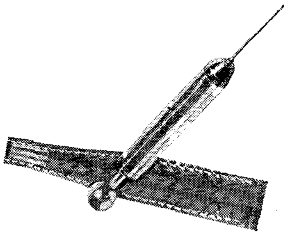

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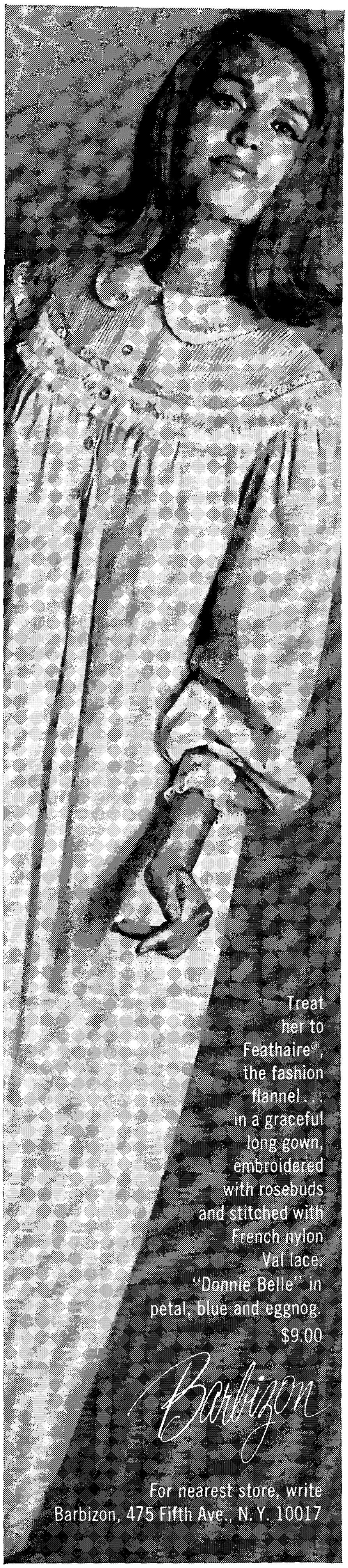
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according to my map, for its "picturesque seascape," was coming up next, but when it came we tore through it so swiftly that its picturesqueness eluded me. The conductor said matter-of-factly that the train would probably be fuller than it was but for a good many Japanese who were reluctant to ride on it because they were not yet entirely convinced that it was safe. I blinked. He added hastily that of course it was safe. In a month's operation, there had been only one, minor misadventure: somebody had fired an air-rifle bullet at a Bullet Train and nicked a window in the last car. The marksman, I suggested, had probably aimed at the first car. Nevertheless, the conductor went on, quite a few Japanese appeared to be hanging back, waiting for some sort of all-inclusive guarantee. As far as the government and the railway administration were concerned, he said, the Bullet Trains had already been proved as safe as any trains could be.

Feeling not only secure but euphoric, I ate some fried prawns and returned to my seat to prepare to disembark, which I ultimately did on the dot of thirteen-thirty-six, as promised. By that time, my seatmate, who was evidently going on to Osaka, resembled an anesthetized marmot. His bottle was nearly empty, but his jigger, brimful, stood defiantly on the window sill. As well as I could make out, not a drop had spilled during the entire trip. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Copy for the Bulletin, if typed should be double spaced. It is too hard to read when lines are close together and causes the typesetter to make more errors than necessary.—*Tryon (N.C.) Daily Bulletin.*

How many is that?

•

Stanley E. Martin, general agent emeritus of Dallas' John P. Pierce agency, presented the talk "Life Insurance And God." "With God you cannot make a deal—with me you can," he said.—*Insurance Magazine.*

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Reconstructed Nose

E. S. writes: Are bad after effects to be expected after the nose is remodeled?

Reply

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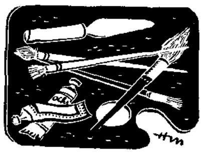
THE ART GALLERIES

Alexander Calder



IT is rare that one encounters as felicitous a union between an exhibition and the space it occupies as is now to be seen in the Alexander Calder retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. For once, the gigantic, tub-shaped structure functions perfectly. Paintings always looked a trifle askew as one viewed them from the spiralling floor, and most sculptures seemed even worse, trying to maintain their equilibrium against the slant. Here, though, in the Calder affair, there is little in the way of paintings or other graphics—these consisting mostly of early drawings in Paris, plus scattered later examples of textile design and other motifs. And, happily, the sculptures (or most of them) are not placed on the tilted flooring. As everyone knows, Calder is the master of the mobile—the system of balanced, interdependent, free-moving forms that he devised and perfected—and so most of his works dangle from the ceiling, and the spiralling design of the Museum's interior only adds a fillip to their circling movement. Even the central well at the core of the ramps, ordinarily so wasteful architecturally, finds a purpose; it now serves as a cylindrical frame or receptacle for what may well be one of the largest mobiles ever constructed—a full thirty-five feet in height, I should say, and yet so beautifully balanced that it seems almost feathery—descending in four stages of four cantilevered formal groups from the ceiling nearly to the ground floor. The first and second floors hold two very large stabiles (as Calder has christened his constructions of flat, abstract cutouts of steel or other metals, similar to the mobiles but stationary, and welded or riveted together instead of suspended), to finish off the exhibition.

The affair, it must be said, is not all a succession of triumphs—such could hardly be the case in the career of an innovator—and there are failures here and there. But I'll hold what cavillings I have until later. Mostly, I was intent upon following the sometimes zigzag but nevertheless consecutive course that Calder's career has taken (he is now sixty-six) over the years, and I found it interesting to note how many of the "accidents" of his career were lucky ones. To begin with, he was the

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son of a sculptor, Alexander Stirling Calder, a conservative and highly respected man who specialized in monumental works, and although it would be foolhardy to try to psychoanalyze as complex a character as Calder on such short notice, I cannot help wondering if his playful, take-it-apart-and-start-over-again attitude (at the outset tentative as well) may not have been born of a natural desire not to intrude on the domain of his father. At any rate, he began by studying mechanical engineering at Stevens Institute—another lucky break, since this must have given him sure grounding in the principles of balance and leverage and of linkages, which he was to use to such great advantage.

As the present collection reveals, when he turned to the arts—during his first long stay in Paris, around 1926—it was to the graphic arts as well as sculpture. Many of his early pieces, mostly of circus subjects, were drawings, wire-thin in their delicacy of line yet primarily playful (see “Balancing Lady” and “Man on Slack Wire,” in the current collection). They led him, it would seem, and still playfully (even though this was the inspiration that was to affect his whole subsequent career), to an effort to translate the wirelike lines into *real* wire, bent and pliered into shape, and to translate the subjects of the drawings into real figures that might marginally be called sculptures—a hula dancer, tightrope walkers, acrobats, and so on. The trick—Calder’s trick—was that they actually worked. The hula dancer really wiggled; the tightrope walkers, cleverly counterbalanced, slid down the wire. I saw the circus in action, ringmastered by Calder himself, back in the nineteen-forties, and I still remember with pleasure a wire dog that, after a couple of tries, jumped through a hoop. In the late nineteen-twenties, this circus had been a parlor sensation in Paris. It had even been exhibited at a now-vanished gallery called the Salon des Humoristes. Essentially, though, the emphasis was still on playfulness and improvisation, and—as the present show likewise reveals—it was not until almost a decade later that these more or less random tentative “sculptural” ideas, of lightly balanced and counterbalanced constructions, free to move at a breath of air, coalesced into the concept of the mobile. (A filmed performance of the circus in action is shown Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons in the Museum’s auditorium. I missed it, but I’m sure it is worth seeing.)

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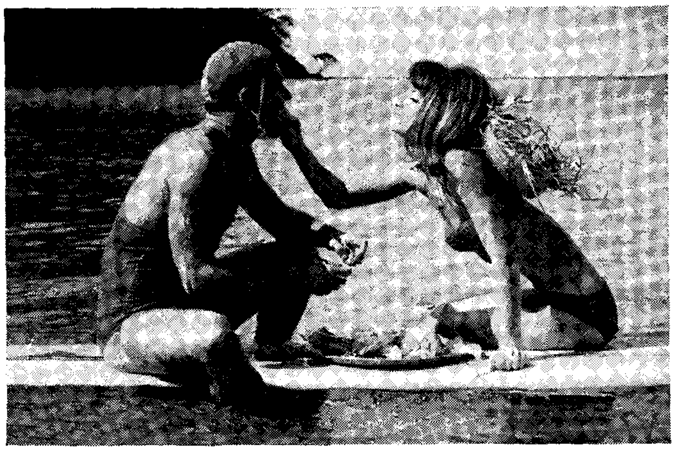

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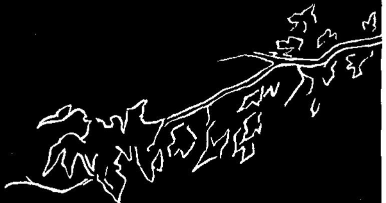

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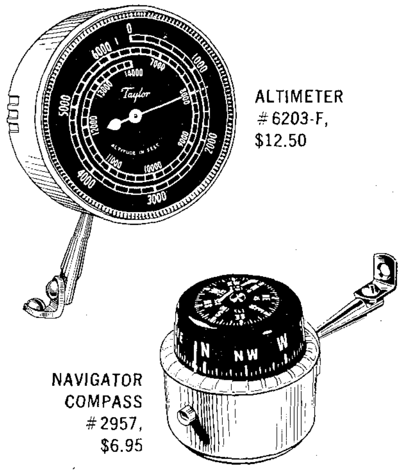
exhibition, I reconstruct Calder's development. There is nothing new in the idea of the mobile. For centuries, in the Orient, temple porches and other such edifices have been embellished with little cantilevered contraptions so made that when the wind blows they clamor and clash musically, and when I was a boy nearly every house in the upper New York State region where I lived had a similar contrivance of dangling rectangles of glass, which hung on the porch and tinkled and tankled as the wind willed. What Calder did was to eventually refine this primitive, almost childish notion to the utmost sophistication. The exhibition has been admirably selected and arranged to chart Calder's—as I have said—sometimes zigzag approach to his goal. It is in this respect a peculiarly honest exhibition, for it truthfully includes as many of the aberrant zigs and zags as it does of the forward steppings. It shows that there was a good deal of fumbling—stumbling, almost—in Calder's approach to his ultimate concept of the mobile as a new art form. He had, for one thing, a number of influences—painterly, for the most part—that he had to get rid of. Léger was one, and so was Miró, who remained longer (and at times disturbingly, as in the fairly late "Three Gongs, Red" and "Spider"), as did Mondrian. There were other false starts on the way to ultimate refinement—an awkward kind of juggler's fashion of balancing odds and ends against one another (bones, bits of wood and glass, as in "Mobile, 1936"), and an effort to combine his old sense of the farcical with his new delicacy of design (disastrously for both) in such works as the goggle-eyed semi-mobile called "Red Head." All in all, it was not before 1930, with such pieces as "Large Red" and "Black, White, and Ten Red" (if those are really the names of the pieces I mean), that the true mobile emerged. (I must say, in desperation, that, well arranged physically as the show is, the placing of the titles is sometimes random.)

In the main, Calder's ultimate refinement of the style consisted of a severe limitation of tonality (whereas before he had used reds, greens, and more or less the whole gamut of colors indiscriminately, he now confined himself to over-all black, red, or white, or discreet mixtures of the three) plus a reduction of his forms to thin, flat segments of metal, variously shaped, appended to bent wires themselves hung in balance from other such shapes, so that they all maintained a delicate equilibrium that wind could disturb

THOUGHTFUL GIFTS



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but not destroy. This was the mobile per se. It appeared in final form around the middle nineteen-thirties, and the exhibition, which numbers some four hundred items all told, must contain over a hundred of them. To my mind, this is a little too many, but their number does indicate the amount of time Calder spent working in only that style. The mobile operates on a fairly simple principle, and though Calder showed an amazing amount of ingenuity in devising variations on the forms that could be made to balance and move according to that principle (for just a few instances in the current collection, "Black Crescent," whose movement actually is in the pattern of a crescent; the stately,ruddered "Large Red;" "Little Leaves," whose movement is entirely horizontal and creates the effect of a covey of leaves scudding with the wind; the graceful, poetic "Moths;" and the neatly interlacing "Many Pierced Disks"), there were those of his admirers, like myself, who felt that he was in danger of exhausting the possibilities of the form and who wished that he would turn to something new.

He did, in the early nineteen-fifties, when he created his stabiles, which are, in their contrapuntal fashion, as remarkable as the mobiles. At about the same period, or a bit earlier, he seemed by my reckoning to have arrived at a new feeling of confidence in his work and in his command of it. His constructions, both mobile and stabile, grew larger, more firm in conception, and bolder in development—with, as a temporary but happy concomitant, the further result that the present retrospective ends on a true crescendo. It was around 1960, I believe, that he did the first really big stabile I saw, at the Perls Gallery. It was called "The City" and was so huge that one could actually walk inside it. Unfortunately, it is not in this show, but there are others of nearly the same dimensions—notably "Guillotine for Eight," with its menacingly poised black blade, and the prancing "Bucephalus." These bring the exhibition to a triumphant close. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

9 MOVIE—Color (4): Anthony Perkins plays a Venezuelan adventurer who runs into a female Tarzan (Audrey Hepburn), in M-G-M's adaptation of W. H. Hudson's classic, "Green Mansions."—*Television program in the Herald Tribune.*

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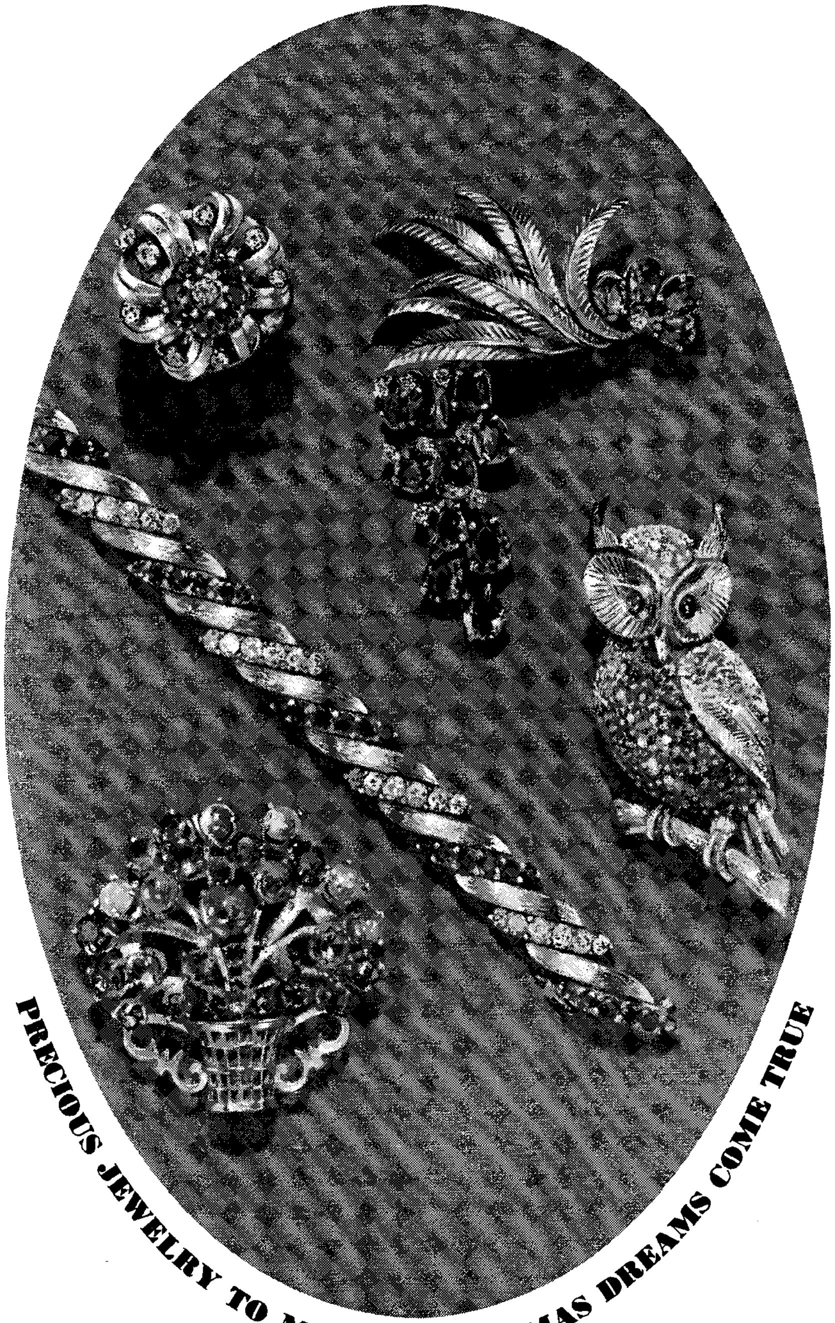

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

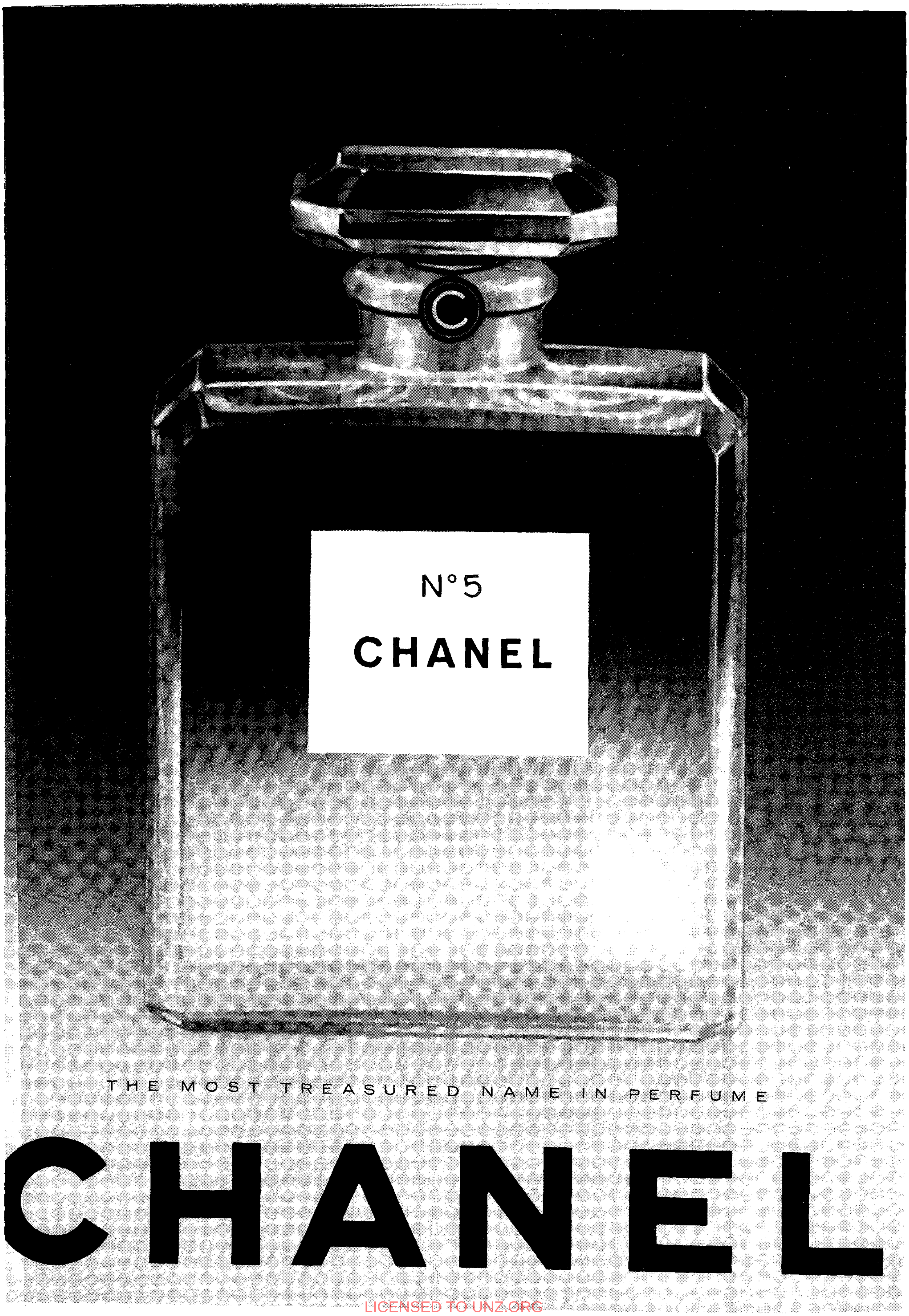
INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

Do you realize that the entire English-speaking world, with the possible exception of the mother country, is muddled about the seasons and the weather that goes with each, on account of the beautiful, inescapable influence of English literature? In parts of the United States, for instance, Keats' "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" is in fact a time to beware of hurricanes. T. S. Eliot's line may never catch up with Browning's tra-la-la, although New York City's April is usually cruel; witness our normal Easter parade—a march-past of shivering ladies beneath gray skies. And it is surely rather hard that around the world, in lands of palm, pine, live oak, liana, and buffalo grass alike, one English Lit. implantation should be regularly disappointed—the trust that a happy year naturally ends with a fresh fall of light snow, not quite thick enough to impede the passage of a stagecoach. Instead, carollers in Minnesota wander into drifts over their heads, and Manhattan children unwrap Christmas sleds amid naked asphalt. Of course you see what these literary generalizations are getting at. December 25th is not far off. Slush and turkey may be our portion, but it's time to consider what presents will make Christmas merry hereabouts, come rain or come shine—and let the Cratchit family mind its own affairs. With no further meandering, we'll start on the subject of gifts for women, mostly, and a few clothes for children.

This year, a lady can look fashionable in several ways. She can resemble (or even be) an impoverished intellectual in heavy stockings and an unfitted jumper. It's also stylish to masquerade as a Tory squire in a tweed trouser suit. At the same time, sequins, feathers, and décolletage—marks of the classic *femme fatale*—are considerably more than all right. We shall try to suggest something in each of these moods. The prices we quote include the federal excise tax where it applies, but not the New York City sales tax; none of the shops on our list give green stamps; and here come those most urgent presents—the custom-made, or custom-modifiable, kind, which need to be ordered almost immediately.

Among furs to order, a most appealing coat, fine for those days when WE 6-1212 admits it may rain, is available at Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (66th). It is handsome, slender, and double-breasted, it is water-repellent beige corduroy on the outside, and it is fur-collared and fur-lined. If you know a girl who would like such a coat (and if you don't, we can introduce you to one, name of Legion), there's a wait of three weeks after you've picked out the fur—kit fox ($295), sable-dyed possum ($345), red fox ($365), or beige-and-white mink bellies ($485). At Harold Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue (69th), there's another good-looking fur-lined raincoat: beige poplin, with collar, cuffs, and lining of striking black-and-white skunk. The price: $185. The wait: three weeks. While you're waiting, take a look at Mr. Rubin's toasty greatcoat made of kit fox that has been bleached to the color of white wine. The skins are worked horizontally—or all around, like a hug. It costs $595, and you can call for it, too, in three weeks.

What should be done about the poor girl who, to hear her tell it, gets caught bareheaded in a surprise snowstorm practically every time she leaves the hairdresser? Simply put under her Christmas tree a bright fur capelet that can also serve as a warm babushka. Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th), will make one up in a week. Its fur is red American broadtail, edged with black American broadtail fringe; $150. Kaplan also offers a muff in a new shape for muffs—a hot-dog shape. The fur possibilities are rabbit dyed almost any color ($45), three shades of mink ($175), and chinchilla-colored chinchilla ($225). Allow one week. If it's feet, rather than fingers, that you want to single out for Christmas attention, we suggest a pair of Kaplan's stylish flat-heeled mink pumps. They cost $75 and take two weeks. Jax, 7 West 57th Street, a shop that has just begun to deal in furs, is off to a fine start with a mink (well, mink sides) sports coat—wide, notched collar, broad lapels, deep pockets, and a front belt. They want a week's notice and $770. You may order it in black, which is flattering, or beige, which is more familiar, and flattering. At Alice Schweitzer Boutique,



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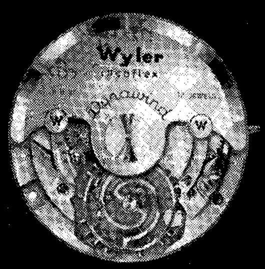

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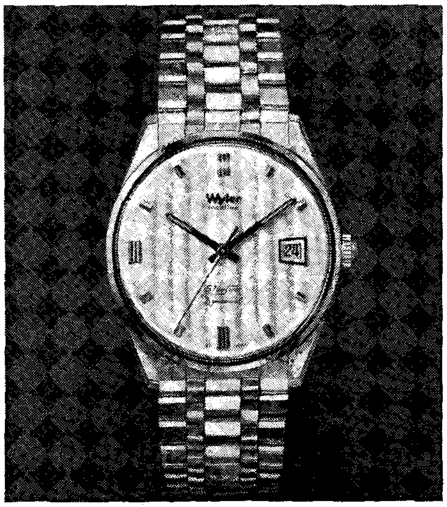

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WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

739 Madison Avenue (64th), you will find a major, mostly fur, sweater. All that isn't fur—the yoke and the long sleeves—is heavy brown hand-crocheted wool. The fur is mink tails, half of them beige and half dark brown, forming a vaguely zebraesque diagonal pattern. It may sound overactive, but it looks just great. The price is $605, and the advance notice required is three weeks. You could give a lady a fur waistcoat. J. Diamond, 32 East 57th Street, makes a delightful one out of Brazilian river otter, a fur remarkable for both its color—misty silver—and its sleekness. The collarless neck is bound with gray suède; $395 and two weeks. Already on hand and ready to be Christmas-wrapped at the Charles of the Ritz Boutique, in the Ritz Tower, at the corner of Park Avenue and 57th Street, is a trim, close-fitting raccoon hood, whose fur has been bleached beige and whose lining is beige wool jersey—a frame that would become many a pretty face. It's $60.

Still at Charles of the Ritz, but back in the made-to-order department, we are thinking now of a girl who likes to stay at home, with the steam heat on. She's giving a dinner, and, courtesy of you, she is wearing beautiful one-piece dinner pajamas. We can't decide whether they are silk-lined crêpe ($140) or silk-lined crinkled chiffon ($210), but they are sleeveless, with a narrow bodice and flowing trousers, and they take two weeks. Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has yards and yards of lovely French brocade that looks fragile and antique—rococo, if you want the period. Imagine, if you will, lacy pale-gold roses slightly raised on a café-au-lait background. Well, the stuff is actually a viscose-and-nylon blend, designed to wear forever. In three weeks, it can be made into a splendid, simple at-home outfit—a sleeveless blouse to go over slender trousers. That will be $195.

Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street, has a couple of other exciting fabrics. First, one that consists of alternating bands of ivory cotton corduroy and turquoise grosgrain ribbon. Just the thing for a long Empire dress ($75) or a long, loose coat ($85). They'd make a nice ensemble, by the way. And, second, a dazzling wool challis—striped green, blue, gold, purple, and black. It's wonderful as a long, full skirt (the stripes horizontal) accompanied by a sleeveless overblouse (the stripes vertical), an outfit that can be had for $110. The wait here is two weeks.

The fabric news at the I. Miller

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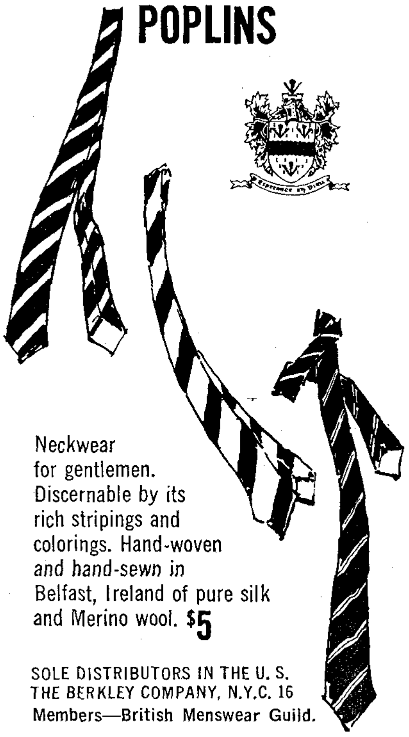

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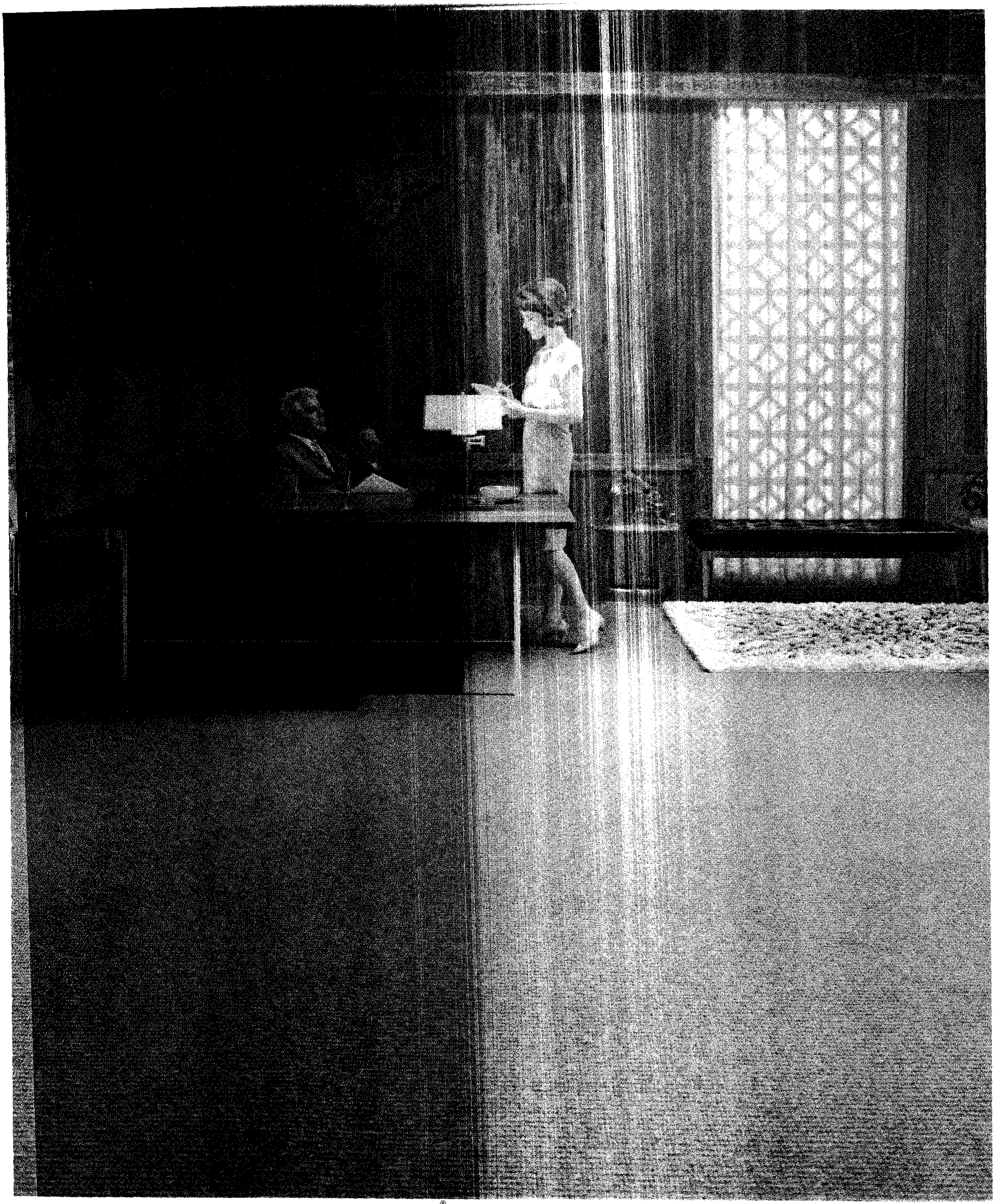

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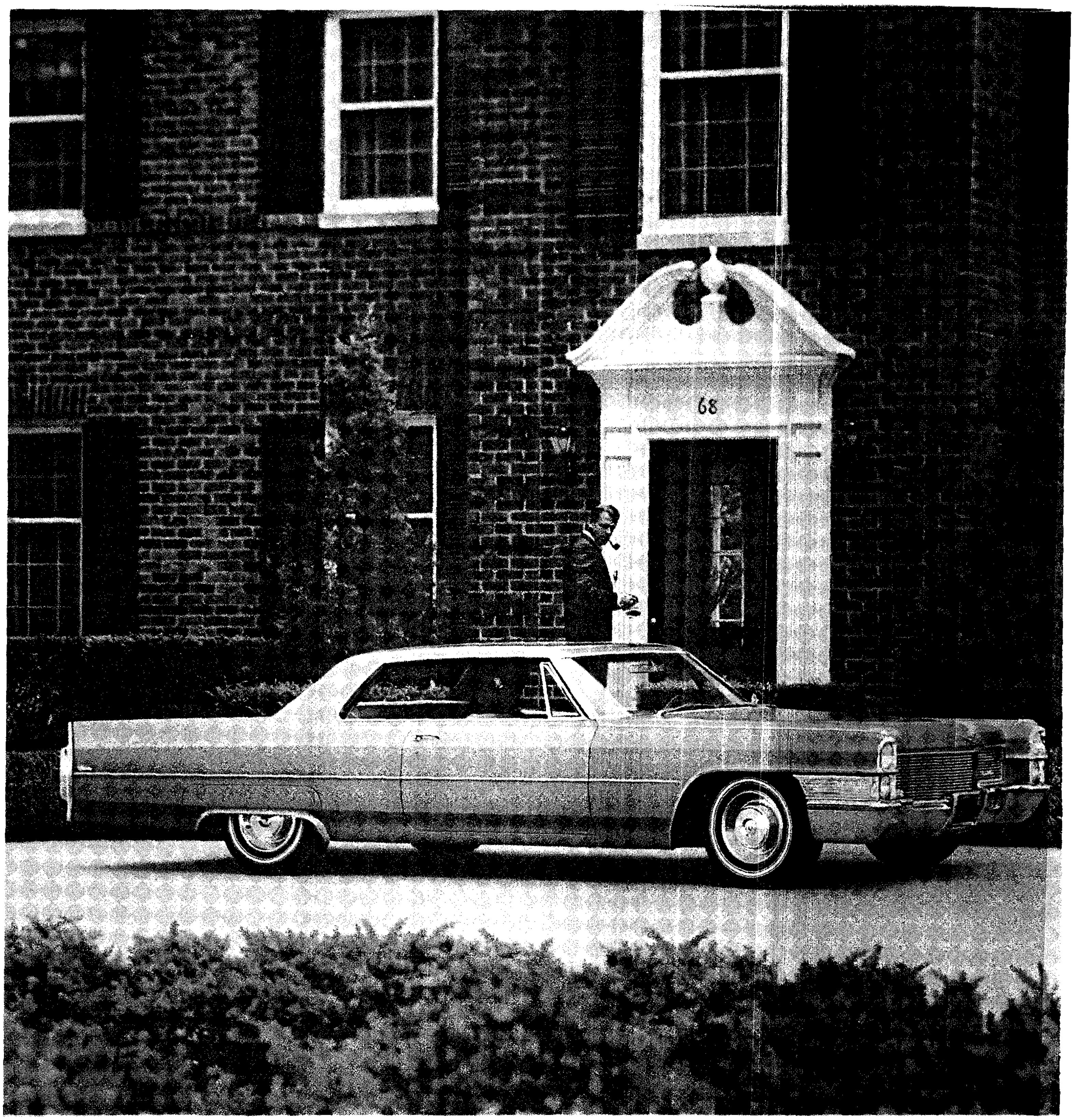

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Galleria, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), is a rayon story. Short, silky rayon fringe—think of false eyelashes and you're on the track—is curried to present an allover pattern of orange, green, and gold flowers. It makes a glorious two-piece at-home suit—a narrow, sleeveless overblouse and long, full culottes; $180 and two weeks. The new way of handling velvet, that wonderfully flattering but endlessly difficult fabric, seems to have tamed it. Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), has a deliberately crushed variety, very soft. A special wrinkling process has rendered it immune to further wrinkling and nearly immune to spotting. It comes in almost any color you name. The Princess will transform the fabric—on three weeks' notice—into a long at-home gown with a V-neckline framed by a handsome portrait collar. A velvet cord bow tops off an invisible front zipper, and a velvet cord does for a belt. Add several rows of shirring below the waistline, and that's it; $135.

At Barra, 445 Park Avenue (56th), the evening ensembles have soft, crinkly silk skirts with lovely, blurry orange-and-pink printed patterns and orange cummerbunds. Their tops are orange silk turtleneck blouses. If the supply is sold out by the time you arrive, you will have to wait three weeks; $120. Barra also takes orders for a knitted three-piece wool suit. The jacket and skirt are fashioned of one-inch knitted squares, in any solid color—a notion that not only gives the fabric an engaging texture but insures against the awful tendency some knits have to hang limply. The overblouses are the same solid color (whichever) striped horizontally with white; three weeks and $115. Continuing with knits-to-order, we'd like to mention a sweet sleeveless mohair pullover with an immense turtleneck at Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). Mohair, by convention, usually comes in pastels, but now the spectrum's the limit. A lady might delight in a snappy orange, to pick a color at random; two weeks and $16.50. You say this person knits for herself? Order her some professional-looking labels at the French Sewing Basket, 1374 First Avenue (73rd). In two weeks, the Basket will produce a hundred saying, for instance, "Hand Knit by Charlotte Brontë;" $4.

We've strayed. To get back to to-order at-home clothes, please consider the fact that in one week Elizabeth Lawrence, 17 West 57th Street, can finish a two-part wraparound blouse. Each part serves as half the back and

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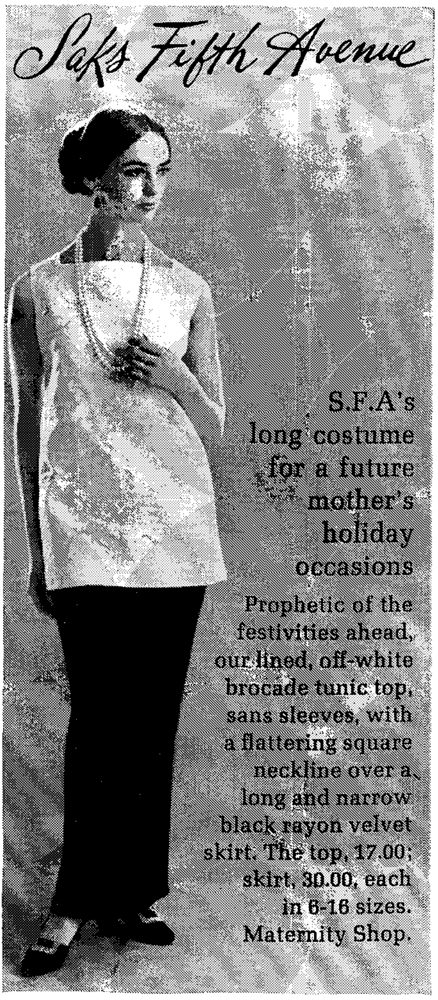
half the front, and is a different color, thus dividing the wearer vertically in two, like the Queen of Hearts. The blouse, which is made of matte jersey, costs $35, and, to calm down the split effect, you can get a willowy, floor-length all-black wool jersey skirt for $45.

Just across the way, at Matthews, 22 West 57th Street, you can acquire an attractive at-home gown—a flowing sheer wool shift in any solid color you want or in a black-and-white check. It's floor length, and the collar is round in front and pointed in back. A splendid leather-lined belt comes with it, but you know and I know that no girl in her fashionable mind would want to belt a shift. No matter. The price is $169.95, and the wait is two weeks. If you're certain that our hypothetical lady owns a pair of slender at-home trousers, we're certain that she would like a new at-home top. Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street, though mostly dedicated to men's wear, has a smashing rajah coat, or tunic, for women. (Watchers of the Late Late Show may remember how fine Tyrone Power looked wearing the prototype in "The Rains Came.") The material is textured heavy silk, with a contrasting lining (blue silk lined with apple green, for example), and the tunic, which costs $75, is only approximately sized (small, medium, large); one week's time.

Perhaps the lucky one is more winsome than dashing? Try the James Holton Boutique, 193 West 4th Street, where there's a long velveteen at-home dress garnished with French cotton lace and memories of dancing class. The shape is A line, the neck is bateau, and the sleeves are elbow length and bell-shaped. The lace—whole slabs of it—is placed (1) a few inches above the hemline and (2) at the ends of the sleeves; $90 and one week.

Since the lady is expected to spend so much time at home, she might like a soft, decorative cushion. You can order her one at Chequer, 1071A Third Avenue (63rd). Most of the puffs on hand would go better with Barcelona than Chippendale chairs; the shop's specialty is modern-looking, hand-woven, nubbly-textured wool, and, for cushion purposes, up-to-date two-color combinations like rust and gold or coral and royal blue. Eighteen inches square, they cost $24 apiece and take ten days.

EVERY woman wants an evening bag, or another evening bag. At Art Bag Creations, 735 Madison Ave-



Saks Fifth Avenue

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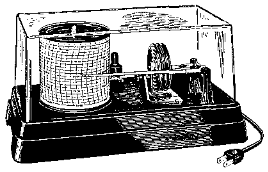

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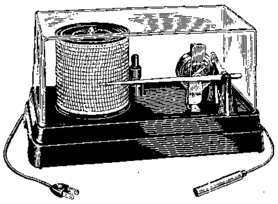

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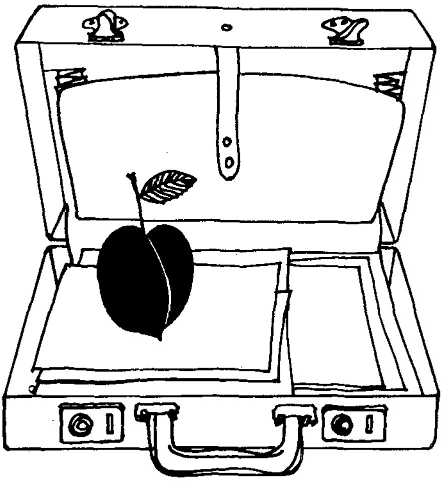
nue (64th), there are old, one-of-a-kind frames ready for new, one-of-a-kind bags to be mounted on. A finished example we saw, which may be gone before you arrive, bespeaks the happy possibilities. It is—or was—a small, plump square of new black lizard on an old sterling-silver frame studded with hand-set marcasite brilliants and a diamond-shaped carnelian, and it costs $165. Doting mothers, grandmothers, or possibly aunts who possess antique handbag frames of their own and, under the Christmas influence, are willing to part with them are encouraged to bring them in. The shop will fit them out with any material, in any design, within two weeks, and at prices ranging from $85 to $250. Henri Bétrix, 702 Madison Avenue (62nd), offers a shapely medium-sized pouch with a gold-plated metal frame for daytime use. It can be carried by its handle strap or slung over a shoulder, and the leather is anteater—not just any old anteater but a pangolin, which is about as dressy-looking an anteater as you could find. The colors include claret, beige, and black; ten days and $247.50.

If you are thinking of giving a travelling handbag, a capacious model at Jacomo, 25 East 61st Street, carries the sport of What-Will-the-Airlines-Tolerate-as-Hand-Luggage? to a high, and possibly unbeatable, pitch. This bag is easily big enough (all out, it's a foot and a half high) to hold a lady's overnight things in their entirety, and, thanks to a nifty scheme of clasps and locks, smashes down at the first dirty look and fits under the airplane seat. Jacomo has it in stock in soft black or brown Italian calf; other colors take two weeks. The price is $148.50. Another fine local travelling companion—this one at Aaron Willet, 303 East 51st Street—is an impressive hand-stained cowhide shopping bag. Willet carries it in five colors, and if none of those are right, you wait a week for the color you want. Unlike most shopping bags, this one has an inside zippered pocket for valuables, pills, credit cards, and keys. In short, it is a shopping bag and handbag in one, leaving its owner with a hand free for hailing a taxi or keeping a grip on an exuberant child; $19.80.

SPEAKING of the young, you may be pleased to learn that the marvellous children's clothes made by Julia Marshall, who used to have her own shop, are now available through Eleanor Beard, at 446 Park Avenue



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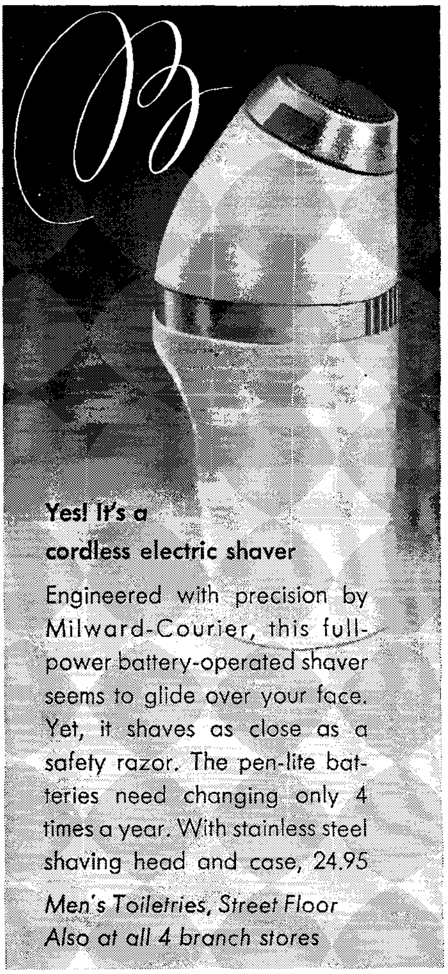


Yes! It's a cordless electric shaver

Engineered with precision by Milward-Courier, this full-power battery-operated shaver seems to glide over your face. Yet, it shaves as close as a safety razor. The pen-lite batteries need changing only 4 times a year. With stainless steel shaving head and case, 24.95

Men's Toiletries, Street Floor
Also at all 4 branch stores

Bloomingdale's • Lex. at 59th • EL 5-5900

OUR [illegible] MACDUFF [illegible] TARTAN — ABOUT $2[illegible] SOLID SHADES [illegible]

Lochlana®—imported by Hathaway in the nick of time for Christmas

(It feels like cashmere and wears like wool)

THIS YEAR, give him something you *know* he doesn't have. Lochlana shirts by Hathaway are now in America for the first time. *Sumptuous* gifts.

Lochlana is woven in a remote European mill, from a princely mixture of cotton and wool "tops" (the mink of the wool world).

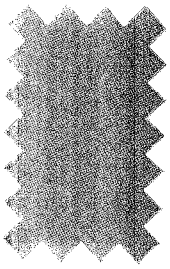
The fussy weavers spin the cotton and wool together in *every single thread.* This explains Lochlana's warmth and creamy-smooth texture. *Amazingly like cashmere.*

More good news. A Lochlana shirt should last for at least *five years.* It will never fade, mat or tickle. Neither will it shrink—even in laundries.

As for the tailoring, you get single-needle stitching. Manly, square-cut cuffs. And a choice of regular or button-down collar.

Only Hathaway has the right to make shirts of Lochlana. They come in a vast array of 28 heathery tartans and 17 solid shades. Example: the Indian Red swatch you see below.

For names of stores, a swatch of Lochlana and a Pocket *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings,* write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.



"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

REMY MARTIN
MAP REPRESENTING VARIOUS GROWTHS OF THE COGNAC DISTRICT
FRANCE
COGNAC
GRANDE CHAMPAGNE
PETITE CHAMPAGNE
BORDERIES
FINS BOIS
BONS BOIS
BOIS ORDINAIRES
IMPORTED BY
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEWARK, N.J.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
E. REMY MARTIN & Co
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
REMY MARTIN

Proudly we turn our back…

The back label of Remy Martin "Fine Champagne" Cognac shows a section of the map of France, which explains why some Cognac is superior to others. Even though all Cognac must come from the small select Cognac region of France, in "Fine Champagne" Cognac *only* the prized, precious grapes grown in the two tiny innermost parts of the Cognac area can be used. No other grapes will do, *by law*. Only V.S.O.P. quality Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Enjoy Remy Martin, the Cognac of connoisseurs for more than two centuries. Remy Martin V.S.O.P. "Fine Champagne" Cognac, one of the world's most luxurious drinks—acclaimed as the finest in 110 nations.

THE SIGN OF THE CENTAUR IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

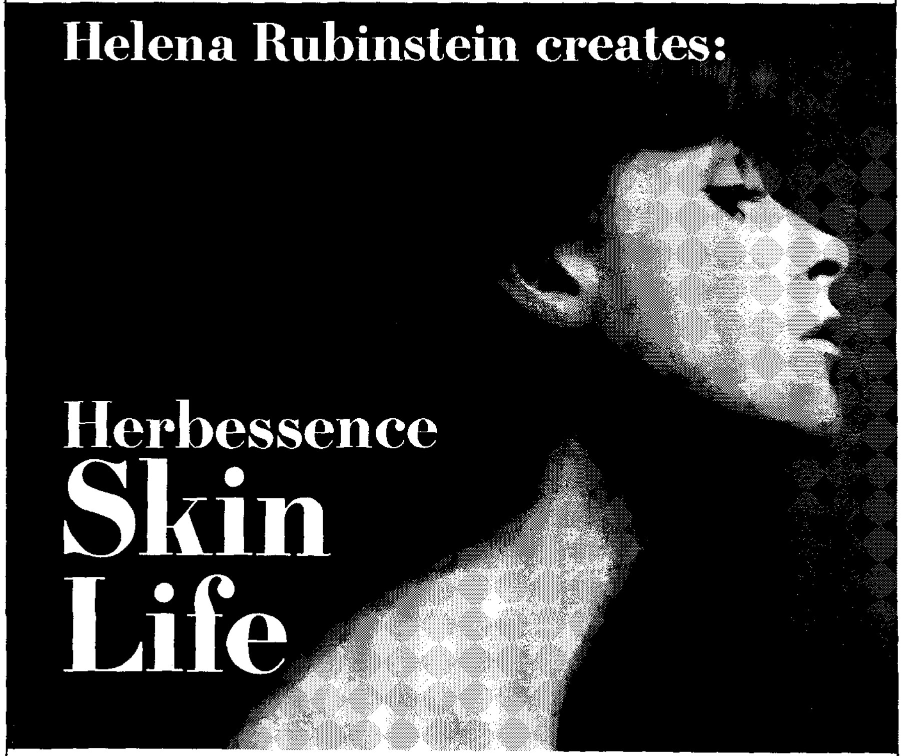
80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

(56th). We are smitten by a little girl's red velveteen ensemble—a softly tucked coat, lined with white taffeta, and a matching bonnet; sizes 3 to 6 are $55, and sizes 7 to 10 are $65.50. Brother-and-sister party sets for toddlers consist of ruffled white crêpe-de-Chine blouses and either red velveteen button-on shorts or red velveteen jumpers. They are $29.95 per child, and the sewing time for everything here is two weeks. A boy or girl who needs an inducement when bedtime looms might respond to a remarkable bathrobe sold at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th). The fabric is fine white combed cotton, hand-printed all over with characters from the works of Beatrix Potter, Lewis Carroll, A. A. Milne, and others. The designs are lively and imaginative—dauntless Alice, bustling Mother Rabbit—and the style is eminently simple: a tie belt, a striped lining, a single patch pocket. Sizes 1 through 14 are priced from $24.50 to $48. An order takes three weeks.

WE have a couple of suggestions (for grown ladies) that aren't precisely to order yet call for forehandedness. Have you thought of giving a cat? If so, we can recommend Fabulous Felines, 141 Lexington Avenue (29th), whose proprietor, Mr. Milan Greer, is trustworthy and opinionated. He sells healthy, inoculated, first-class pedigreed kittens—Siamese ($75 to $150), Abyssinians ($150 to $175), Persians ($75 to $150), and Burmese ($135 to $150). In order to buy a cat as a gift, one must persuade Mr. Greer that the prospective recipient is worthy of keeping a cat—and, beyond that, the

For you, the woman who wants to see definite beauty results!

Helena Rubinstein creates:

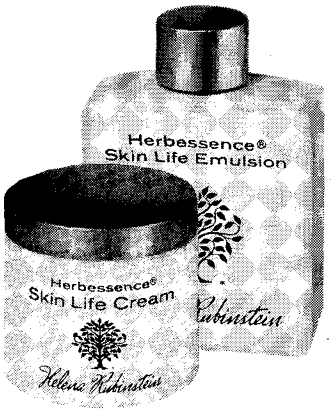


Herbessence Skin Life

Acclaimed in France by "le tout Paris," Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life preparations are now made in this country for discerning American women!

Herbessence Skin Life Cream—Helena Rubinstein has made this the most luxurious night cream...the one night cream that brings rare herbals and bio-natural extracts into instant contact with dry, fatigued skin. The effects are dramatic. You'll see new radiance—new freshness—a more youthful, animated look. Tonight, experience the beauty transformation Skin Life® Cream can bring you! 10.00, 17.50.

Herbessence Skin Life Emulsion—You will surely want to continue Skin Life care throughout the day with the remarkable benefits of Herbessence Skin Life Emulsion. This light, creamy liquid with herbal elements and bio-natural extracts moisturizes invisibly *under* make-up, helps to correct dryness, keeps your complexion looking marvelously fresh with a youthful glow! 10.00, 17.50.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN®
655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Portrait

All you need is an elaborate
gilded frame, a locket with
someone's hair in it, and
a spaniel at your feet. "Portrait
d'une Princesse." "Queen
Something," by Velasquez. Pure
unalloyed romance, in cotton
velveteen. The pleated white
pique bib is edged with a
double row of lace. Red, Olive,
Blue, Violet, Black. Sizes 6 to 16.

*About thirty dollars at good
stores and college shops.*

The Villager ®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

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specific cat in question. This may prove arduous or impossible, but, on the other hand, once Greer and his staff *are* convinced, they are available for expert consultation during all the rest of the cat's life.

If the girl of your dreams already possesses a sufficiency of cats and you're at your wit's end, you might look in on the Scientific Library Service, 31 East 10th Street, where the manuscript of Mozart's first composition is up for sale. Mozart's father wrote it down, because Wolfgang was only five years old at the time. Not a showy present, but at least she won't see one like it every place she goes; $9,500.

HERE we enter the vast domain of ready-to-wear, gifts on hand, items in stock (for the moment, anyhow), and standard sizes. First, outer garments—coats, jackets, and such—press themselves upon our attention. We assume that we don't have to convince you of the virtues of buffalo hides. Their warmth and indestructibility not only helped win the West but almost finished off the American bison. What you may not believe—it's true, though—is that Abercrombie & Fitch is using buffalo hides to make a lady's coat. The shaggy fur, sheared and dyed brown, looks something like nutria. The style of the coat is polo, sportily piped with brown leather; $825. Abercrombie also has a delectable reversible coat—butterscotch-and-white tweed on one side and natural (molasses-candy-color) kit fox on the other. It's $500.

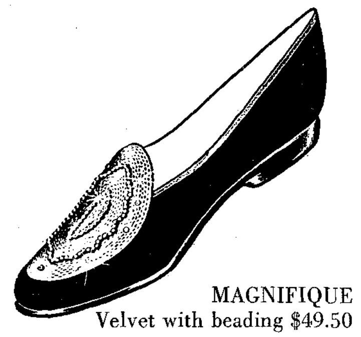
If there's a youngish lady on your list, we direct you to the Mlle. Revillon enclave at Saks Fifth Avenue to inspect some coats made of sheared lamb that has been treated in a delightfully highhanded fashion. Imagine a straight, street-length, sporty coat whose fur is dyed a vast, amazing navy-camel-and-white Argyle plaid; $660. Or a seven-eighths-length sheared-lamb party coat, its navy fur embroidered with giant blue-and-white wool flowers; $792. Curly lamb, which hasn't been sheared, is the fur of a Revillon sports jacket whose front is all black and green diamonds. Its trim, comparatively sober back is plain black; $242.

A girl who has graduated from lamb may be ready for mink. (Mink readiness, like reading readiness, occurs at different ages in different females.) And a possible starter is an enchanting concoction of dark ranch mink that its creator, S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street, calls a shrug. The

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



MAGNIFIQUE
Velvet with beading $49.50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

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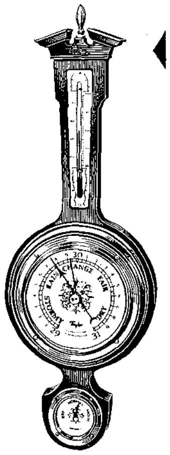
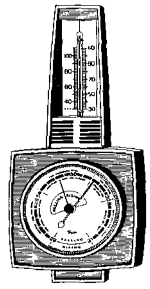


STATESMAN
#6401,
$25.00

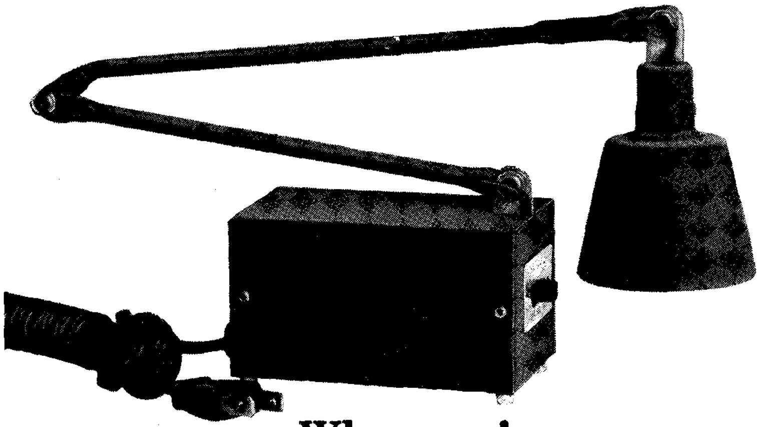


VEGA
#6404, $9.95

STORMOSCOPE® Barometers have new UNI/MAG® Movement which gives 2½ times more pointer action for every change in barometric pressure. STATESMAN has mahogany case, brass trim. Tells temperature and humidity too. VEGA has light beige plastic case with gold trim. At finer gift, jewelry, department and hardware stores.

BY Taylor

APPROVED BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES, INC.



When you're a homely little lamp, you have to have lots of personality... and be very helpful

You'd never believe this coltish-looking little lamp could find such an indispensable place in your life.

Sew while the family watches TV (needle threading is a cinch!). Read in bed without disturbing the spouse. Paint (you see colors true-to-hue!). Manicure. Shave. Study. Work at hobbies. Tensor-Lite is like concentrated daylight, for your own personal use, anytime.

What makes it possible? Electronic miniaturization: High-intensity illumination in a confined beam...(the Hi-Lo switch provides up to the equivalent of a 200-watt conventional desk lamp)...that can be directed exactly where you want it, and only where you need it. It's pure white, glare-free.

Tensor-Lite can be used anywhere; the extra-long cord gives wide reach. It bends every which way. It travels: folds compactly to pocket size.

Tensor-Lite will do so many things for you, it won't be long before you'll find it the irreplaceable light of your life.

The Tensor-Lite shown (#5975) has a LIFETIME GUARANTEE against damage in normal use. In neutral finish, $17.50. Other models from $9.95. You'll find them in department, stationery and specialty stores. Stop in and see if you can resist owning one.

...then people will take you home and love you!

tensor®
TENSOR CORP., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11233

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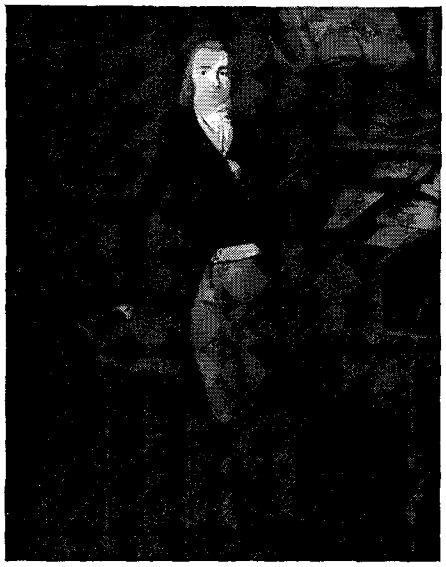
There was another famous Johann. He composed his music in bottles.



Johann Friedrich Deinhard (1772-1827) founded the world famous German wine house Deinhard & Co., on May 1, 1794.

The 'music' in wines comes from the grape. Perhaps because the rocky soil banking the Rhine and Moselle Rivers is suited for nothing else, it gives its all to the *Riesling* grape. A small grape, a late ripener, but one which presents a glorious wine, full of character, perfume and body. A talented family named Deinhard has been treating each Riesling grape as a note in a symphony, for 300 years. Together they make magnificent, musical wines.

Johann Deinhard acquired extensive acreage along both rivers and built vast aging cellars under the town of Koblenz. By 1825 the family firm of Deinhard was the most important exporter of German wines. Today the House of Deinhard continues to be run by Johann's descendants. And the lyrical qualities of Deinhard still and sparkling wines continue to delight connoisseurs the world over.

Dine with Deinhard

LIEBFRAUMILCH "Hanns Christof Wein." A superb Rhine wine, aristocratic in character, fruity, yet crisp and light. Noted for its pleasing bouquet.

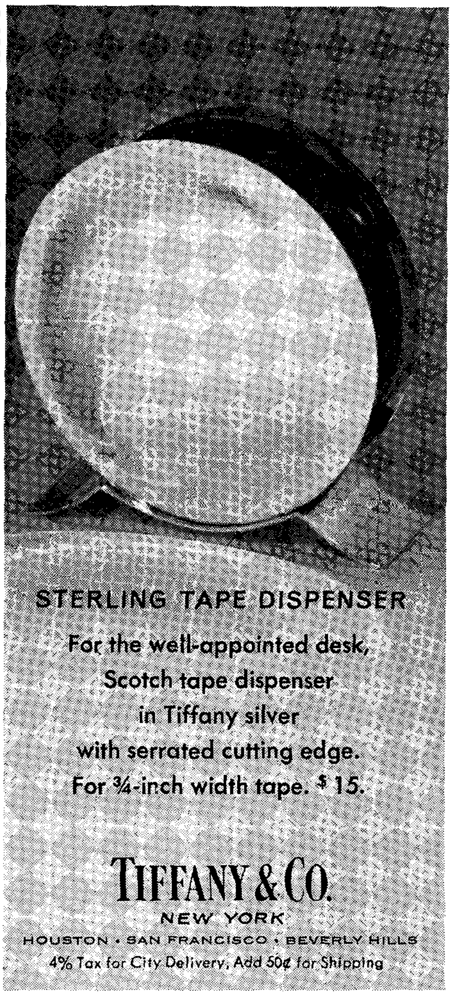
WILE
NEW YORK

fur is deep and luxurious, and what it makes is more than a tiny cape—if that's what you think "shrug" means. This thing fastens in the front, with one button; it also has a notched collar and two tiny pockets. Just what *they're* for, we can't figure out. Certainly not mad money. The price is $984.50.

A long-sleeved pullover made of velvety brown sheared kangaroo and piped with brown leather would be fine for a nippy day. Altman's has an admirable one, and the price is $220. Altman's also has a number of notable all-weather town coats. One is puckered black nylon lined with black-dyed rabbit; $137.50. Another is a polo coat of white corduroy lined with furry white pile; $40. Bonwit Teller's French ski jacket (made by Dior Sport of France) is charmingly feminine—slender sleeves, an elasticized waist, and a big self bow to tie it closed. The pattern is a bold black-and-white check, the fabric is sensible nylon; $80. Lord & Taylor has a brilliant entry in the sporty fur-tops class—a black-and-white skunk cardigan bound with black leather, lined with black wool jersey, and fastened at the neck and the waist with gold-metal clasps; $434.50. That's by no means all. Lord & Taylor also offers irresistible temptation in the form of a pullover of beige-and-white mink gills that has a beige wool-knit collar; $385. And if the lady has a no-kidding approach to cold-weather activities, she can hardly do without the eminently sound hooded car coat at Lord & Taylor: beige canvas outside, beige plush inside, the whole piped with beige leather. It's $75, and it doesn't look nearly as practical as it is.

A nice brown reversed sheepskin parka at Andre, 21 West 56th Street, has white curly-lamb cuffs and revers, which are set off by bands of brilliant Polish peasant embroidery. The sheep's fur constitutes the lining, and the price is $85. Moreover, Andre's famous basic parka has become a regular street-length raincoat. The Ur-model sported a cunning collar that, with minimum difficulty, turned into a neat little hood, and it also closed with an invisible zipper that could make a girl feel locked in because the weather was locked out. The raincoat does likewise. You have a choice of two hundred and fifty solid colors, stripes, and flower prints, plus a terrific Paisley pattern; a wide choice of fabrics (cottons, silks, nylons, Dacrons, velvet); and a choice among prices ranging from $29 to $59.

Nothing strikes your fancy so far? Very well; we've got more raincoats. From Belgium, a brown cotton poplin



STERLING TAPE DISPENSER
For the well-appointed desk,
Scotch tape dispenser
in Tiffany silver
with serrated cutting edge.
For ¾-inch width tape. $15.

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A Merry Christmas gift for little ladies with happy thoughts of Christmas morning. Jasmine flowers in shades of blue sprinkled on the two-piece Ming lounger and the Obie-tie mu-mu. Washable cotton! Each: 2-4t, $9. 4-6x, $10. 7-14, $12.

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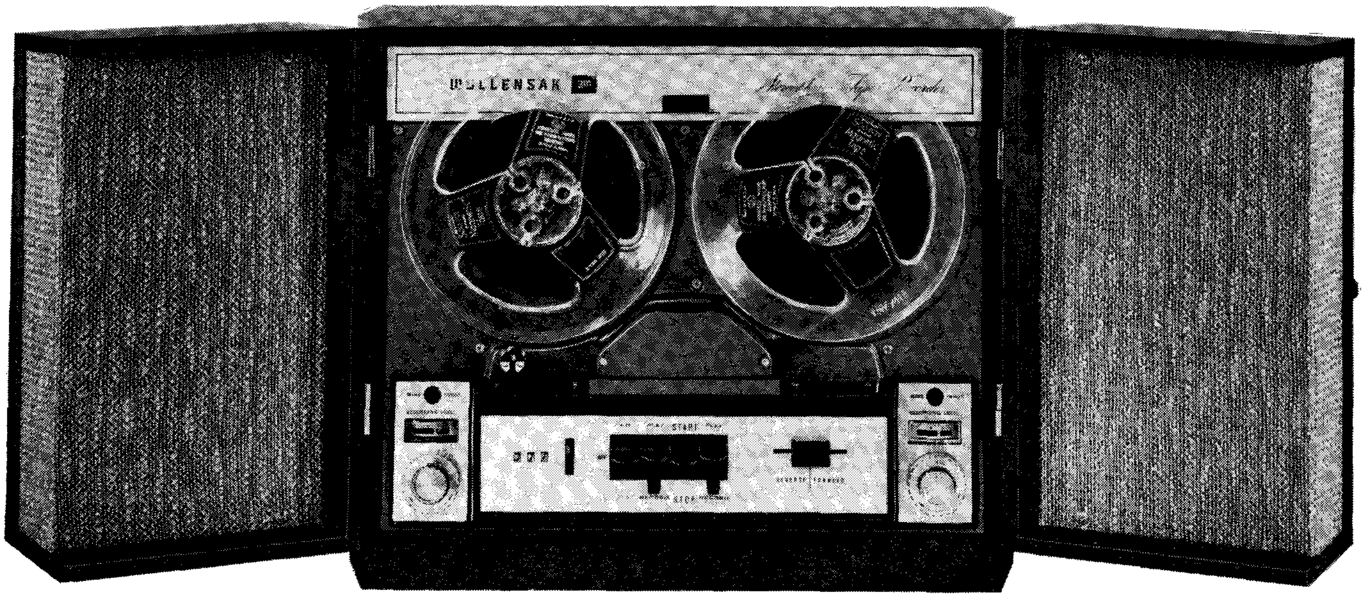
No C.O.D. Add 65¢ for mailing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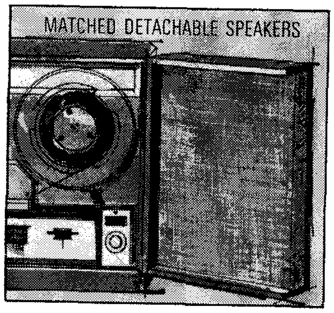
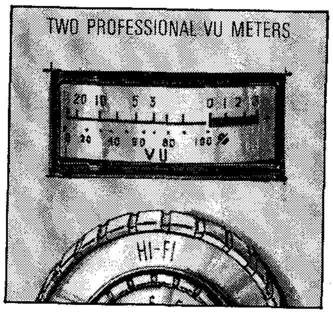
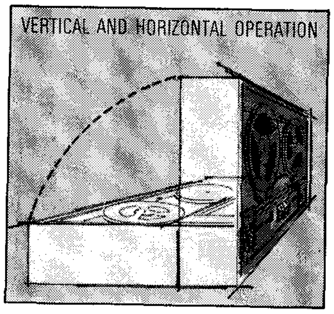
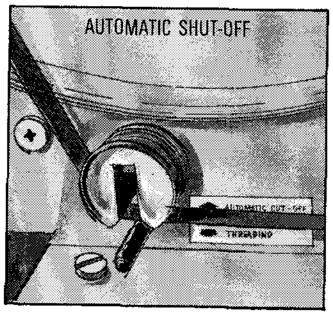
START

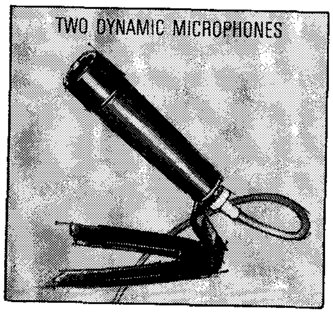
Never before! A full-stereo with so many features at only \$199⁰⁰*

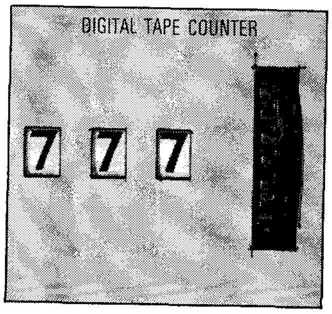

MATCHED DETACHABLE SPEAKERS

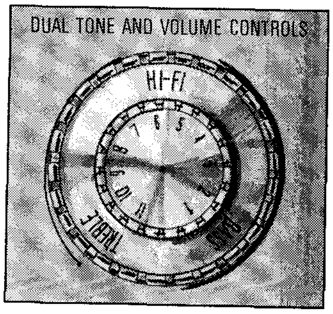

TWO PROFESSIONAL VU METERS
VU
HI-FI

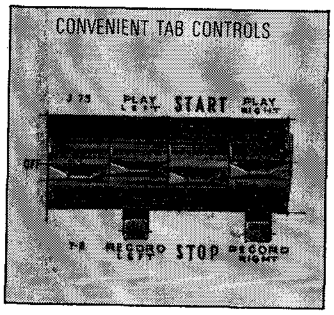

VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL OPERATION


AUTOMATIC SHUT-OFF
AUTOMATIC CUT-OFF
THREADING


TWO DYNAMIC MICROPHONES

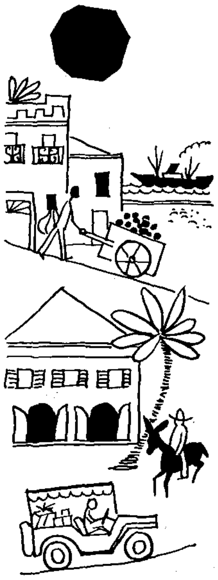

DIGITAL TAPE COUNTER
7 7 7


DUAL TONE AND VOLUME CONTROLS
HI-FI
TREBLE


CONVENIENT TAB CONTROLS
PLAY LEFT
START
PLAY RIGHT
OFF
RECORD LEFT
STOP
RECORD RIGHT

NEW WOLLENSAK "1280" STEREO TAPE RECORDER—First Wollensak takes the finest professional tape recording features and a surprisingly low price. Then it adds two powerful, detachable extended speakers for a lively new dimension in stereo sound. And *you* end up with the most appealing music buy of the year! You are looking at *only* a few of the many outstanding sound-on-tape features that are packed in the elegant case of the new Wollensak "1280." You must hear and try it to really appreciate this feature-packed stereo tape recorder. Why not today? At your nearest Wollensak dealer. **WHAT YOU WANT IS A WOLLENSAK! 3M COMPANY**

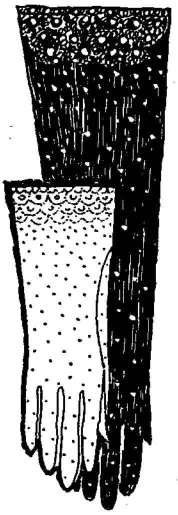
*Fair trade price where law allows.

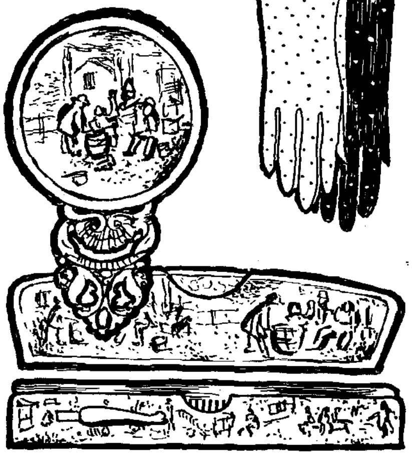


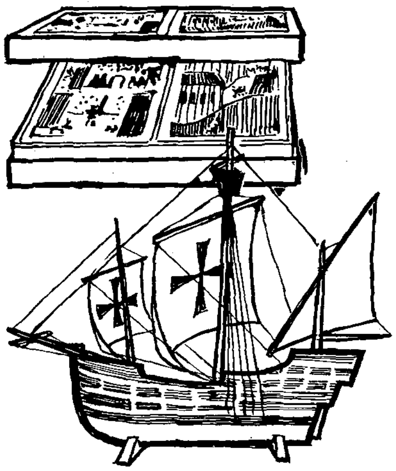
HAND-BEADED COTTON GLOVES, white or black $1.95
Evening length $5.95

DANISH SILVER-PLATED EMBOSSED MIRROR AND COMB (in case) $1.25 each
MAN'S COMB in case with pocket clip $1.00

Mailing charges on above items .60¢ each







CAVANAGH'S BOXED, PLASTIC PLAY CARDS, WITH VIVID ISLAND DESIGNS. DOUBLE DECK $1.95

ACCURATE MODELS OF PIRATE BRIG, VIKING & GALERIA FOR MODEL SHIP-BUILDERS. $1.95 EACH

Mailing charges on playcards & ships .75¢ each

Cavanagh's

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED COLOR BROCHURE

balmacaan lined with a hunting print, on rayon, as pretty as a silk scarf; $40. From Sweden, a knockout black cotton poplin with a button-in lining of gold wool ($75). Both of those are at British American House, 488 Madison Avenue (51st). From Greece, a water-repellent, hooded shepherd's greatcoat made of matted, wispy orange goat's wool; $70. From Finland, a straight gray water-repellent worsted raincoat lined with pink-and-gray printed cotton; $95. Those two are at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street and 866 Lexington Avenue (65th). From Italy, a heavy emerald-green poplin raincoat, full enough to fit easily over the bulkiest of suits, with a matching hood and Florentine silver buttons; $75 at Barra. From Brooks Brothers, the all-American beige raglan raincoat with a fly front, this one of washable Dacron-and-cotton poplin; $35. For emergencies, a raincoat and boots of clear plastic that are packed into a handsome red-and-black brocade purse no more than five inches long; $5.50 at Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th Street. For colder emergencies, Saks Fifth Avenue tucks a red plastic hooded poncho and a silver-metal hand warmer into a small imitation-leather football; $10.

Speaking of ponchos, the talented Indian ladies of Colombia, who call the garment a *ruana*, weave a big (five feet long and forty-four inches wide) and beautiful wool version of it. It's reversible, of course. One side is, say, black, streaked with, say, orange or green or scarlet, and the other side is just the opposite—orange, green, or scarlet, streaked with black. There are twenty colors to choose among, and you can combine any two of them you like. It's sold at the Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop, Eastern Parkway near the Grand Army Plaza, for $30. Paris has copied the idea, and perhaps improved on it. A Hermès version, also voluminous, uses gold wool horse-blanketing crisscrossed with bold stripes of charcoal and red, and has black leather binding around the neck. The price is $85, and the New York City outlet is Lord & Taylor.

What if it doesn't rain? In that case, we recommend an impractical coat—a cocktail and/or evening coat, that is—hardly warm enough to wait for a taxi in. It's slim, street length, collarless, and made of a glorious lightweight Italian wool printed all over with cherubs, scrolls, and medallions. We leave it to you to choose between turquoise patterns on an olive background and

Undiscovered

This new resort is off the beaten path, on a British Virgin Isle. Mark the name—*Little Dix Bay*. Swimming from great beaches, big game fishing, exploring. Rates from $30 in winter, $15 in summer (per person dbl., all meals). See travel agent or call:

New York CI 5-8055
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VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

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Finest type of American Food and Cocktails

Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
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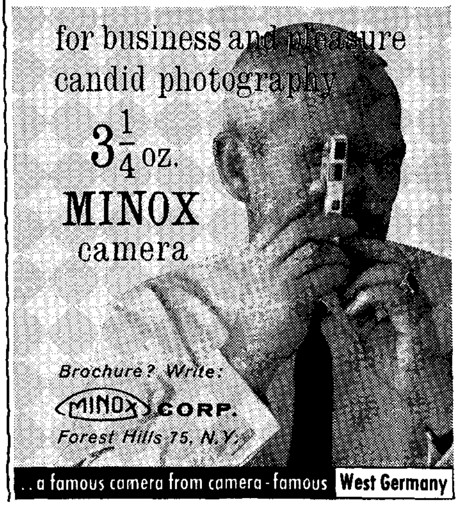

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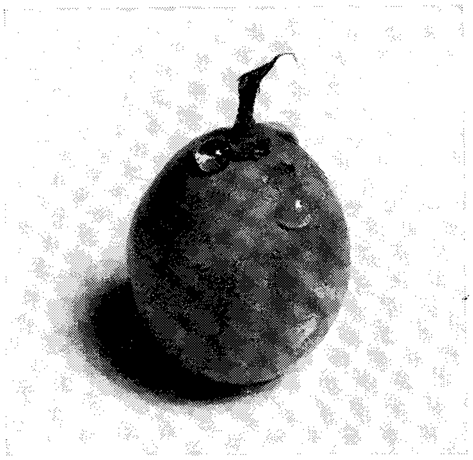

It came from the Grands Crus or Premier Crus Vineyards of the Champagne District near Paris. It makes the difference between just champagne and a great French Champagne.

The grapes make the difference. Starting from the ground up the production of great champagne hinges on the most extreme selectivity. French law allows only 33,000 acres of the entire Champagne District to be cultivated for champagne grapes. Only half of these qualify as Premiers or Grands Crus Vineyards . . . the "Great Vineyards" designation, where soil and sun combine to bring the grape to its fullest splendor. Bollinger has owned vineyards in these small, restricted sectors since 1829. Bollinger uses grapes *only* from these sectors. Vineyards are rated between 70% and 100% according to quality (slope of hillsides, chalkiness of soil, etc. vary); grapes used by Bollinger average a quality rating of 97%. That is one of the highest accorded any champagne maker.

Get the best of the Grands Crus. Luscious Black Pinots for body and bouquet; White Chardonnays for delicacy. Educated hands prevent a single imperfect grape from going to press. By now nature has passed her perfect grapes on to man and Bollinger's precise and wonderful art of champagne-making takes over.

Use only the first two pressings. French law permits three pressings of the grapes, but Bollinger uses only the juice from the first two. Over the years, Bollinger has found that this is the surest way to extract the true greatness from the grape.

Small oak casks for first fermentation. Bollinger's small oak casks allow superior quality control and permit the wines to develop their individual characteristics.

Make the cuvee or blend. Wines from different areas in the District have different characteristics. They must be properly married to produce a properly balanced champagne. A sensitive task indeed. It calls for a lifetime of working with the grape — and an extraordinary gift for tasting to judge how new wines will taste five years hence. Mme. Jacques Bollinger, head of this old family firm since the death of her husband in 1941, continues the family tradition of personally supervising the making of the cuvee.

Be patient. In France, law decrees Vintage Champagne must age at least three years. Bollinger keeps their Vintage wines in their cellars at least five years before shipping.

This year BOLLINGER BRUT 1959 completes its long, gentle journey to your wine merchant. "'59" is acclaimed as a champagne year to remember. BOLLINGER BRUT 1959 is the epitome of this great vintage year.

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pink patterns on orange; $150 at Macy's Little Shop.

UNLESS a lady on your list is exceptionally hardy, the next few tops we mention should be worn indoors during the winter months. A handsome woollen after-ski jacket at Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, is of two-ply construction (it's reversible), but is meant only to keep off the drafts in the ski lodge. It has a hood, which is also misleading; we've concluded that it's there in case the girl wants to step outside for a minute and contemplate the starry Vermont skies. Of several pleasant color combinations, none beats a minty green-and-white mixture reversing to all white; $57.

We're trying to be helpful, not dictatorial, and, besides, that phrase "after-ski" should probably be banished on general principles. Some people think snow is for tobogganing. Others think it is for speedy removal. In any case, either of two glorious bulky sweaters, both hand-knit in Italy to the specifications of Kico's Ski & Sea Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue (69th), would make any girl, ski or no ski, happy. One is a long-sleeved white wool pullover with a bold dark-red band around the neck and a wide, dark-red stripe down each side—very jazzy indeed. It's $40. The other, a sort of pullover cardigan, has a round neck, and there's so much openwork among the wide scallops down the front that a girl is supposed to fill it in with a turtleneck dickey or something, for warmth if not for modesty. It's of wool and mohair, costs $40, and is available in bright colors, pastels, and black, white, or navy. Another bulky Italian import—this one in De Pinna's sports department—is a zippered wool-and-nylon sweater with wide horizontal stripes of pistachio, olive, lilac, and periwinkle blue, on which large overwoven flowers in the same fey colors are scattered; $70. And, looking ahead to spring, a good, conservative sweater might delight a girl who goes on bird walks. One such, a bulky white cardigan with a cable-stitch front, three-quarter sleeves, and crocheted buttons, has been knit by hand of Merino yarn in England. MacDougalls of Inverness, 775 Madison Avenue (66th), has it, and the price is $27.50. It comes in several colors, but it impresses us as essentially a White Sweater.

The I. Miller Galleria puts forward a jaunty mohair-and-wool pullover with two rows of fat matching pompons by way of a collar, or ruff. It comes in turquoise, coral, yellow, or black; $30. In

Yes, real Fraises des Bois . . . . .

Can you think of a nicer or more unique remembrance than 12 husky plants of Fraises des Bois (Wild Strawberries from France) for those gourmet-gardening friends of yours? These berries were developed by us from French stock. They are called Charles V—after the French ruler who first (1365 A.D.) brought wild strawberries from the woods and cultivated them in the gardens of the Louvre. Fraises des Bois begin bearing luscious fruit the end of June and do not stop bearing until frost. Yes, they do. As for care, Fraises des Bois want nothing but sun and water.

Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders, for they grow upright (8" high, 12" diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

This is the present that can't go wrong, because we won't let it. We guarantee safe delivery. As plants are shipped only with an earth ball, they grow. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring (Florida and California orders shipped for Christmas). One dozen Charles V $8.95; 25 plants $14.95, delivery free, except to Gulf States & those west of the Mississippi. Add $1.00 and $2.00, respectively, for shipment to those states. Write, wire, or phone (code 203 Jordan 7-0030), for we can easily take care of your order at any last minute you choose to act.

—Amos Pettingill.

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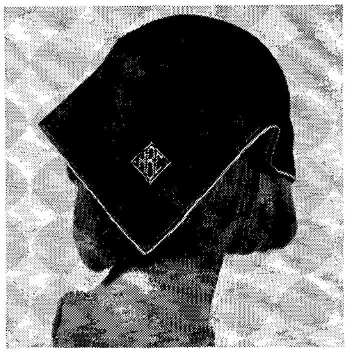

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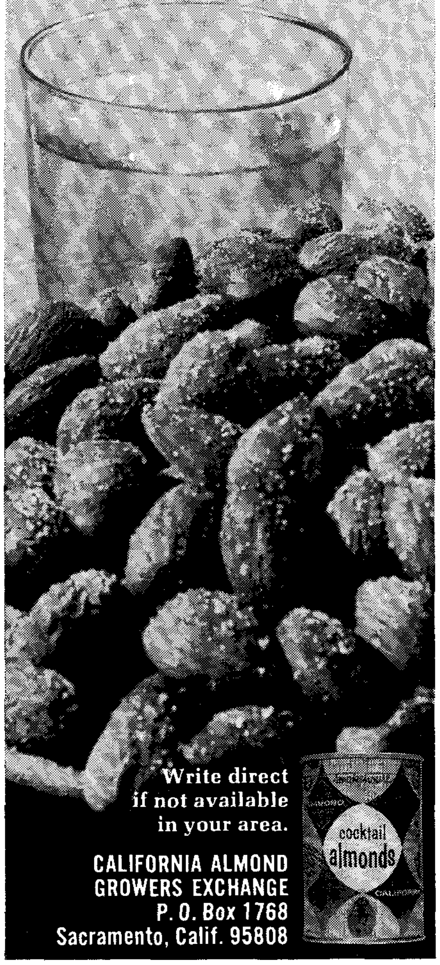

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Bergdorf's Country and Casual Shop, you will see a great pousse-café of a wool-and-nylon sweater horizontally striped with (reading from top to bottom) red, gray, gold, purple, green, raspberry, chartreuse, and flesh pink; $50. Peck & Peck is showing a wool-and-nylon sweater that's partly for warmth but mainly for fun. Starting with the back, or simple, half, it's a solid, sizzling chrome yellow; the front half is a fiesta, based, they claim, on Joan Miró's work—a dashing composition of chrome yellow, light yellow, black, pale blue, lilac, gray green, and white. The garment itself has a low, round neck and deep side vents; $55. Which brings us to a delicious sweater that needs no interpretive explanation—a sleeveless V-necked pullover made of white mink sides. A girl might wear a long-sleeved jersey under it, or she might not. She might wear it with evening pants. She might wear it with a skirt. Any way at all, it's bound to look good. It costs $137.50 at Macy's Little Shop.

Assuming that this friend of yours has a noisy party skirt (if she hasn't, we'll be covering the subject soon), and would therefore welcome a quiet party top, we know of a lovely one. It's a sweater overblouse, sleeveless and collarless—no surprise there. But it's hand-crocheted, in the form of a lot of woollen medallions joined together in a pattern reminiscent of an old-fashioned bedspread, and it has nicely scalloped edges. Comes in black or white. It's $45 at Greek Island, Ltd.

Battaglia, 473 Park Avenue (57th), which is primarily a men's shop, can show you a man's nifty pullover shirt that knowing ladies are taking over. It's a turtleneck, straight and long-sleeved, of fine Italian wool knit. You have a choice among eighteen good colors; $27.50. Brett, 251 East 57th Street, a cheerful little shop, carries an elegant sand-colored suède shirt. The tailoring would be hard to beat. It's approximately polo-shirt style: a three-button closing at the throat, and a convertible collar. No pockets; $45.

The Crossroads of Sport, 5 East 47th Street, offers a trim, likable long-sleeved white wool challis overblouse printed with either mallards or pheasants and a glimpse of landscape representing the birds' habitat; $55. One used to expect that sort of motif from Abercrombie & Fitch. But, as far as blouses are concerned, at least, Abercrombie & Fitch has deserted the hunters for the gardeners. *Its* trim, likable long-sleeved white wool challis over-

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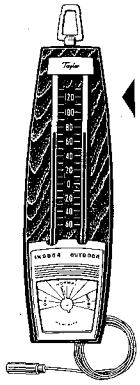

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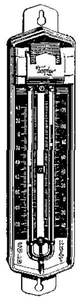

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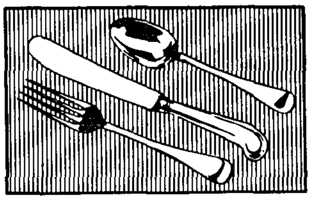

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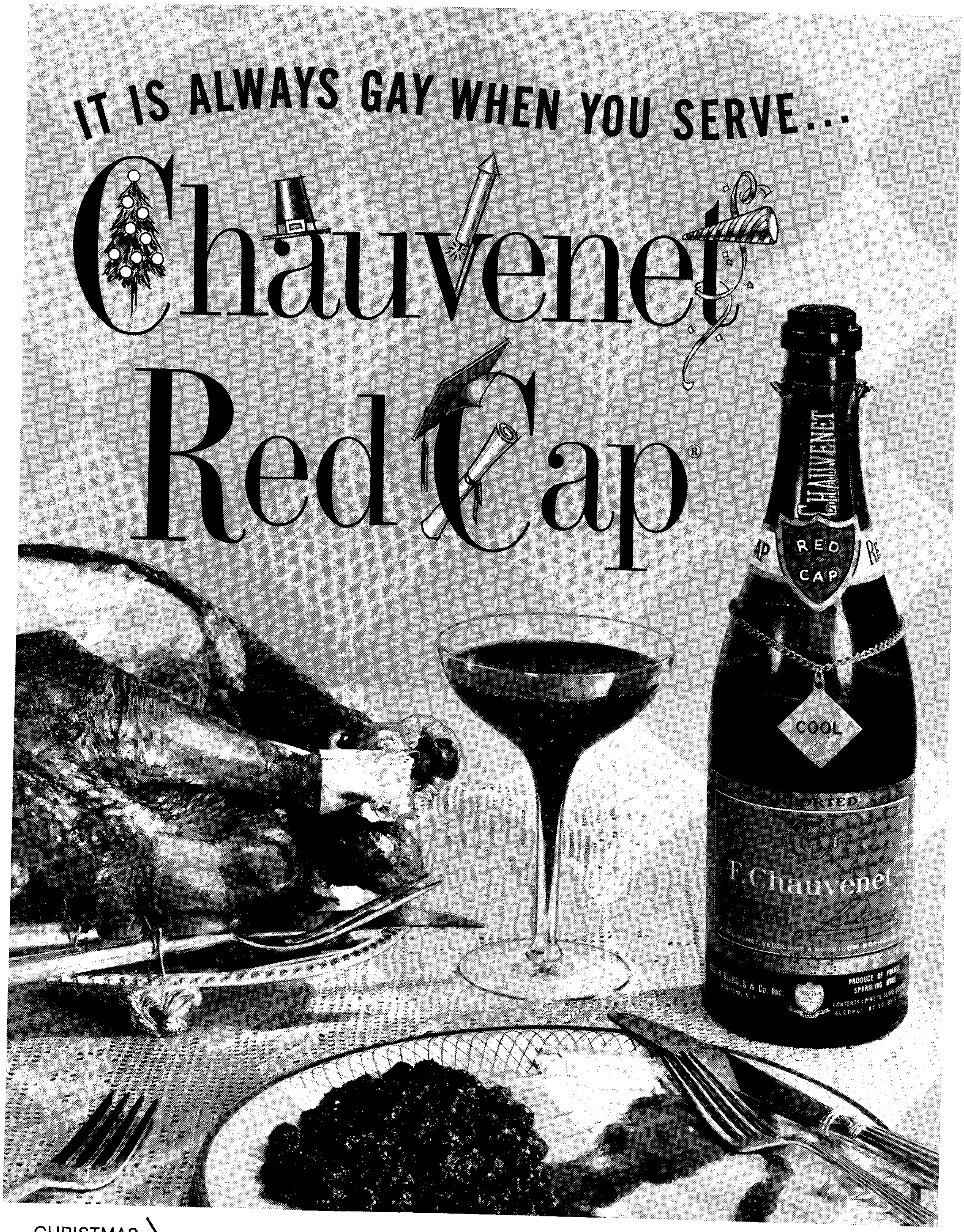
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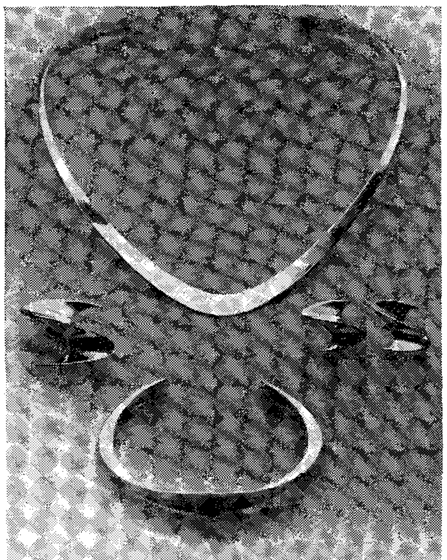
Yolande

blouse is printed with strawberries and jonquils, plus some unidentifiable flowers and luxuriant foliage; $40. If the lady's hobby is architectural decoration, you're in luck. We are able to direct you to a linen overblouse printed with a splendid multicolor design borrowed from some Andalusian wrought iron. (Next year, brass rubbings from Salisbury Cathedral?) It has long sleeves, a mandarin neck, and small side slits, and it's $15 at Elaine Starkman, 149 Bleecker Street.

AND thus we arrive, as we promised, in the land of party skirts, some noisy and some elegant. May we submit, as a starter, the wonderful collection of long, quilted skirts at Suzy Simpson, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th) and 167 West 72nd Street? Many of them were once cotton patchwork bed quilts (they've had their fillings removed), and some have, by now, achieved considerable antiquity. Naturally, no two are alike, but in general they are enchanting; $75. Others are more elaborate, and look as if their patchwork had been contrived of scraps of silk ball gowns, embroidered upholstery fabrics, antimacassars, and other mauve-decade relics; $250. Both categories have wraparound, one-size-fits-all waistbands, and are lined.

Another fine collection of long wraparound skirts is at Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street. These are all heavy velveteen, lined and sashed with silk. Each is decorated, frontside, with vertical strips of French floral ribbon or gilded braid or sequins, or whatever fine trimming caught the seamstress's fancy. No two are alike, but all are beautiful; $120. Abercrombie's long, gay party skirt is an un-Scottish plaid: fuchsia, lavender, Shocking, blue, brown, and gray. The fabric is a soft wool-and-mohair combination that turns into fringe at the hem; $40. A fringed stole to match is $14. The pattern of a festive Nigerian at-home skirt, of hand-woven cotton, goes something like this: dark multicolored bands of stripes and plaids alternate horizontally, and against this background float large shapes in a gold-and-green silk overweave. The price is $69.95, and an enormous matching stole is included. The shop is Nigeria Boutique, Suite 906, at 75 East 55th Street. At the James Holton Boutique, a long-skirt-and-matching-stole outfit is black-and-red plaid organza adrift over audibly rustling black taffeta. The skirt is $35, the stole $15.

A couple of stoleless skirts: Greek



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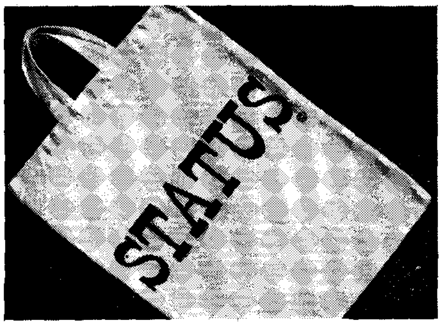

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Island, Ltd., has a festive one in several highly visible colors with a wide border of horizontal stripes at the hem. A royal-blue skirt, for instance, has stripes of Kelly green, royal blue, and olive green; $35. And at Jam Today, 189 West 10th Street, a long, circular felt skirt is decorated with a row of silk tassels a few inches above the hem. It comes in three bright colors (red, purple, green), one muted color (moss green), and black; $24.

If you're still game, you could walk over to Fifth Avenue, board a bus, ride uptown to Sixty-eighth, and walk east to Veneziano, at 819 Madison Avenue (68th), to inspect a slick two-piece at-home costume of velveteen. The bottom is tapered pants and the top a loose overblouse with long sleeves; a choice of dark green, wine, and blue ($59.95). If that won't do, head downtown to the Phoenix Pan American Imports, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), and admire a charming long white at-home gown. It's made of alternating panels of tucked cotton and cotton lace. The neckline is square, and the elbow-length sleeves echo the trapezoid shape of the body of the dress. It looks quite a lot like the gown worn by the angel on top of the Christmas tree; $55. While you are in the neighborhood, drop in on Bloomingdale's Place Élégante. There's a captivating robe there, not quite a hostess gown but something far beyond the average housecoat. It's of quilted pink cotton scattered with white pin dots, and it's floor length and has a zippered front. The neck is a ruffled V garnished with a pink-and-white fabric rose; $23.

It isn't far from there to Bergdorf Goodman, a store celebrated for the supportive assurance its party clothes give partygivers. Almost any lady would love to receive guests in Bergdorf's superb costume, fundamentally a sleeveless, cowl-necked Shocking chiffon outfit. It ties at the waist with a pink chiffon sash, below which it's long, flowing culottes. That's not all. There's a lovely peignoir that goes over it—long, sweeping, and with sleeves that end just below the elbow. It doesn't close in front, luckily; if it did, you couldn't see the chiffon. In back, the peignoir is very full, thus offering an impressive expanse of its stunning material, black-and-white cut velvet; $395 all told.

South to Fifty-seventh Street now for a couple of stops, starting with Henri Bendel. Hand-washable crushed velvet is Bendel's great at-home-costume enthusiasm, and with good reason.

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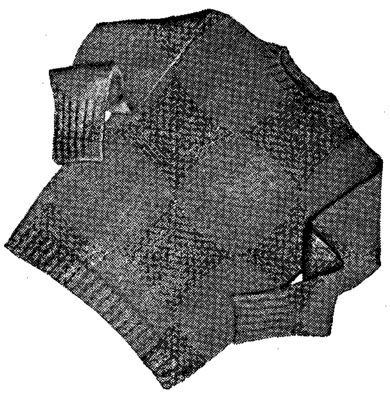

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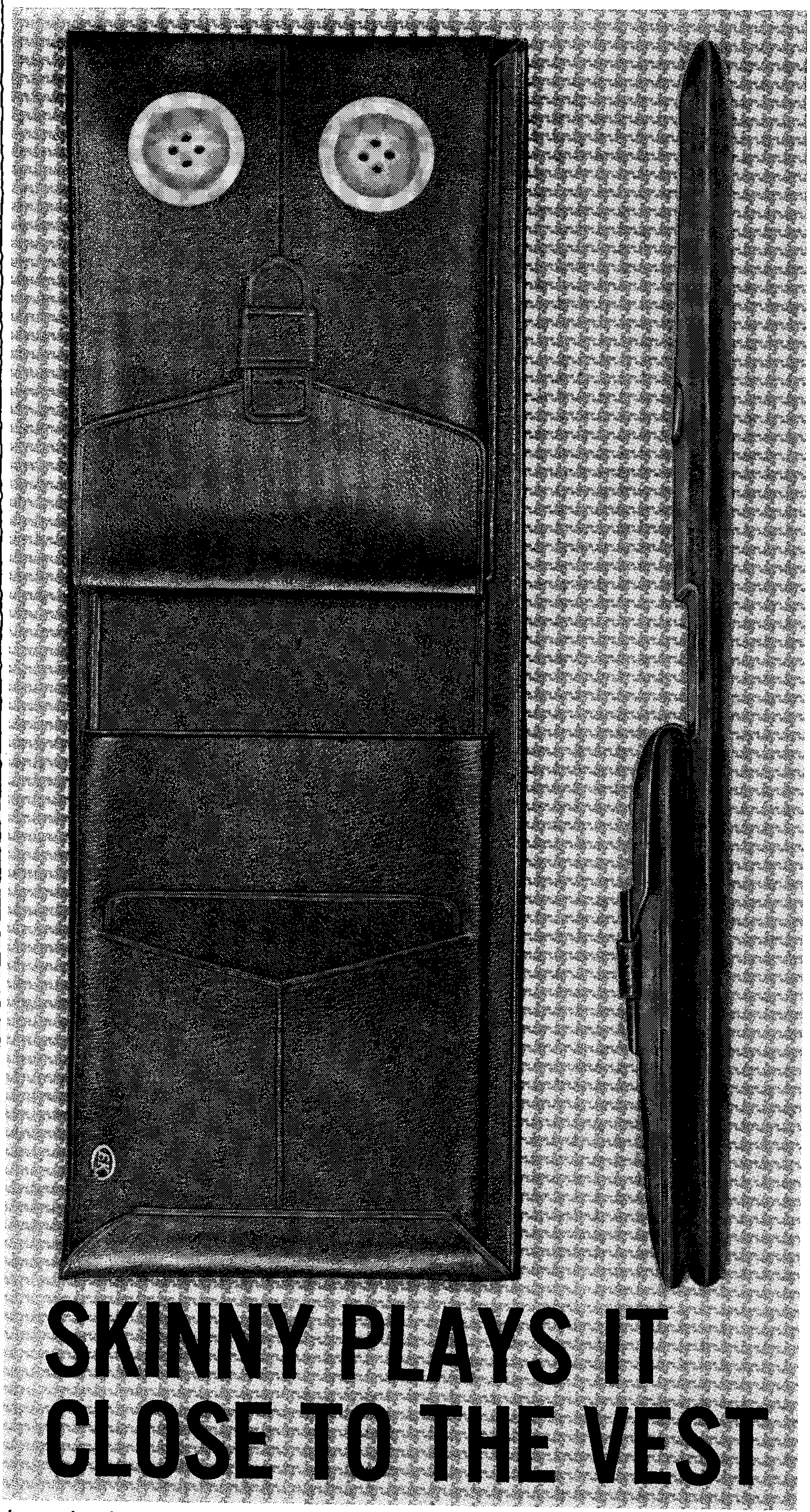
(That reminds us that a twelve-month contract for the services of a first-rate laundress would be a nice present.) A long pale-pink crushed-velvet Empire negligee sums up the case for the material. It has a demure knife-pleated velvet collar edged with lace, and similar cuffs; $80. Other crushed-velvet statements include an entrancing strawberry-colored short robe decorated with nothing except gathered bands of its own stuff at the neck and the sleeve ends ($65), and a peach-colored bed jacket trimmed with white nylon lace ($35). If the kind of robe that the lady needs is a bathrobe for getting out of the tub into, walk along to D. Porthault, 55 East 57th Street. The famous Parisian giant of white terry cloth has been prettied up with color, and there's a choice of two lovely terry-cloth prints—a magnificent collection of wild flowers, and an elegant *toile-de-Jouy* motif. The robe is piped with matching cotton to boot; $42.

One block south, at 22 East 56th Street, the House of European Specialties has an Italian shift, cut like a nightshirt, that a girl could wear as a nightshirt. She could also wear it as a robe *over* a nightshirt, come to that. Very pretty. It's yellow-and-white striped cotton with turquoise cotton binding at the hem; $24.50. Nearby, at the Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street, you'll find an interesting at-home garment native to our fiftieth state—the Hawaiian holo-muu. It's much more plausible than its name. It has a long slit skirt, slit butterfly sleeves, and a wrapped bodice. The over-all easy effect is something like a Claire McCardell dress—no bad thing, as any female over ten can tell you. In this mainland adaptation, the fabric is silky-textured printed Dacron. Pink looks best; $24.95.

At Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue (54th), we found one long at-home gown that, a marvel to behold, is a novel wraparound. No mere man will ever understand how it wraps. The important point is that, wrapped and snapped in place with its single snap (on one shoulder), it becomes a lovely and impressive column of Shocking acetate shantung, printed with a shower of lavender medallions and flowers; $18.

We invite you back down to Lord & Taylor now, to contemplate a perfectly uncomplicated at-home robe. It's long and straight; it's made of wool the color of sweet-but-not-sugary lilacs and roses combined; it's bound with rose grosgrain (including the edges of the



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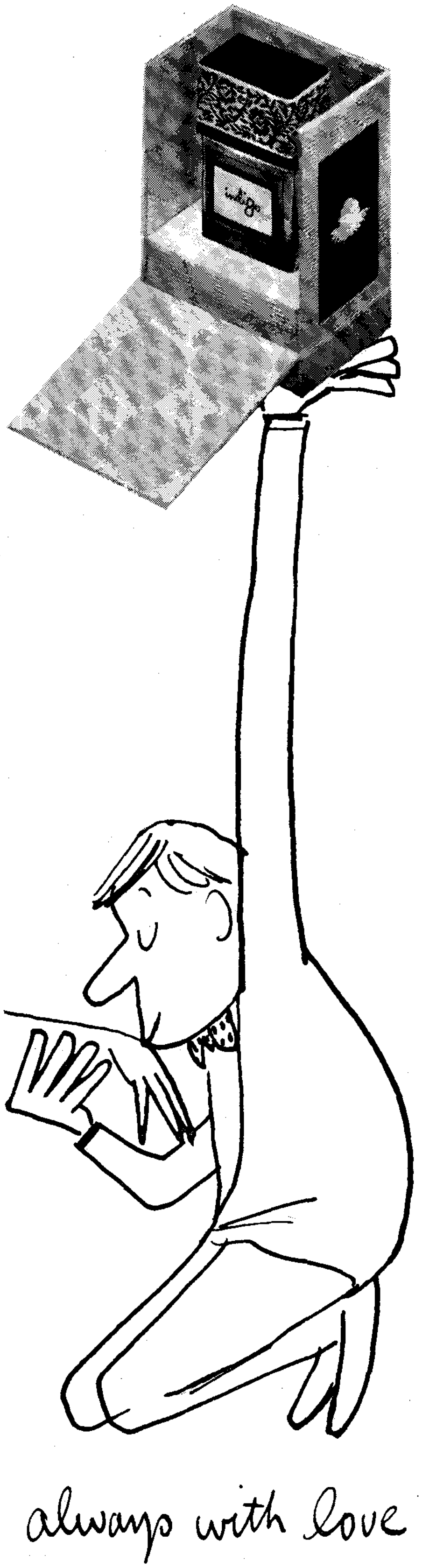

Indigo Perfume (4 drams) $7.50; Essence (2 oz.) $3.50; Spray Essence (3 oz.) $5.00; Dusting Powder $3.50, $4.50. Available at your Dorothy Gray counter.

turnover collar and the cuffs); and it buttons all the way down the front, from throat to toes. The buttons are rose grosgrain, too; $145. Since we've lured you all the way down to Thirty-eighth Street, maybe you'd better take a taxi now, up to the West Town House, 260 West 86th Street. Imagine a monk's robe reproduced in terry cloth! It looks elegant enough to receive guests in, but it's not too elegant to hang on a bathroom hook. The price is $20, and the color choice is blue or yellow.

Considering how long the day has been, we'll stop for the moment. Next week, we'll continue with many, many more gifts for women and with the bulk of our report on children's Christmas clothes.

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT

[*From the Fish and Game Code of the State of California*]

Chapter 7. Amphibia

Article 2. Frog-jumping Contest

6880. As used in this article, "frog-jumping contest" means a contest generally and popularly known as a frog-jumping contest which is open to the public and is advertised or announced in a newspaper.

6881. Frogs to be used in frog-jumping contests shall be governed by this article only. Frogs to be so used may be taken at any time and without a license or permit.

6882. If the means used for taking such frogs can, as normally used, seriously injure the frog, it shall be conclusively presumed the taking is not for the purpose of a frog-jumping contest.

6883. Any person may possess any number of live frogs to use in frog-jumping contests, but if such a frog dies or is killed, it must be destroyed as soon as possible, and may not be eaten or otherwise used for any purpose.

6884. A frog which is not kept in a manner which is reasonable to preserve its life is not within the coverage of this article.

6885. The commission has no power to modify the provisions of this article by any order, rule, or regulation.

•

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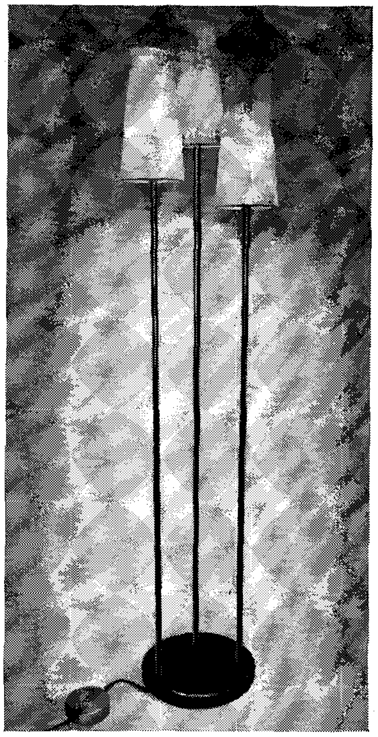

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 12

THE measures presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. James Callaghan, to the apprehensively waiting public in his out-of-season autumn budget yesterday got much the usual mixed reception of boos, cheers, and dubious questionings as to how they could help the also all too familiar economic crisis. The doubts have been voiced by those who feel that the new measures will increase inflation without administering any really bracing shock treatment either to the economy or to the country. It is also being pointed out that the proposals, if they lead, as expected, to a jump in the cost of living all around, may not exactly encourage the unions to put away a sheaf of pending pay claims and draw up their chairs with the employers to tackle the thorny old triangle of wages, profits, and prices, as the Government has invited them to do, in a new accommodating spirit. There were, of course, ringing cheers and proud looks from the Government benches yesterday when the Chancellor boldly announced that Labour would keep its election promise of improved social benefits to the sick, the old, and the needy, even in the face of a financial situation as grave as this one. The Opposition could hardly attack the handing out of cheerful good news to groups whose lot has long been the hard and meagre exception to the general message, so widely flashed during the election, of the affluence of life under the Conservatives—the old-age pensioners, for instance, and the sad, indignant band of "ten-shilling widows" (thus ticketed by the microscopic sum of their pensions), who have now been made thirty-shilling widows. What Sir Alec Douglas-Home and his supporters immediately put forward was an accusation that an autumn budget had been imposed not so much to give an incentive or a modernized new look to industry as to push through Labour's social policies as soon as possible.

The sixpenny rise in the income tax (to start in April) and the same rise in the price of gasoline (starting that very evening) were apparently surprises to all. When the Chancellor announced the stiff gasoline change, which makes Britain the third most expensive motoring country in Europe, the hubbub in the chamber sounded for several seconds as though he had kicked over a hive of infuriated bees. Everybody, motorist or non-motorist, expects to have the raise passed on in the form of higher prices generally, as has already begun with the road-haulage men, who have briskly announced a two-and-a-half-per-cent rise right away, and the taxi-drivers, who predict that their new meters, which not long ago were altered to register a quite sharp fare increase, will shortly be out of date again. The capital-gains tax, which the City nervously expected, was put away until the spring budget, and the rumored onslaught against businessmen's expense accounts did not occur.

On the whole, although the Tory popular press was scathing, most of the serious economic journalists appeared to regard Labour's first budget as a fair enough effort to balance the books and get a temporary breathing space. Many speakers in the Commons debate sorrowfully mentioned the loud, angry noises that have been filling the European air since the Government clapped its fifteen-per-cent tax on all foreign imports except food and raw materials—designed to be strictly temporary, too, Mr. Callaghan repeated emphatically yesterday, to reassure anxious listeners in the Common Market nations and Britain's own disappointed colleagues in the European Free Trade Association. It is too early to say whether the budget restrictions will entirely satisfy these critics' earlier complaints that it appeared to be the luckless foreigner, facing the new tariff barbed wire that Britain ran up without giving any friendly advance notice, who was being asked to help right Britain's economic imbalance, without any comparable hardship's having been imposed on people here. Although Mr. Reginald Maudling, the ex-Chancellor, had earlier admitted—all too liberally for militant Conservative backbenchers, who do not wish to give any help to the Government—that if the electorate had left him at the Treasury, he would probably have chosen something of the kind to curb the currency drain, there were bitter accusations on both sides in the debate. In the stern tones of a newly arrived heir who has found that his inheritance has been dissipated in his absence, the Chancellor repeatedly accused the Opposition of being en-

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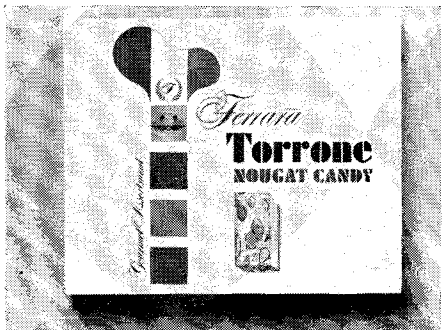

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tirely responsible for the economic storm that broke over the incoming administration, warnings of which, he pointed out, had not figured conspicuously in Sir Alec Douglas-Home's campaign speeches. Sir Alec, when he came to speak, against a barrage of noisy Labour interruptions, made the crisp point—which possibly had occurred to quite a few of the electorate silently looking down on the scene from the public gallery—that Mr. Wilson had promised that all the social benefits outlined in Labour's program would be paid for without any further taxation.

Many Conservatives discussing yesterday's proposals think that the budget may well have given a jar to large numbers of voters who put their trust in Labour four weeks ago and are now perhaps having second thoughts. However that may be, what is certain is that not for a very long time has the public gaze been riveted with so much interest on Downing Street and Parliament to see what will happen next, or the public ear been so attentive to the agitated sounds proceeding from the regrouped Commons. It has been fascinating to see how rapidly the new administration has become the Government both in people's minds and to onlookers in the press gallery. In their often unfamiliar persons, its members have shown up on the front bench looking like serious, hardworking, conservatively dressed Ministers who have been there for years, leaning easily on the dispatch box and riffling through their portfolios at question time. In spite of all the preëlection talk about Harold Wilson's being a one-man show surrounded by far lesser lights, his team, from the Chancellor downward, has been impressive. The strip torn so far from the Prime Minister's promised dynamic first hundred days of office has been thick with sharp reminders to the electorate, should it need any, that the Government intends neither to waste time nor to trim its sails on any cherished projects. After the election, relieved Conservatives were saying that Mr. Wilson's tiny majority would make him unlikely to push ahead at once with such controversial measures as the re-nationalization of the steel industry and the repeal of the Conservatives' unpopular bill that removed curbs on house rents. Mr. Wilson sharply rebutted any such hopeful opinions.

LAST Monday, the Commons debated what was expected to provoke the first real fury from the Oppo-

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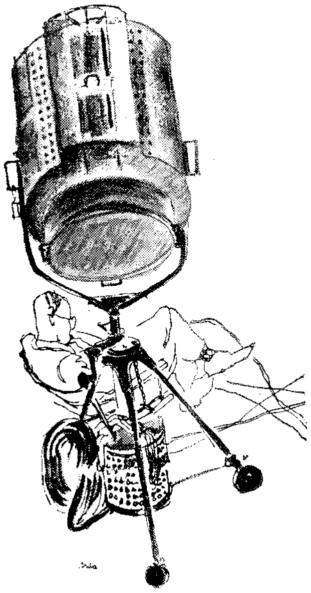
sition and the old crusading clamor from the Government benches—the Opposition's censure amendment to Labour's intention of taking back into state control "the main part" of the steel industry, which the last Labour Government nationalized, which the Conservatives de-nationalized when they got back, and which is now slated to be unwillingly state-owned again. It has become a sort of ritual victim on the political battlefield, which each victorious party—like the St. George and dragon on the old inn signs—rushes immediately to liberate or to devour. As far as voters are concerned, nationalization has long been a dead duck, as was more than evident to campaign workers trudging around to doorsteps recently. Monday's debate was also curiously dead, as it turned out—interesting mainly as an uncomfortable demonstration of the rigors and disadvantages of the present political situation. Although the Liberals voted with the Conservatives against Labour on this one, the Government got home by a margin of seven, having whipped up its halt, lame, and ailing Members to struggle along to Westminster to vote. The Conservatives, who seemed to have begun the session in healthier physical shape, apparently mislaid two or three of their men in the fog that had closed down over much of Britain the night before, and therefore were unable to press the Government to its limit. There was a full and keenly interested House to hear the first front-bench speech of Iain Macleod since he walked out of the Conservative Government last year. He and Enoch Powell, another first-rate brain, chose to leave together after the Party selected Sir Alec Douglas-Home as the kind of modern, forward-looking leader who



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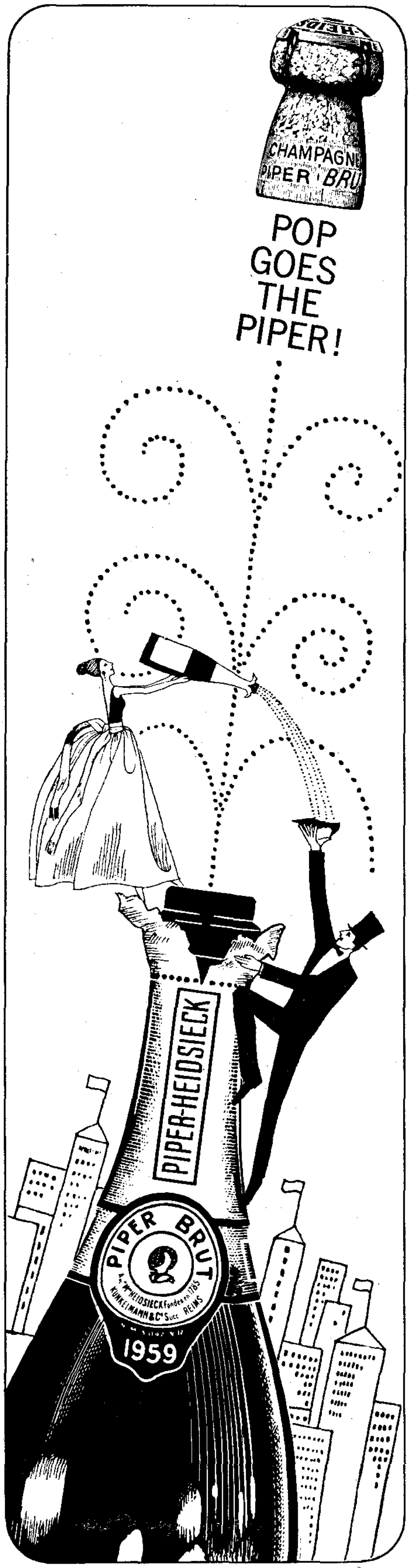

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would be most likely to steer it to electoral victory. Now that it has turned out to be defeat, by however consolingly small a margin, and because brains are more important than anybody's susceptibilities, both men are back on the realigned front bench, where Sir Alec—for what some people think is the moment, and others, contemplating that curiously implacable, perky, and fine-drawn countenance, suspect may be quite a bit longer—is still the leader.

Iain Macleod had been chosen as the most brilliant debater on the Conservative benches to open the attack against the Government. The Tory right wing, which mistrusted him when he was Colonial Secretary and was made angrier by his later emergence as editor of the *Spectator*, from which chair he wrote trenchant analyses of the inner Party workings, doubtless felt that his honest, sensibly reasoned speech, in which he did not insist that everything in the steel men's empire was perfect or needed no reform, was what they might have expected. It hardly set the chamber in a roar on either side. The tepid proceedings were, after all, only a mock rehearsal for the real thing, when Mr. Wilson eventually sets out to steer the bill through Parliament. There was no question of his defeat in the voting on Monday evening, no matter how many Labour M.P.s had succumbed to sneezes or fog. At the moment, neither side could contemplate another election, and certainly the country could not. Mr. George Brown, the Prime Minister's second-in-command, recently stepped heavily on rumors of a snap election, probably next spring, to improve Labour's Parliamentary position, saying that the Government would stay on to see its various projects through exactly as though it had a comfortable majority behind it, and would then choose its time for another appeal to the nation, which it would hope to win.

THE theatrical hit of the moment should please playgoers who complain that London's dramatic successes of recent seasons have often been horrific enough to scare a cat or merely to spoil an evening. The elderly, who nostalgically remember its original opening forty years back, and the newly enchanted young are flocking to have a really funny, stylish evening at Noël Coward's "Hay Fever," directed by the author, which is now in the National Theatre repertory at the Old Vic and stands up well to being thus canonized as a minor classic. As played

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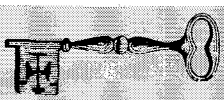

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(in period clothes) by the present superb cast, the history of the disastrous lost weekend at Cookham, where the rain lashes down on the river outside and the Bliss family's tongues lash ceaselessly within, does have its moments of sounding almost like domestic Thames Valley Chekhov. Dame Edith Evans is perhaps miscast as the retired actress Judith Bliss, being in her prestigious seventies while Judith, sweeping her pleated tea gowns restlessly among the chintzes of exile, is said to have been modelled on Laurette Taylor in middle age. However, with that unerring timing, the swoops of her wonderful voice, and the fluttering eyelashes, she manages the illusion brilliantly. Maggie Smith plays the catty Myra, every limp pose, shake of her jade earrings, and flick of her long cigarette holder being a wildly hilarious pastiche of half the cartoons in a bound volume of *Punch* of the day. As Jackie, the unhappy, lumpy flapper who finds herself out of her depths in the terrifying cerebral swirl of the Bliss household, Lynn Redgrave gives a performance that is so funny, touching, and perfectly observed that it is hard to realize that she could not possibly have been there in the twenties herself, even as a round-faced, sharp-eyed infant taking notes.

IT is perhaps not too late to comment on the immense relief with which the British, who recently voiced their own political convictions in such remarkably balanced tones, heard about the overwhelming extent of President Johnson's victory. In spite of the confident newspaper predictions, a nagging doubt seems to have persisted in many people's minds up to the end. For a moment, the British wrenched their absorbed attention away from the tight margin of government here and looked thankfully toward the staggering contrast in Washington. When the news became certainty, newspaper posters reading "Hooray for L.B.J." came out on the street corners like flags.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

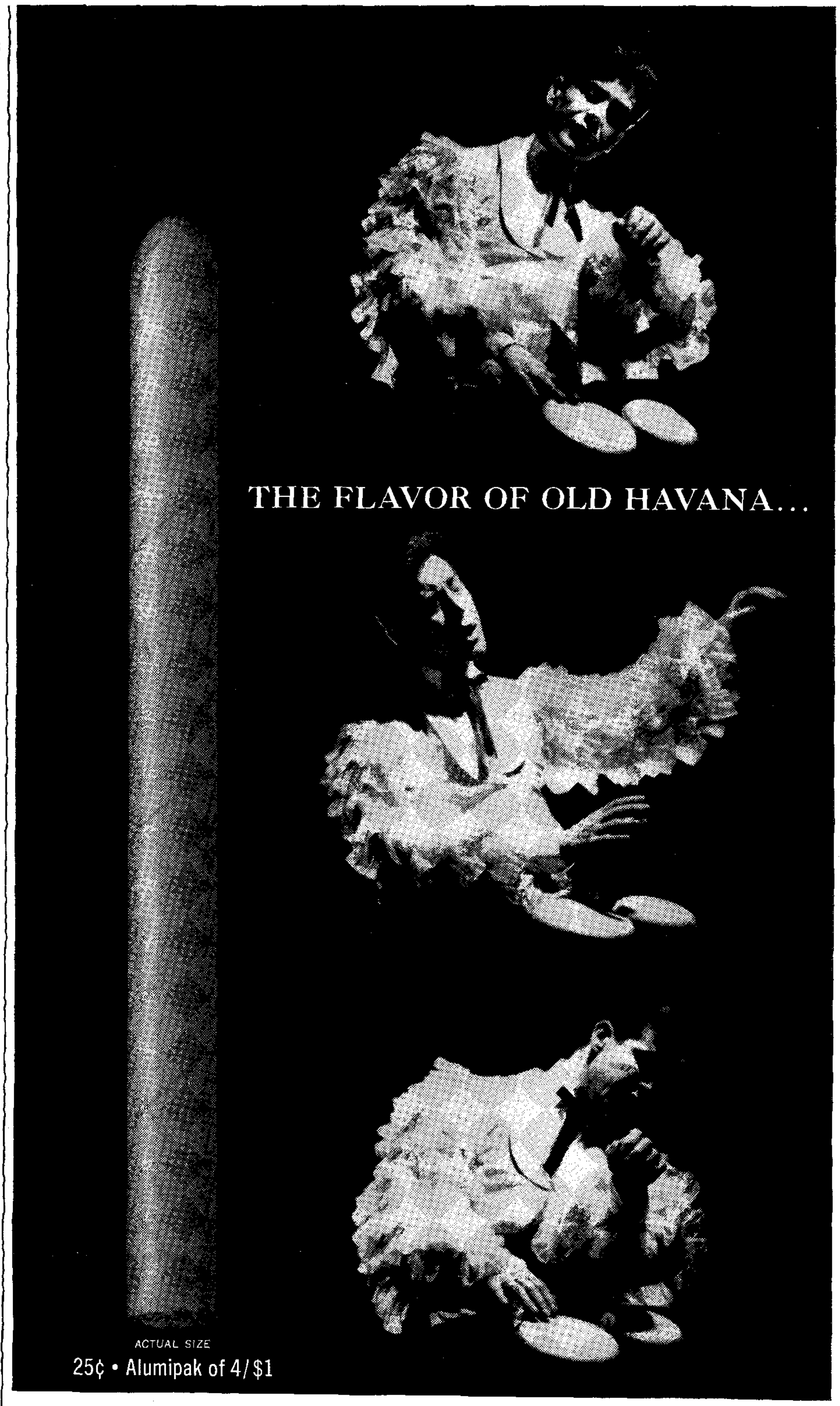
•

More than a thousand people, including most of the Lone Star State's congressmen, showed up. In addition to beef, they gorged themselves on lamb, pinto beans, cole slaw, home baked bread and "sonofagun."

Sonofagun is a stew consisting mainly of steer hearts and Calypso musicians who were Mexican peppers.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

What are pinto beans?



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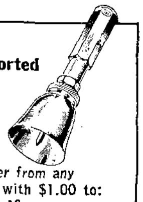

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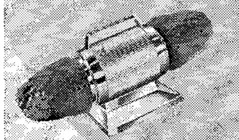
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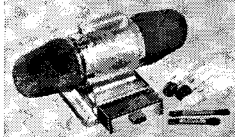
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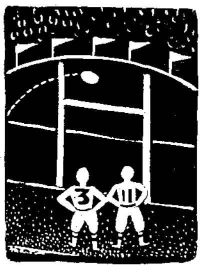
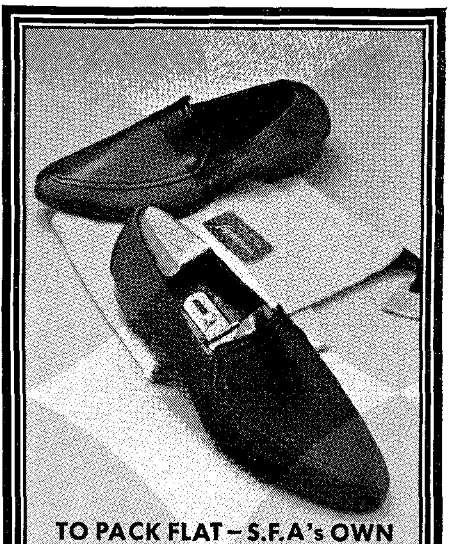
FOOTBALL

Heroics



IT was quite all right for Cosmo Iacavazzi, the eminent Princeton student of aeronautical engineering, to feel that he could waste the company's funds by throwing into the stands the two footballs with which he accomplished the fourth and fifth touchdowns that his team amassed in Yale Bowl last Saturday. It was all right because these two accomplishments, less than three minutes apart, made it clear that neither Yale nor anyone else was now going to deprive Princeton of the championship of the Ivy League, because Iacavazzi was setting a record for making Princeton touchdowns that might be a permanent one, and because it was a break with the tradition that American athletes, the moment they have done something supernal, must assume a mask of indifference. Princeton 35, Yale 14 is a reckoning that in no way indicates that this was a match fought between two teams of championship skill and demeanor. Iacavazzi and his running mates got little assistance from the aeronautical engineers in the Princeton backfield, whose thirteen passes grossed no more than forty-five yards, but the Princeton defensive linemen caused their customary quota of accidents. A gang tackle by Savidge and Maliszewski knocked the ball out of the hands of a Yale back, and a hurried advance by Cady blocked a Yale punt, and both of these incidents brought about Princeton touchdowns. Mercein's running and McCarthy's throwing kept matters even Stephen, though, until Iacavazzi started running his head off and the Princeton line started putting McCarthy into a compression chamber. If only all Ivy League football were as headlong and as heads-up as this!

IACAVAZZI retires from football this Saturday, when Cornell comes down to play Princeton at Palmer Stadium, and Columbia's all-round quarterback, Roberts, retires the same afternoon in a meeting with Brown in Providence. Beating Pennsylvania, 33–12, last Saturday, and doing it damn near singlehanded, he set three records of one sort or another and tied a fourth mark—but then he has been doing this kind of thing *every* weekend.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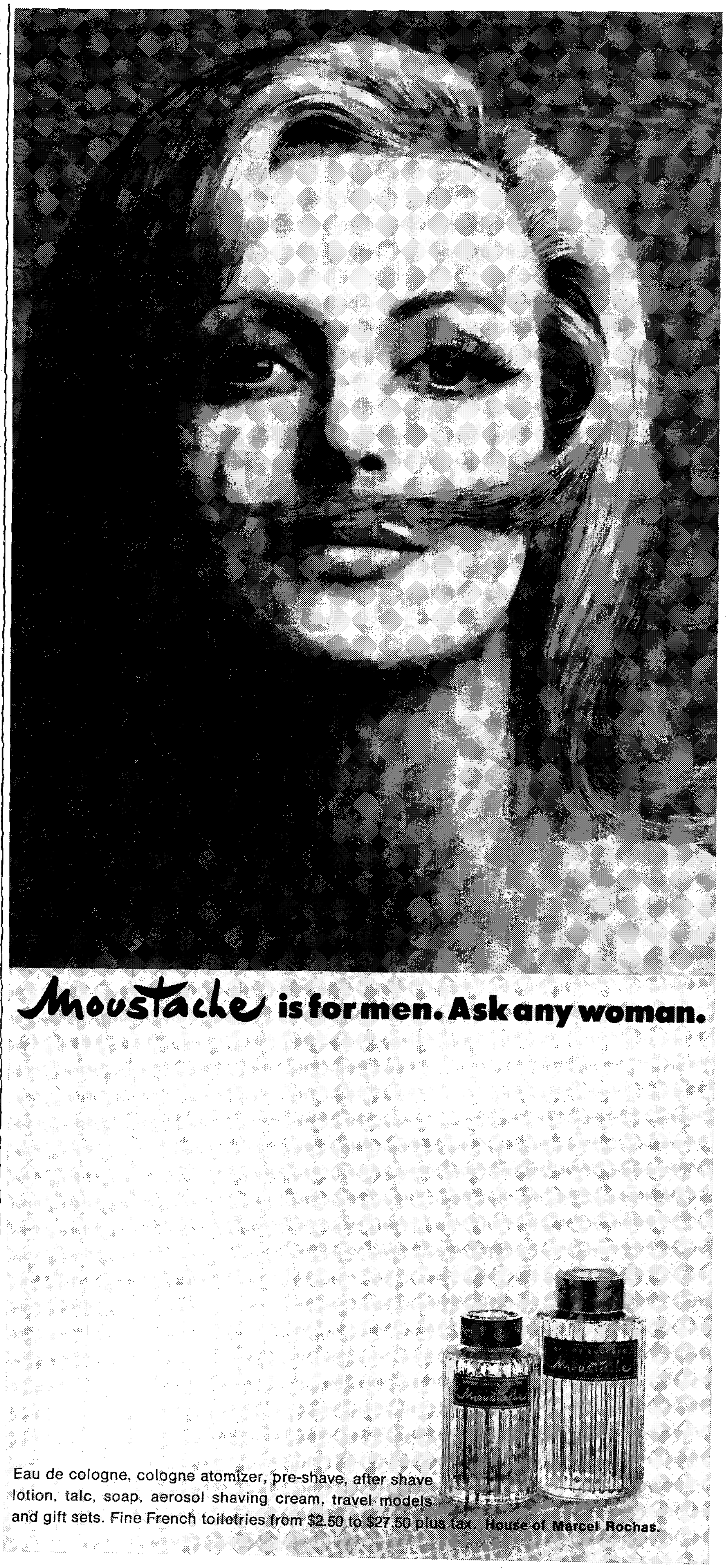
Penthouse Gallery

Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., New York 19, N.Y.

It has been a lonely year for Roberts, who has spent most of it being chased around his own backfield by a bunch of strangers from other teams, or else working with teammates who are strangers, since so many of his old comrades have fallen in action this season. Two of them, Malmstrom and Hug, did, just the same, manage to show up for Saturday's game, to prove to Roberts that he had not been completely deserted by his more familiar playmates.

Stichweh, who has now become Army's all-round quarterback (to demonstrate his decathlon versatility, he got off the first quick kick of his career against Pittsburgh over the weekend), retires a week from Saturday, when his team meets Navy in Philadelphia. His, too, has been a lonely life, for many of his comrades-at-arms have been laid low since the season began. In losing, 24–8, to Pittsburgh, Army was able to travel only forty-eight yards by land and a bit more than a hundred (credit Stichweh with this) by air, and Pittsburgh, as large and bustling and burly as any of the other outsize opponents that Army has encountered, had to surrender the ball with a punt only three times during the afternoon. So reduced in manpower is Army that its starting fullback was Abraham, who was playing his first game this season for his team. On such great social occasions as Yale-Princeton, you meet up with all sorts of people you've never heard of—the third- and fourth-string tackles and ends and backs who are sent onfield late in the afternoon for a few maneuvers, so that they will forever after be permitted to wear the varsity letter on their sweaters. Army is at a stage at which it is doing this in the first quarter, but only because of the extreme shortage of help. Staubach, the Navy quarterback, who throws as many passes as anyone else this side of the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Like the English weather, Escudo is soft yet full of body. A cool, flavoury, civilised tobacco. And the way it's made is as rare as its flavour. Created in 1912 by a gifted blender, Escudo is made from just two kinds of leaf—Virginia and Perique. A madly extravagant way of making tobacco, but if you're going in for luxury you may as well go the whole hog. We still go the whole hog today . . . still make Escudo the same finicky way: rolling the leaves, and then cocooning them tightly in string so the several flavours become one. It's been said that we make difficulties for ourselves. Simplicity is always difficult. An experienced smoker knows it's worth the effort. Have *you* tried Escudo yet?

If you have any difficulty in getting Escudo please write for the address of your nearest stockist to the importers: A. Oppenheimer & Co. Inc., 230 West Passaic Street, Maywood, New Jersey.

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professional leagues, retires, too, a week from Saturday. His thirty throws, which helped a lot in beating Duke, 27–14, grossed better than two hundred yards. (Earlier on this fall, Duke beat Army, 6–0, but let us not be foolish enough to draw conclusions.)

Amherst, for some years now one of the sassiest of the smaller teams, ended its all-triumphant season by putting down, 20–7, a Williams team that up to last Saturday had not been beaten this fall. And that hardy perennial of the prep schools, Exeter vs. Andover, came out Exeter 31, Andover 7. Time was when the little Exeters and Andovers were thickly spread, in their college years, over the rosters of the Ivy League football teams. The little E.s and A.s are still going up to the Ivy League, but now—very likely because they *are* little—they mostly play football on the house squads; more and more of the varsity work is left to the brightest of our current crops of high-school performers. —J. W. L.

•

An estimated nine out of ten Americans have never flown in any kind of airborne vehicle, according to a survey published by the American Automobile Association.

A.A.A. travel counselors warn those taking their first flights that the best approach is to "relax."

They are told to expect a sensation on take-off like that in a "fast-rising elevator," plus "buzzing noises" from the motors that operate wing flaps and landing gear, and a "thump" when wheels are retracted into the plane.

Other instructions to the novices include:

"During flight, the wings may move up and down slightly, and the engines may sway a bit. Both of these phenomena are perfectly normal, and are no cause for alarm. Also, an orange and red glow seen around the engines at night is just escaping exhaust fumes."—*The Times.*

Now will you relax?

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Message accompanying a pair of figurines*]

NAMAHAGE

This is a traditional but one of grotesque events which is held yearly in the Ojika Peninsula, northern part of Japan, in New year's Eve. Red demons and Blue demons, featured by unmarried young men, armed with cooking knives, wooden bats etc. haunt out of snow-storm and call at doors of local farmers cottages, shouting "is there any child who is doing naughty things?"

In such chilly winter in this district, every body is used to sit down at fireside and does not work. Therefore, This "Namahage" demonstration is to encourage such Lazy-bones to work hard.

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For further information see Hathaway ad on page 179.

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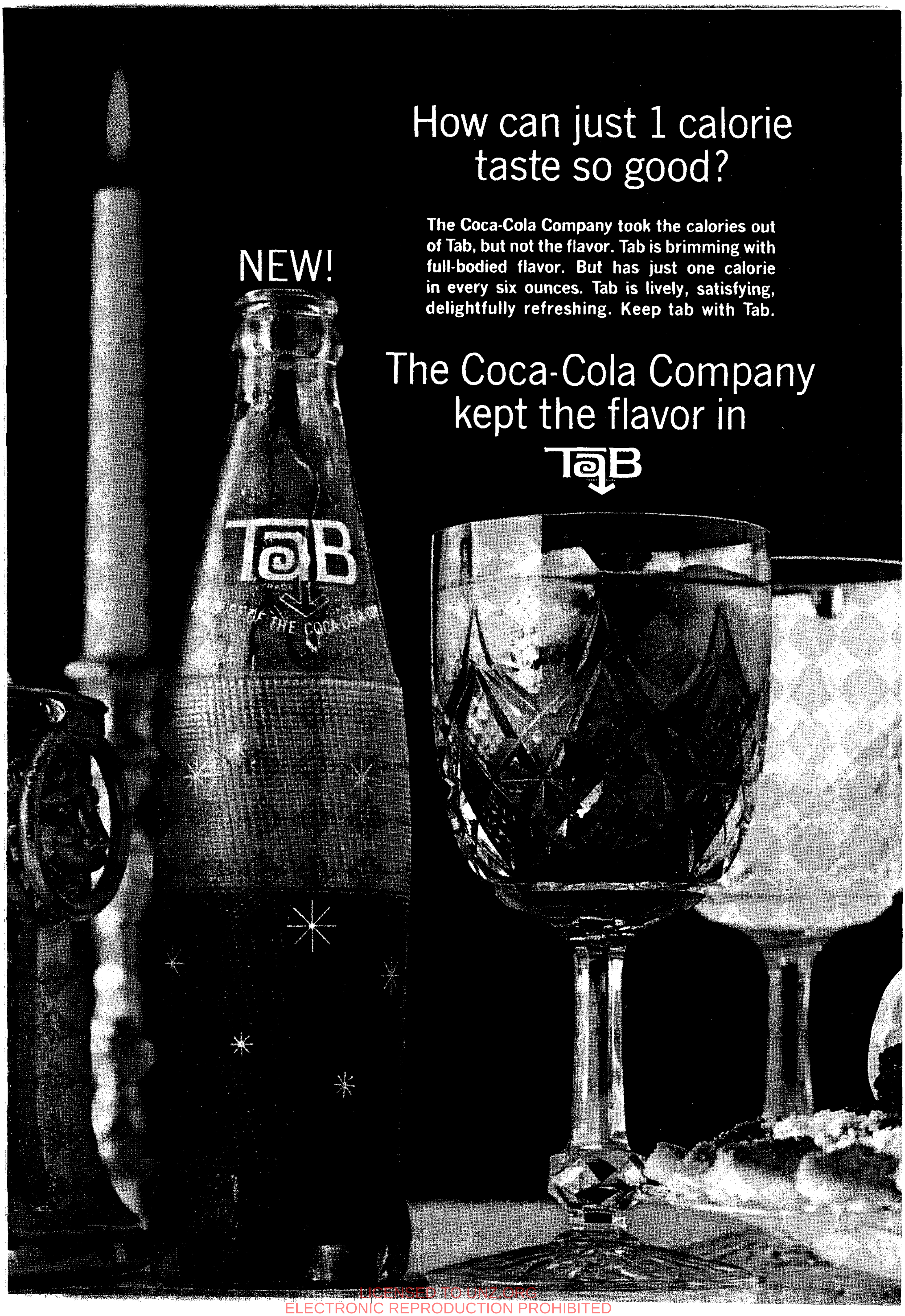
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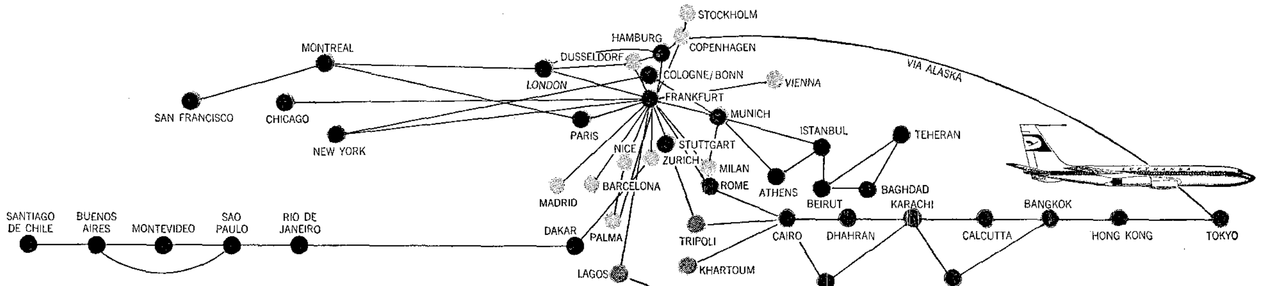
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VENETIAN RENDEZVOUS

I ARRIVED in Venice toward sunset—the best possible time, when the marble of the city acquires a rosy tinge, not unlike that seen on the inside of some seashells, a color so delicate it seems ever on the verge of fading. A time of no fast colors, of shadows on the move, of bright and brief reflections, comparable only to sunrise but gentler and without slumber. On one side of the *vaporetto*, the Grand Canal was a deep, dark pool in which the houses waved, and on the other—the sunset side—slate-colored, blue red, the blue ever gaining on the red till it was violet by the Doges' Palace. Then the red completely disappeared and the lagoon became a dark, deep blue that darkened further as the lights were lit.

I got off at the stop just past S. Biagio, and made for a cheap old hotel on the quay where I had stayed one night eight years before. I remembered its being run by a young lady who seemed out of burlesque, and I looked at the building with anticipation. But oh dear, the whole place had been restored, and the management had changed. A man who spoke Italian with a German accent was at the desk. A porter led me up to a room. It was absolutely spick-and-span, there was no question, and without question I missed the air of long ago.

At eight o'clock, I had an appointment to meet a girl called Huguette, who was due to land then. That was the reason—if, indeed, a trip to Venice needs a reason—I had come here from Florence, where I lived.

We had first met in Athens, at the Acropolis Museum, a week before. We had so often paused by the same statues—first she, then I, and sometimes first I, then she—that it became quite natural to speak to one another. I spoke, and, smiling, she replied, and from then on we looked at the statues side by side, and walked together out of the museum, past the Parthenon, past the entrance gate, and down the hill to see more of the ruins, and then across the center of Athens to her bus. She was on a cruise. Her ship lay at anchor in Corinth. After Corinth, it was calling at several ports, and would make its last stop in Venice in a week. From there, Huguette was going on by train to Paris, where she lived and worked as a hospital technician. It was a cheerful walk, our step regulated only by our conversation. What a blessing, after the many days I had been alone, to look at a pretty face bobbing up at me

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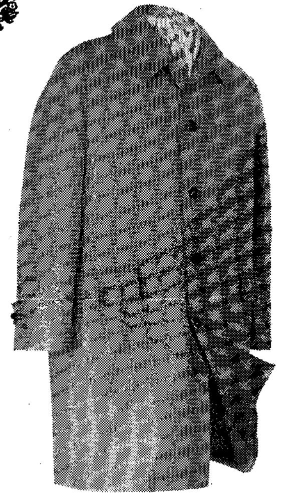

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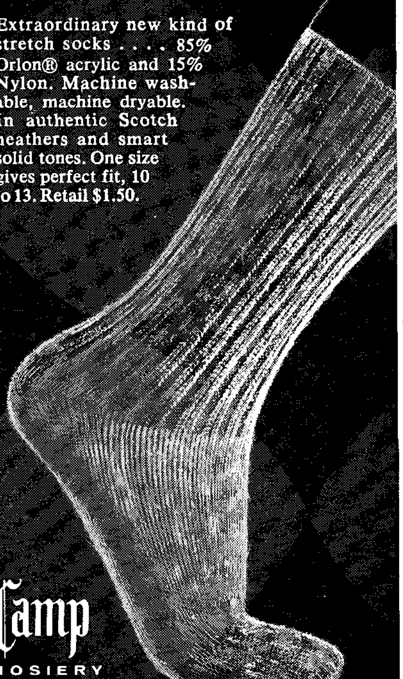

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and smiling. Near the end of our walk, we stopped in a coffee shop, and there, too, it was pleasant, with everything just right—nothing to disrupt our happy mood.

"Will you be in Venice long?" I asked her.

"Unfortunately not—just two or three hours. And I've never been there. But I have to go back to work in Paris the next day."

"I'll come to meet you in Venice, if you like," I said.

"I would," she said. "But two or three hours aren't long."

"We won't look at the watch."

"And miss the train," she said, with a smile. "Let's see." She turned serious and drew a folder from her pocketbook. "The ship lands there in the evening of September 12th, and the train leaves at eleven-thirty-five."

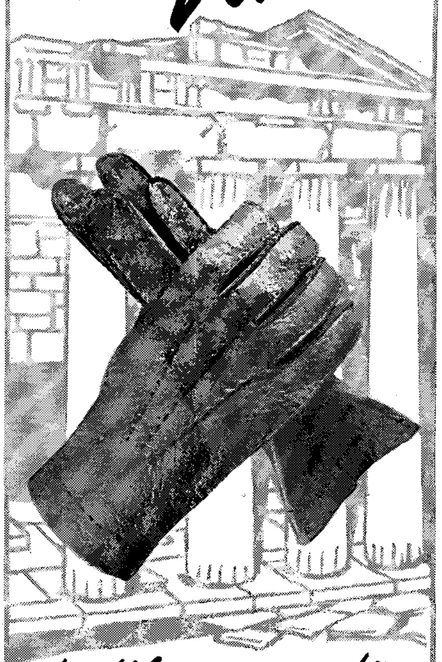
"We'll fit in a gondola ride on the Grand Canal . . . dinner at Quadri's . . . coffee at Florian's. . . ."

NOW it was September 12th, seven-fifteen. Time enough to walk, I told myself. In the hotel lobby, I thought I'd check the time her ship was due, and went to the telephone. The office of the shipping line was closed; so were the travel bureaus. I'll find out when I get there, I thought, and left the hotel.

Light-footedly, I crossed two little bridges, up and down, and went by a good hotel at which I once had spent a night. It came back in all its snugness, making me regret my present choice. I crossed another bridge, and reached the Riva degli Schiavoni. Here, too, I had stayed, as a young Army doctor, a winter and a spring ten years before, in the military headquarters of Venice, which is definitely not a military town. According to an inscription on the façade, Petrarch had once dwelt there. I looked at the great door, closed, the sentry inside. A knock, I remembered, and the sentry would look out the window, see who I was, and quickly open the door. That was the saddest of doors. It let me in, but in my room, stark, bare, only an army bed, a chair, and a table were waiting. And yet there were so many wonderful doors that might open. For those, however, knocking wasn't enough; one needed for each a different key.

For a time there in Venice, I thought I might have a key in a collection of poems I had published. Not finding a publisher, I had myself given them to a printer. "You'll make a hole in water," a friend of mine, an old lit-

Da Vinci



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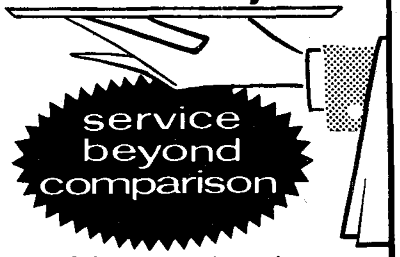

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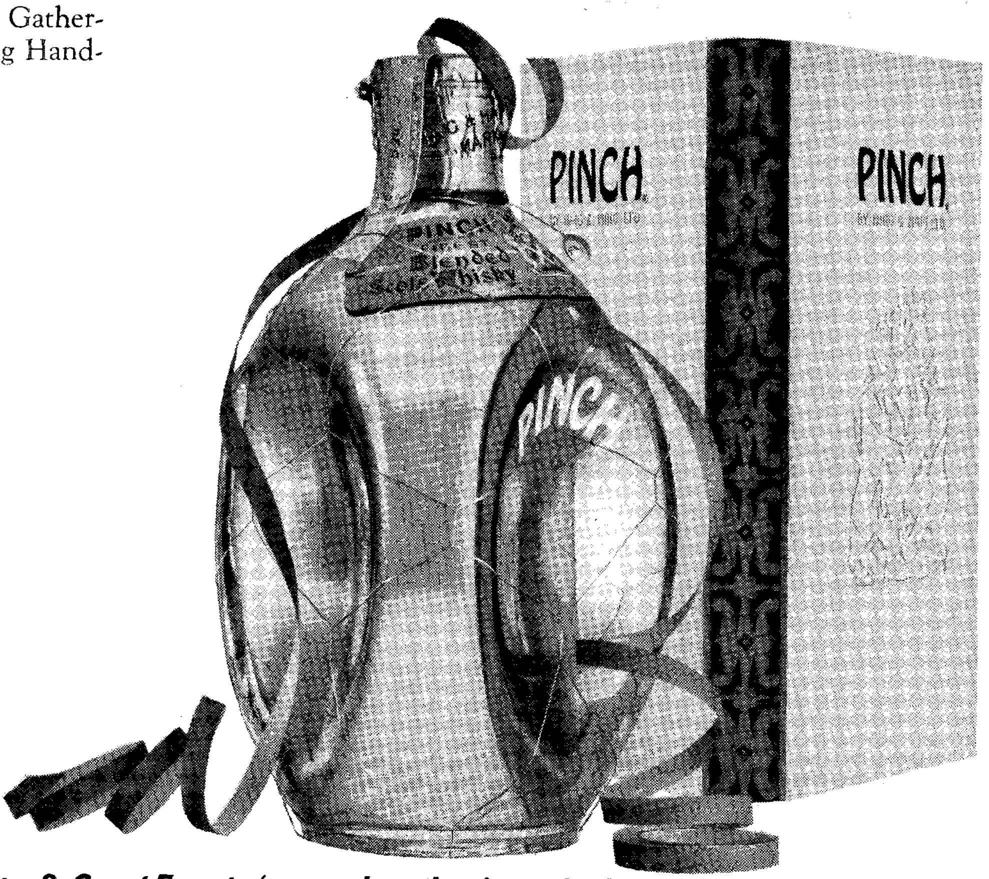
At all other times a man has to be satisfied with Scotch in Round Bottles. Not that Scotch in Round Bottles isn't good. It is. Good enough say for hailing the anniversary of Mary Garden's debut in the opera, *Thaïs.* That happened on November 25th, too!

Try to keep a stiff upper lip about the 9 million.

Drink a little Scotch in Round Bottles (if you simply *have* to) and wait for Thanksgiving.

Then—give thanks!

With Pinch!



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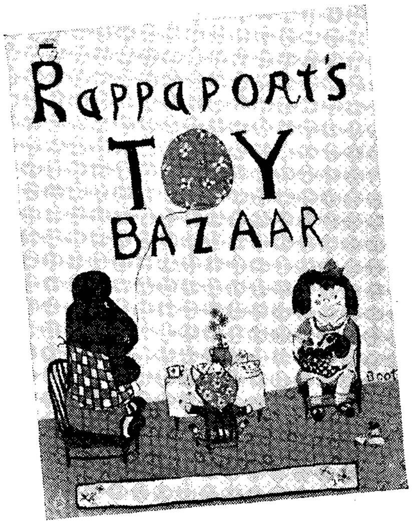

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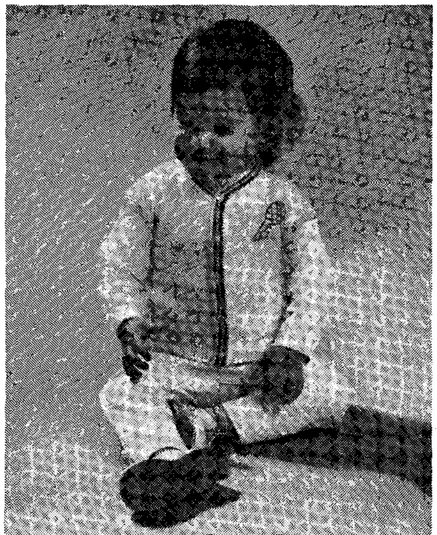

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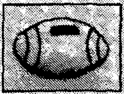

If you want him to be the prize quarterback; her, star of the fairways or tennis courts, give them both our cardigan sweaters. Modified V-neck or crew neck in white Orlon® acrylic; contrasting trim and tennis racquet, golf clubs or football applique. M-L-XL, 6.00. Children's Shops.

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térateur, told me. And he was right. The book didn't sell, it didn't get reviewed, and it cost me three or four hundred dollars—all the money I had. Still, there it was, my little book. Better than a scooter. Better than a *lot* of things. And I liked the idea of having something published in Venice, Aldus Manutius's own town. My printer, a thin, elderly, energetic man, wasn't an unworthy successor to that master. When all the leaves, in octavos, were ready to be bound, I pointed out to him a misprint—two letters that needed transposing. Confidently, he turned to the proofs. I had revised them, and if he found the error uncorrected there he would be exempt from blame. But he didn't. The letters had somehow got transposed *after* the printing of the proofs.

"It's our mistake," he said.

"Well, perhaps it doesn't matter."

"Oh, yes, it does," he said, and reprinted five hundred octavos—eight thousand pages—at his own expense.

That winter, after a long cold spell, a warm south wind had started blowing—a strong, impetuous wind that made the gulls fly askew, and pigeons hide, and children leap as they ran with it or bend against it at a curious angle without falling; a wind that, if you faced it, took your breath away, that blew the waves onto the quay, swelled the lagoon, and soon, aided by the tide, flooded the Piazza with a foot of water. This wind was the sirocco, and in Italy occasion for infinite complaint, but to me it seemed like summer storming in.

God, that winter and that spring I had come to know this city really well: canal by canal, island by island, and almost block by block, having got lost so many times—the only way to know any place well. As a doctor, I had a launch at my disposal, and visited sick soldiers, customs officials, and carabinieri all over the lagoon. I had got the post by luck, replacing a senior officer who had fractured a leg. The leg didn't mend, and I stayed on for the duration of my military service. To be stationed in Venice was what I had most wished, and when I was transferred to the city from a military hospital in a small provincial town, I felt that a magic sort of chance had brought me here, and at the same time I felt guilty about the broken leg.

The city's beauty—so strange that at times it seemed an apparition—endeared Venice to me. Its past, too, its people, and childhood memories. Some of my forefathers came from there—Venetian Jews: lawyers, doctors, and

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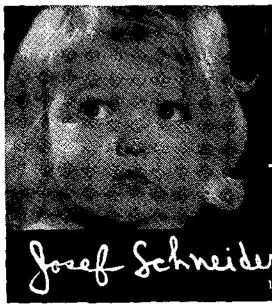

Anybody can snap your child's picture.

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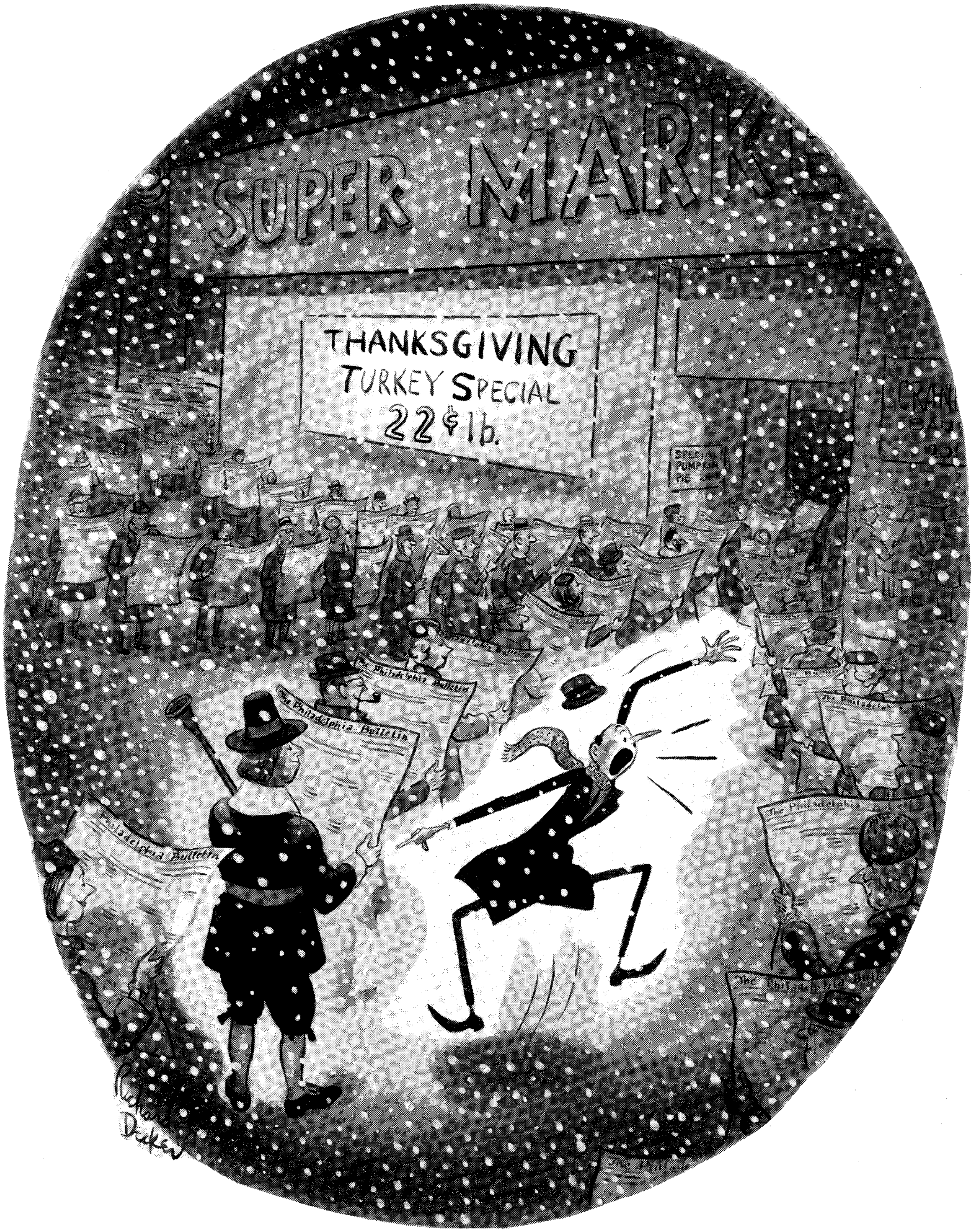
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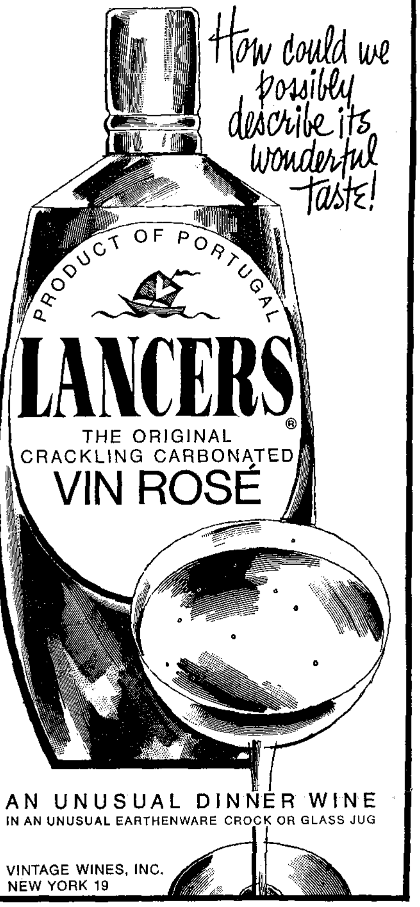
before them merchants, moneylenders so rich at one point that they had made loans to the Republic and been allowed to build a palace of their own outside the ghetto. It still stood, run down and broken up, on a canal. Nearer the center of town was a house that had once been my great-grandmother's. My grandfather one night had taken my brother and me to see it. From a bridge over a poorly lit, murky canal, he pointed at an old door just above water level. He said that it led into a cellar, which his mother's family used to store sugar, and that one night burglars had broken in. I thought of them hurriedly dumping sacks of sugar on a barge, the barge gliding away, silent in the gloom. The house was near a blind alley with, at its end, a stone mask fixed to a wall. As my grandfather led us to see it, a big, old dishevelled woman from whom he had asked directions implored him not to take us there, or we would never marry.

My grandfather died during the war, but one of his brothers still lived in Venice; he was ninety-nine. "Don't wait another hundred years before you come back to see me," he said to me recently. A third brother, a doctor, had shot himself in 1938, when a Fascist decree came out forbidding Jews to practice. I had seen him from the top of the bell tower of St. Mark, a thin old man below, looking rather lost in the square that he knew like his own drawing room.

On my way to the pier, I walked along the Riva degli Schiavoni and the Doges' Palace to the Piazza of St. Mark. The first time I ever saw the Piazza, I ran down a narrow street that led to it from the west side, and it disclosed itself to me like a wonder. It would never look like that again, because I would never be able to forget it. Right now, it had its normal aspect, with people sitting, people strolling, people feeding pigeons—a picture of a world at peace. Imposing as it was, it didn't obtrude but, rather, like a cradle, seemed to shelter and to beautify.

I crossed the Piazza from east to west, and proceeded along the Calle S. Moisè. I knew a café there with paintings by de Pisis. It was a base for streetwalkers. The tourist trade shrunk almost to nothing, in the winter, lost, they would go in and out. Walking the streets I had in common with them, I had made friends with two. One of them called me "the misanthrope," because I was always alone. "Where's the misanthrope going?" she would whisper if we met on the street.

Farther along the Calle S. Moisè, I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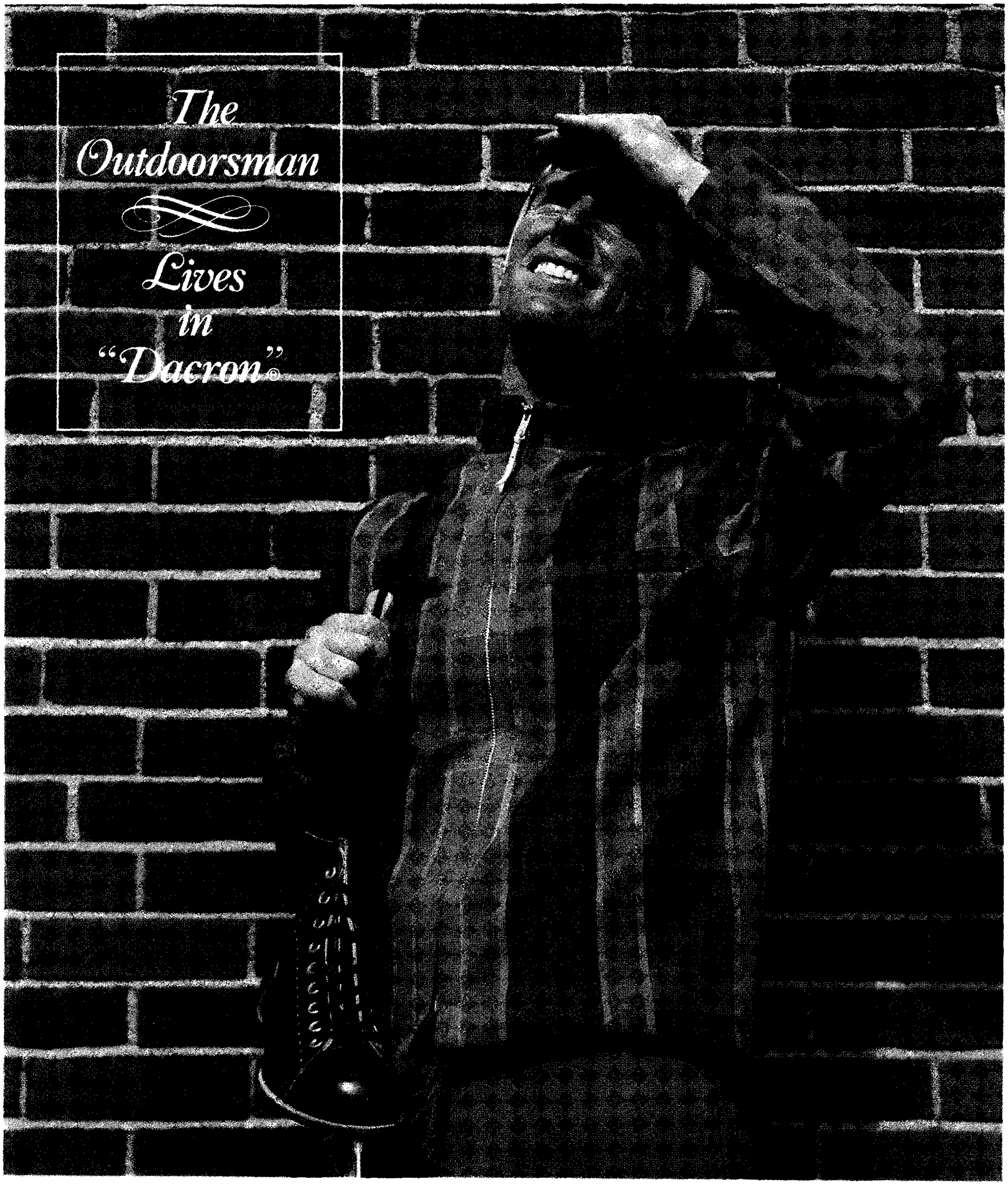

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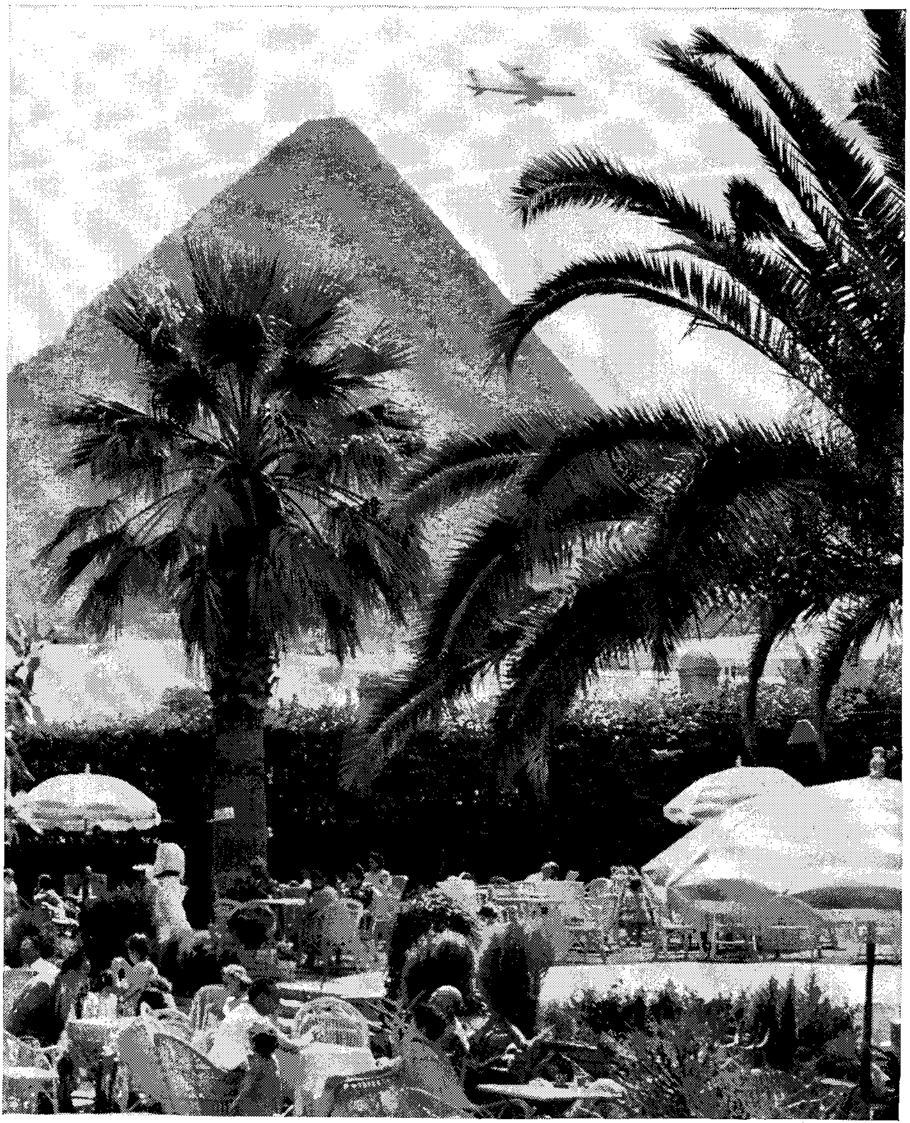
touched a light, soft object with my foot, and as I carelessly walked on I wondered what it was. Walking back, I found it was a flower—a carnation so fresh it might have been picked that very hour. I kept it in my hand like a strange gift, that flower given to me by a stony city street. Then, as it had no stem, I put it in my pocket. From the Calle, I turned left along an alley that led to the Grand Canal and a gondola ferry. Waiting for the gondola, I recalled how on moonlit nights I used to come here with bread and cheese to have supper on the wooden pier. The gondola came up. Looking in my pocket for a coin, I touched the carnation with surprise, it was so cool and soft and different from a coin.

The gondola quivered at each stroke. The gondolier, a big, weathered, and disgruntled-looking man in navy blue, had a gripe about tariffs and work shifts to air to a mate of his who was standing beside me amidships. His mind was somewhere else, but he certainly lent his whole body to the oar, gave himself to it as to something he could trust, and each time would return him with a spring into position, upright and ready for another stroke.

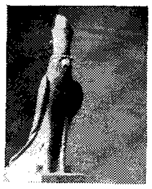
I landed on the other side of the Grand Canal, crossed that strip of land that ends, clean and sharp as a beak, at the Salute, and came to the Canale della Giudecca, the wide and open channel that ships take. There I turned right and walked up along the quay toward the dock, a mile away. When I reached it, I found that the ship would be two hours late. That gave Huguette just about an hour and a half before the train. Considering the time needed to land, she might not have a minute before rushing to the station. She might even miss the train.

I didn't feel like waiting at the dock. In Venice—at least, for me—the urge to walk, to move, to circulate, isn't easy to resist. A little bridge beckoned from a distance. I walked to it, crossed it, and went on. I followed narrow, curving, twisting lanes that I had forgotten or perhaps had never known existed, curious to discover where they might lead. Every once in a while, coming to a square, I had the feeling I was reaching a lake after a stream. The shout of a distant gondolier going round a corner, and other, less distinct voices in the night carried on the water, and were changed, deepened, mellowed by it. Harsh electric lights were equally transformed.

Soon I came to a square I used to cross each morning while going about my visits. Early one of those mornings,



An open-air cafe by the towering Pyramids



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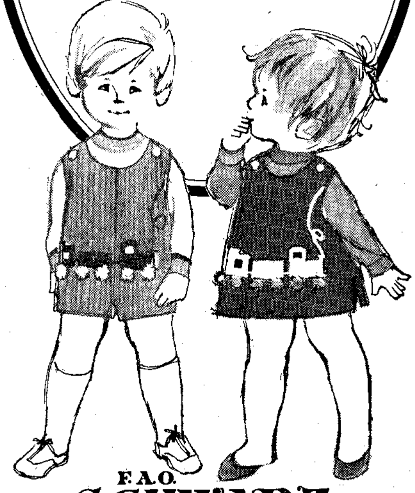

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while the square, though bathed in sunlight, was almost as still and quiet as now, a man with baskets full of vegetables and fruit had stopped like a cock about to crow, and called in a voice as fresh as the produce he was selling and so loud it must have carried far beyond the square, "I have nice oranges, cabbage, spinach—women, oooh!" All in Venetian dialect—no "l"s, no double consonants, and vowels lengthened out of measure.

The city lights were becoming brighter; the lane I was walking along was studded with lights. I was approaching the Rialto. Suddenly its bridge appeared, as joyful as a rainbow. It was time for me to return. As I got back to the Canale della Giudecca, I saw the ship sailing in from the east, all lighted up, like dawn before its time. It looked immense, bigger than the houses on each side, much bigger than the biggest *vaporetto*. It blew its horn—a greeting to the city. It had looked, and now it also sounded, like a monster, though a friendly one. Everything vibrated. I tried to keep even with it as it rode up the canal. It outdistanced me, but I caught up as it pulled into the dock.

The passengers began descending the gangplank. In a never-ending trickle they came out. At last, I saw a girl in a red dress. "Huguette!" I cried.

She looked down for me. Suddenly she smiled. She waved. She tried to hurry, but a block of a man who sealed the gangplank like a stopper was in front of her. Oh, go on! I thought. But he took his time. Cautiously, little step by little step, he advanced. An official gave him a helping hand. He stepped ashore. And now the way was clear. She landed. But still I couldn't join her. For several minutes, I lost sight of her; then she reappeared, carrying a small bag. I hugged her.

"But I have to go to the station. The train leaves in forty minutes."

"That doesn't give us much time, does it?"

"No. They told us we could walk to the train. Is the station very near?"

"Yes, just around the corner a little way."

"Our gondola ride," she said, "and the Piazza of St. Mark—I caught a glimpse of it from the ship, but I wanted to *walk* on it."

"Miss the train."

"I must work tomorrow. Even as it is, I will be late." Her smile faded. A group of people with handbags was assembling by the exit. "There we are," Huguette said. "That's us."

I geared myself for a dreary sort of

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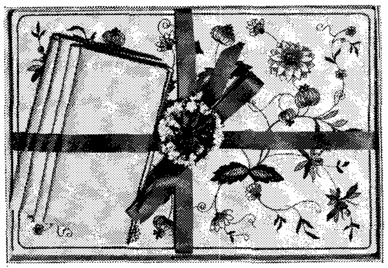

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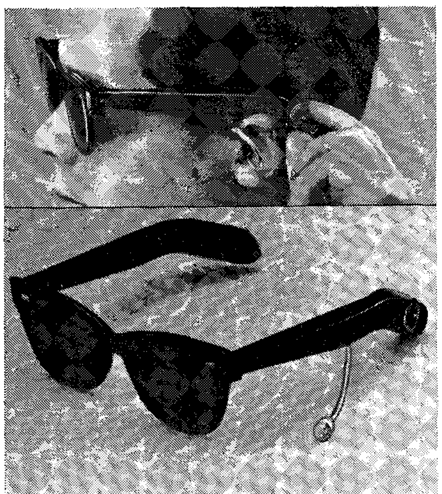

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march along that dullest of canals, the Scomenzera, when a customs inspector, lean and sallow-faced, stepped in front of us. Oh dear, what now? I thought.

"Doctor," he said.

"Well!" I replied, pretending to recognize him.

But he must have read my look, because he said, "Don't you remember me, Doctor? I am Sergeant Folchi." Another man in uniform, this one ruddy and short, came up. "And this is Zori—remember him?"

I shook hands with them. "Of course, of course," I said. Slowly, out of the past, they came back to me. As a matter of fact, I had known them fairly well. Once, we had taken a long trip to a beer factory together. I introduced Huguette to them. "She just arrived from Greece," I said, "and now must leave with the first train to Paris. We are walking to the station."

"Not stopping in Venice?"

"No," Huguette said in a sad voice.

"When does the train leave?" Folchi asked.

"At eleven-thirty-five."

He stared at me for a moment; then, assuming an authoritative tone, he turned to Zori and said, "Run out and get Lupo di Mare to stand by." Zori hurried out. "Come," Folchi said to us. "I'll take you to the station with the launch and show the Signorina a bit of Venice."

Huguette looked worried.

"Eleven-thirty-five, right?" he said.

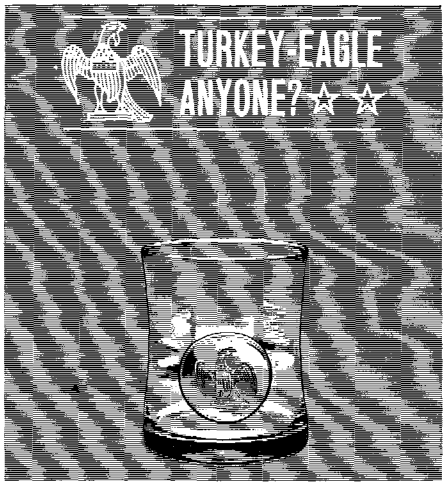
In a few minutes, we were aboard the launch—a highly polished, powerful, and fast boat with the flags of the Italian Maritime Republics flying astern, spanked by the wind. It was a boat used to overtake smugglers of tobacco. It forged ahead and, after describing a perfect semicircle, began its ride down the Giudecca, leaving a big wake.

"Slow down a little," Folchi said to the young man at the wheel. "Those gondoliers are swearing at us. We don't want to upset them."

We went by the point of the Salute and stopped at the pier of St. Mark.

"Four minutes," Folchi said.

Hand in hand, Huguette and I ran to the Piazza by the lane I had taken the first time I came to Venice, and when we arrived I didn't look at it as much as I looked at her eyes. Thus, vicariously, I recaptured—in part, at least—the sense of wonder that had struck me long ago. We hurried back to the launch and headed up the Grand Canal. The lights frolicked in the water, stirred by blades and keels and hulls of all descriptions. We stirred it



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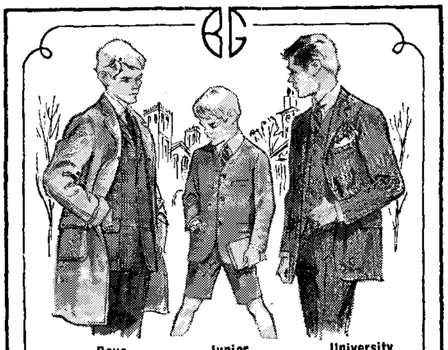

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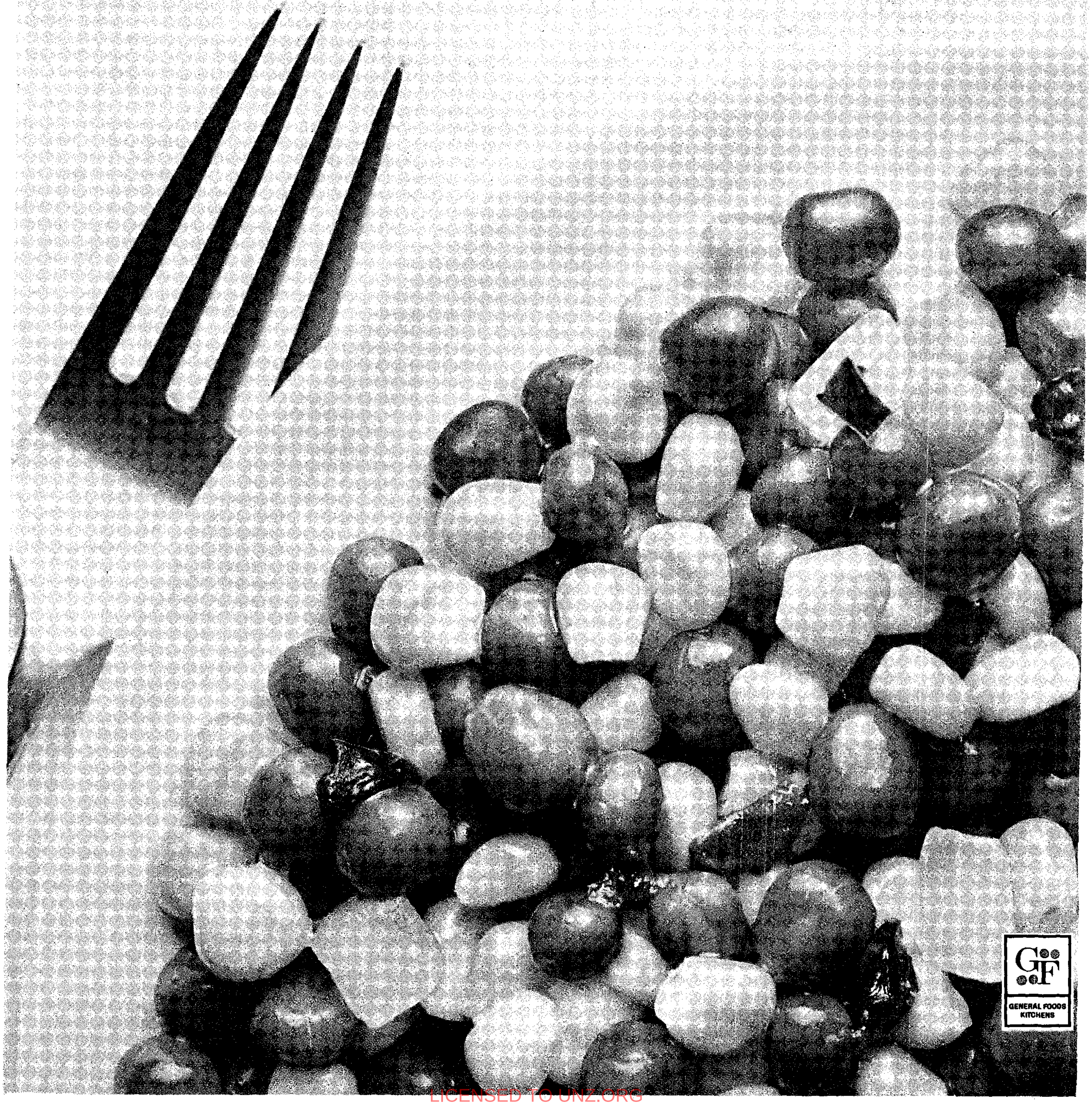

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the most. Much too fast, we sailed up that curving waterway. The palaces appeared and disappeared in quick succession. Our speed seemed almost disrespectful. I sympathized with the gondoliers who shouted at us. Now we were under the bridge of the Rialto. "We are midway up the Grand Canal," I said.

Huguette looked at her watch.

The Sergeant assured her she'd be in time.

The tour took on the aspect of a race. Our only brake was the fear of causing too much of a wash. I felt disturbed, and yet also exhilarated. "There's the Cà d'Oro," I said to Huguette. By the time she had turned, it was behind us. "The Scalzi," I said, just before the station. There really wasn't any time for comments—in a moment, we were hopping ashore. Gratefully, if frantically, we shook hands with Folchi, Zori, and the pilot of the launch; then we rushed to the train.

It was about to leave. She scrambled in—I pushed her, bag and all. She leaned out the nearest window. "It was so good of you to come. Thank you, thank you!" she shouted. "But I feel terrible to have made you come all the way from Florence for only half an hour. Thank you, thank you, thank you, but I'm sorry."

"Oh, don't feel sorry for me," I called out to her.

The train began to move. I waved goodbye. She was already distant, out of hearing, almost out of sight. "Don't feel sorry for me," I murmured. "Am I not in Venice?"

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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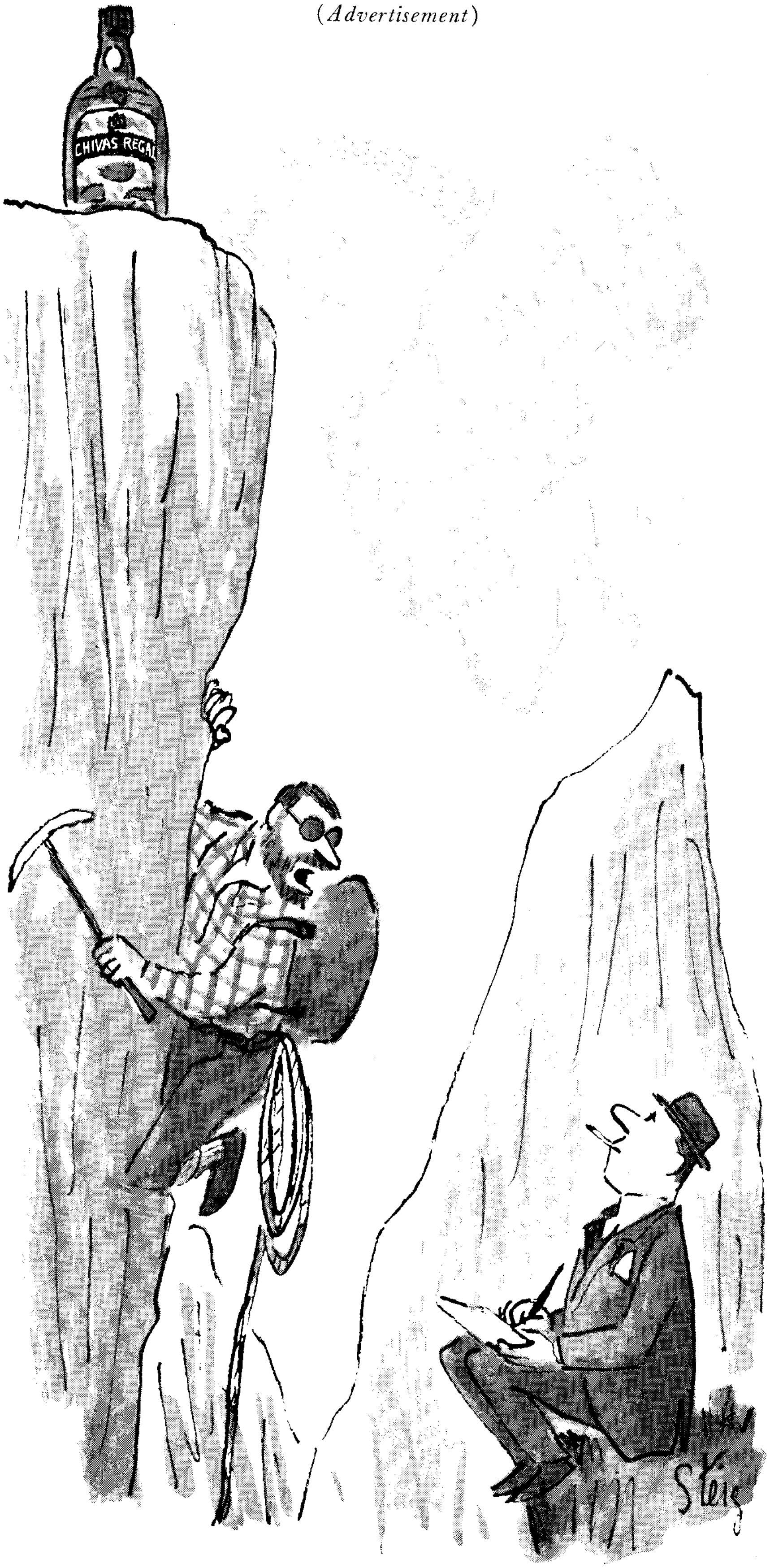

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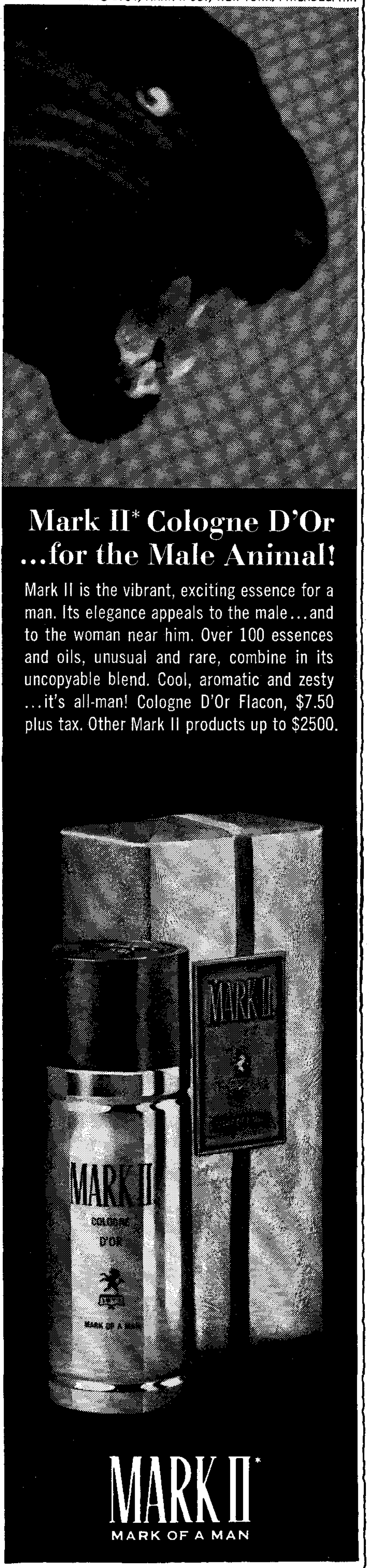

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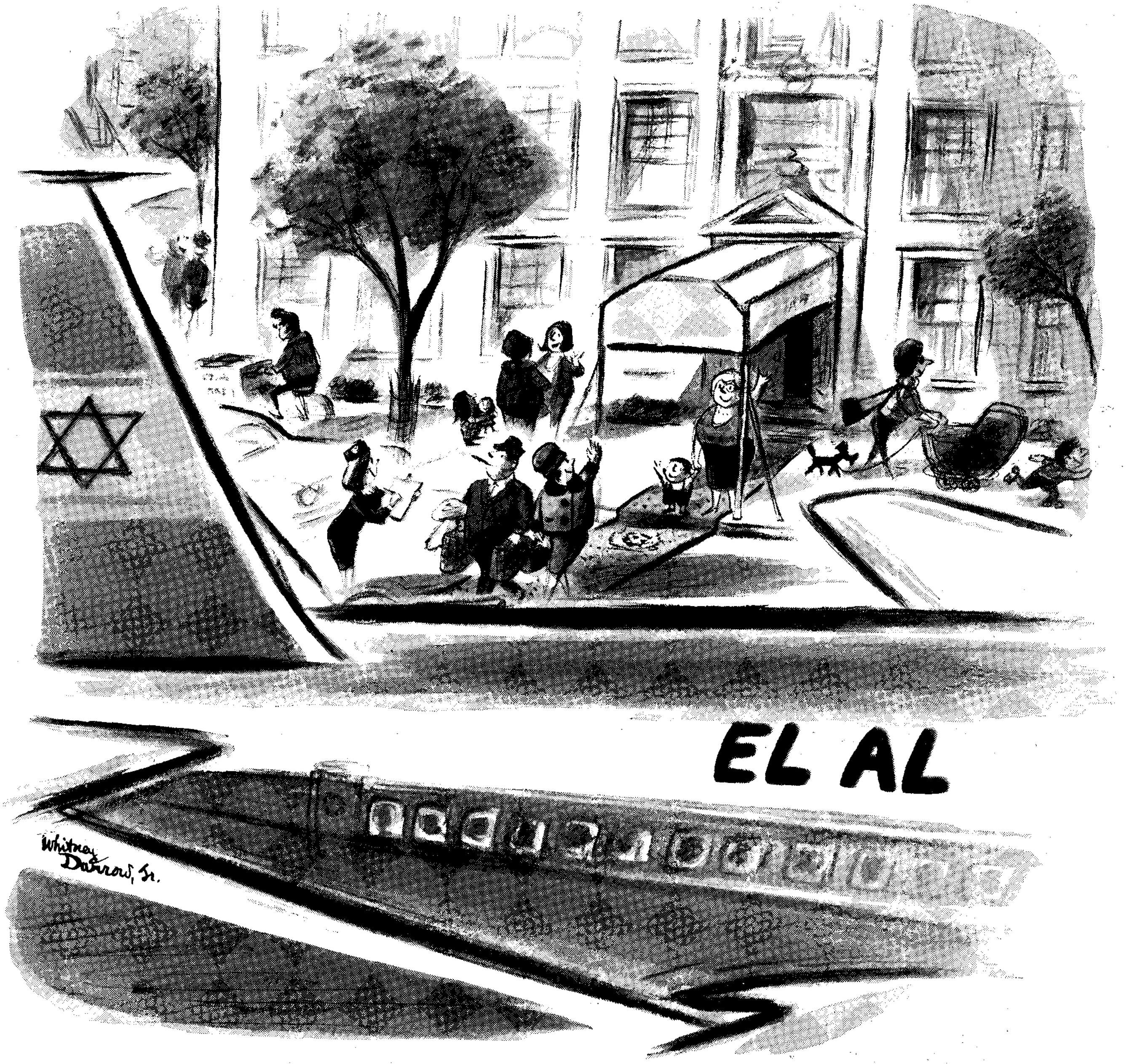
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

L—SALT LAKE CITY, UT.

ALT., 4,327. Pop., 189,454. Nothing could make a Mormon happier, either in this world or in the next, than to have everybody become a Mormon. "The world headquarters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the official name of the Mormon Church—is here, and sixty-three per cent of Salt Lake City's population is Mormon," a practicing Mormon recently told a non-Mormon, in Salt Lake City. "This gives us a considerable head start in spreading the gospel, and we are not shy about spreading it. Why should we be? We have seen the light, and we would like others to see the light, too." Visitors to Salt Lake City often find the light blinding. The strongest beams shine in the heart of the city—in Temple Square, a ten-acre, block-long compound of Church buildings, including the Temple and the Tabernacle, that is bounded on one side by the Hotel Utah (owned by the Mormon Church) and on another by the Hotel Utah Motor Lodge (owned by the Mormon Church), and is catercorner to the site of the Kennecott Copper Corporation's new eighteen-story building (on land owned by the Mormon Church). Salt Lake City's streets, which were laid out by Brigham Young, are immensely broad, and they are all labelled North or South, East or West in relation to Temple Square. Just outside the gates of Temple Square, and a block from where he used to live, Young himself, in bronze, stands in the wide center of Main Street. He is the kingpin of a monument commemorating his founding of the city, in 1847. Everyone crossing Main Street at Temple Square sees Brigham Young, and the general feeling in Salt Lake City is that Brigham Young sees everyone. He is facing south, and his left hand is outstretched. East of him lie the jagged Wasatch Mountains, which he crossed with his pioneers after they were driven from Illinois; when he saw the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, it is said, he cried, "This is the place! Stop here! We will make roses bloom in the desert." Thousands of small ranch-type houses have bloomed on the lower slopes of the Wasatch, many of them built along the edges of set-backs, or benches—formerly beaches of the ancient and long-since-dried-up Lake Bonneville. The ranch houses gleam uniformly in the sun. To Young's west are the Oquirrh Mountains, also jagged. Their lower slopes are gashed by tier upon tier of Kennecott Copper's open-pit Bingham mining operation—the largest of its kind in the world. The pit is referred to by local residents as "the thumbprint of a giant"—a description that will do until a better one comes along. Also to the west is the Great Salt Lake, which is slowly receding, as Lake Bonneville did, and now has a salt content of twenty-seven per cent. Non-swimmers have nothing to worry about; they just float. South of Young lies the great valley itself, now irrigated, and crammed and cluttered with civilization, including, far in the distance, near Provo, the vast Geneva Works of United States Steel, glowing with open hearths and molten fire. "The scene is both curiously Alpine and curiously modern, and yet my eyes kept coming back, again and again, to the buildings of the Church," one visitor has remarked. "Everything seems to take second place to the Church buildings, and within a minute of leaving my hotel and crossing into Temple Square I knew I was in a city that felt it had a mission—a sort of holy city. It gave me a funny feeling, way out there in the mountains."

THE Church is ready for visitors to Temple Square. It relishes the opportunity to expound on Mormons and Mormonism, and, at intervals throughout the day, sends over to the Square brisk, crisp, impeccably dressed young Mormons—mostly business executives, insurance men, contractors, and the like—to guide small clusters of tourists around the grounds, which are neatly tended and are shaded by sycamores, locusts, ash, and horse-chestnut trees. Beds of tulips bloom in season. There are "No Smoking" signs everywhere. Many of the tours begin in the Tabernacle, a huge, aluminum-domed structure resembling the upper half of a zeppelin sliced lengthwise. "I can't begin to tell you what a pleasure it is to meet with all of you today," a young guide recently told a group of visitors who had gathered in highly burnished brown wooden pews at the rear of the Tabernacle. The guide's pants were sharply pressed; his tie, snug in its tab collar, had a perfectly formed tiny knot. He smiled a strange smile—half evangelical, half hail-fellow. "The last thing in the world we would want you to do is to leave here thinking that we are saints and that you are aints," he said. "But



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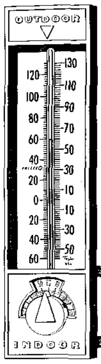

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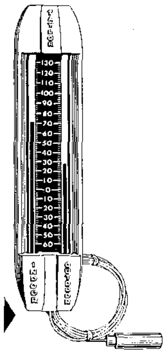

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The guide paused, glanced around the Tabernacle, and went on, "We are in a mighty building, which, except for the aluminum dome, was built in the wilderness between 1863 and 1867—two hundred and fifty feet long, a hundred and fifty feet wide, and eighty feet high. The interior is constructed throughout of crisscrossed and latticed timbers, held together solely by wooden pins and rawhide, and it holds anywhere from eight thousand to ten thousand souls. The organ at the front of the Tabernacle is made of yellow pine and mountain mahogany, and has ten thousand pipes. Our famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir sings here." The strains of "America the Beautiful," played by the organ and sung by the choir, filled the Tabernacle. Someone had put on a recording. "Acoustics are our special delight," said the guide when the music had ended. "If you will observe that man way up front there in the choir stall, you will notice that he will drop an ordinary nail upon the floor." A man standing at the front of the hall dropped a nail on the floor. A great, resonant sound filled the hall. "And now he will merely rub his sleeve," said the guide. The man rubbed his sleeve. A great, resonant sound filled the hall. "Perfect acoustics," said the guide. "Behind you, to the rear, you will have noticed a glass-enclosed section. This is our Crying Room, and mothers bring their infants here during meetings and concerts and let them cry to their hearts' content. Not a sound is heard in the auditorium. You can imagine what a baby's cry would sound like in *this* hall." He smiled his strange smile.

"Every knee shall bend, and every

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tongue shall confess,” the guide said suddenly. “Let us step outside to the Sea Gull Monument.” He and his group stepped outside, and he pointed to a tall granite shaft topped by two bronze sea gulls. “We owe a great deal to the sea gulls,” he said. “In the winter and early spring of 1848, our pioneers planted five thousand acres of grain. All went well until immense swarms of crickets arrived. They began to destroy the crops. They were about to wreck the dream. There was nothing to be done. First the colonists tried to drown the crickets. Then they tried to burn the crickets. To no avail, to no avail. And then the colonists prayed. They prayed fervently, and from the west came the gulls, and they destroyed the crickets and saved the crops, and the colonists prospered, and survived the winter. So you can see how we feel about sea gulls.”

The guide moved his group across a lawn until they stood near a tall, six-turreted gray granite structure with countless curtained windows, some oval, some arched. “I now bring you before the Temple,” he said. His voice had changed noticeably. It was lower and more intense, and he appeared to be having difficulty keeping it under control. “I should like very much to take you through our Temple, but I cannot. Only Mormons in good standing can go through the Temple. We must go to our bishop, and he will look us in the eye and ask, ‘Are you morally clean?,’ and if the answer is affirmative we can enter the Temple.” It was obvious that the guide’s bishop had looked him in the eye and not found him wanting. “I will have to take you on a mental tour of the Temple—not that it’s secret, just sacred,” he went on. He seemed to be regaining some of his old poise. “You must use your imaginations as I now take you through. It is a beautiful place—one of the thirteen Temples of the Mormon Church, and the only one in Salt Lake City. You can see the angel Moroni, his trumpet raised, gleaming on the topmost turret—two hundred and ten feet in the air. Moroni was the son of Mormon— But that’s another story. The purpose of the Temple is to guarantee that Mormons retain their essential individuality, their essential personalities, throughout eternity, and that they be prepared for the Resurrection and for useful lives thereafter. When we enter the Temple, we don white Temple clothes. The men separate from the women. Our baptismal font is a thing of beauty; it is in the basement. We set great store by baptism by proxy—baptism for the

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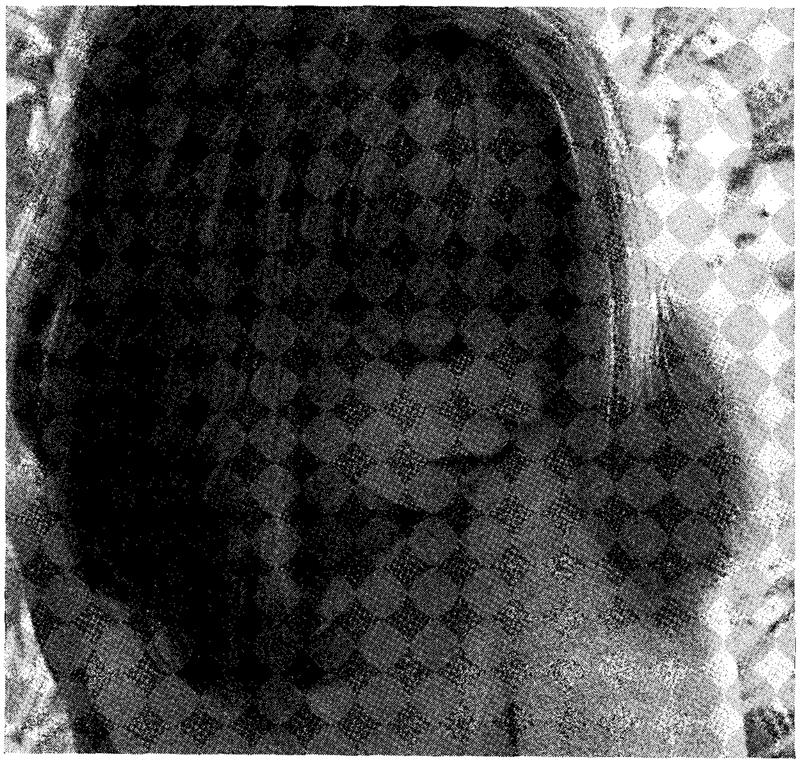

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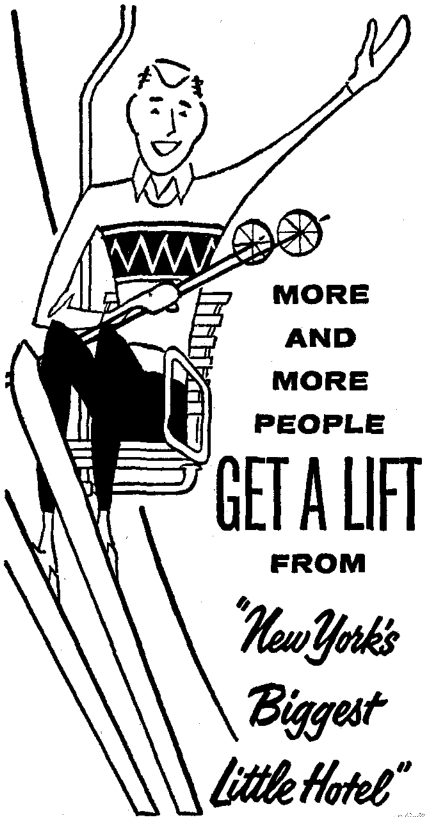

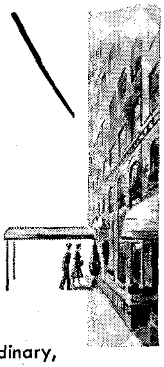

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dead, that is. When we have our family records straight, we wish to make certain that every one of our ancestors—going way, way back—is baptized, and we can accomplish this for them. Ordinarily, when I go into the Temple I go through its wonderful, magical rooms with beautiful murals. First, the Creation Room—picturing the world being made. Then the Garden of Eden Room, where we contemplate the Fall of Adam. Then a room representing the world we are now in—the World Room. Next, a room depicting the world after the literal Resurrection. He will come and He will stay one thousand years and there will be peace. And, finally, a room that pictures what this earth will be like after the thousand years. This is a room for cleansing and purification, and this earth will become a new earth and a new Heaven. It takes three hours to go through the Temple, and the Temple is closed on Sundays. Going through the Temple provides a sacred course of instruction, and I only wish that you could go through—all of you. And I hope the day will come when all of you *will* go through!" He tightened the knot in his already tightly knotted tie. "Can you conceive what it means to me to be at peace, to have no loose ends, to know that in Heaven I will be a man, and my wife will be a woman, and I will be with my children?" he asked. "Well, I must get back to my office now," he said, and he left the group at a brisk half trot.

Non-Mormons have no difficulty visiting chapels of the Mormon Church. They are welcome at any time. There are Mormon chapels all over Salt Lake City, and their numbers increase every year. "Welcome, brother," a young, neatly attired Mormon said not long ago to a non-Mormon who had dropped into a chapel in a suburb of Salt Lake City. "Has anyone told you of our missionary work? No higher calling can come to a young Mormon youth or girl than to spend eighteen months to two years in this country or abroad showing people the peace and comfort of our Church. I spent a year and a half in the British Isles a few years back. Up at six-thirty every day. Made many converts. I brought them a certainty they had never known. I tied up loose ends. I brought peace of mind." The young man said that he now worked during the day in a department store and devoted his evenings to Church activities. "The Church is everything," he said. "The Mormon Church tithes, you know—takes ten per cent of each pa-

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rishioner's annual income. We do the Church work with this—a vast welfare program, many activities, many new chapels. Some people say potato salad has built the chapels—buffet suppers, you know—but it's a lot more than that." He laughed strangely. "Our Church is divided into small units of wards, or parishes, and larger units of stakes, or dioceses, and a ward bishop has a dossier on everyone in his ward—a record of church attendance, tithing, and so on. Bishops seem never to stop working for the Church!"

Mormon chapels are similar in appearance but not identical. Each contains a hall for worship, a combination basketball court and drama area, and classrooms for religious instruction, and is topped by a simple spire, without a cross. The interior is multi-level and architecturally complicated, and often a parishioner showing a visitor through a chapel will pull back a curtain on an interior window, saying, "Below is our baptismal font," only to reveal a stunning basketball court. Mormons take basketball seriously, and have the largest intramural basketball league in the country. In Salt Lake City, many of the players require oxygen, owing to the high altitude. Display cases in the chapel lobbies are filled with maps showing where local ward and stake missionaries are currently conducting their activities; with photographs of the missionaries; and with bronze plaques and figurines, often in the form of basketball players, commemorating athletic honors that the chapel has been awarded.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was a strong believer in the practical lessons to be derived from a study of the beehive. The knobs on the two entrance doors of his restored home—Beehive House—are embellished with a beehive motif. The Hotel Utah is topped by a metal beehive, which is illuminated at night in many colors. The Genealogical Society of the Mormon Church, a few steps from Temple Square, is, in its own busy way, a beehive itself. Here, throughout the day, hundreds of people make persistent efforts to set their family records straight. "Welcome, brother," a man at the Genealogical Society recently said to a non-Mormon stranger. The genealogical man's tie had a small, neat knot. "This is a highly complicated operation," he went on. "Here we keep the basic records of the deceased. No stone is left unturned. Our people are all over the civilized world photographing every record they can lay their hands on—town lists, probate records, deeds of all

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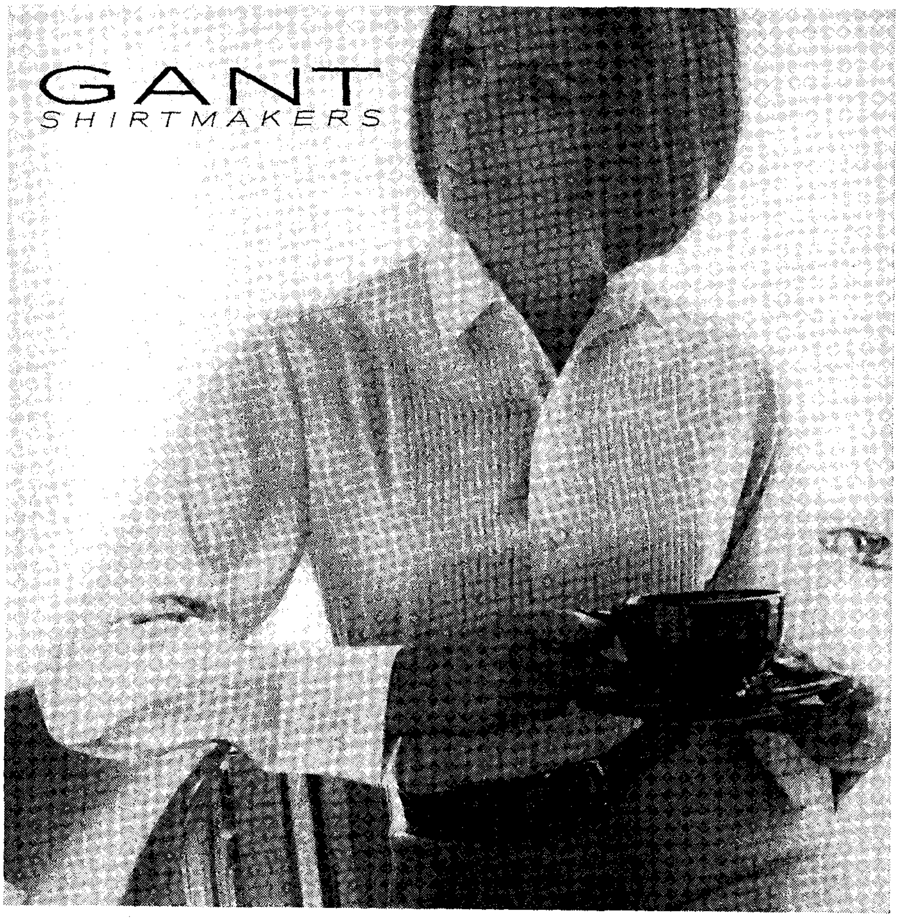

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sorts, family histories, documents of births, marriages, and deaths. All over the United States, and in Sweden, Denmark, Great Britain, Mexico—name the country—we are tracking down our ancestors. We will go back to town records of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. We have microfilmed five hundred million pages of records—*five hundred million*—which take up three hundred and sixty-one thousand rolls of microfilm, and those rolls are here in Salt Lake City, for the use of Mormons who come into our library to track down relatives. *Every* relative. They want to make certain that everyone in their families is baptized, is ready. They also want to make it possible to engage in a sealing ordinance. This is a difficult concept for a non-Mormon, but in essence it is a ceremony that places an entire family together as a unit for all eternity. Of course, the deceased person may accept or reject the ceremonies we perform here. We have no control over this. The least we can do is get the matter in shape. It is possible that the spirit world does not know what we are doing in its behalf. What an avalanche of paperwork! People come in here and, after extensive research, fill out white family sheets. Come!”

The genealogical man led his visitor into a long, dimly lit room in which more than a hundred men and women, mostly elderly, were huddled over microfilm-reading machines, turning the knobs that turned the rolls of film to bring the family histories into view. They were in touch with the dead. “They are seeking their relatives,” the genealogical man said quietly. “There are two hundred and six machines in this room, and there is barely a moment when they are not all being used. We have four and a half million family sheets here alone.” The man was whispering now. “And we have some twenty-seven million file cards for use in the Temples. I am staggered myself.” He and his guest tiptoed from the room. “Of course, we also provide a rush service for persons who are passing through Salt Lake City with little time to spare and who wish to fill out a family form,” the man said. “We provide expert counsel, and act with great dispatch. The Church charges for none of these services. It's the least we can do for our dead.” The man stood still for a moment, thinking. “I want to take you up in the hills,” he said, unexpectedly. “That is where we are preserving the negatives of our records for all time.”

The visitor found himself speeding

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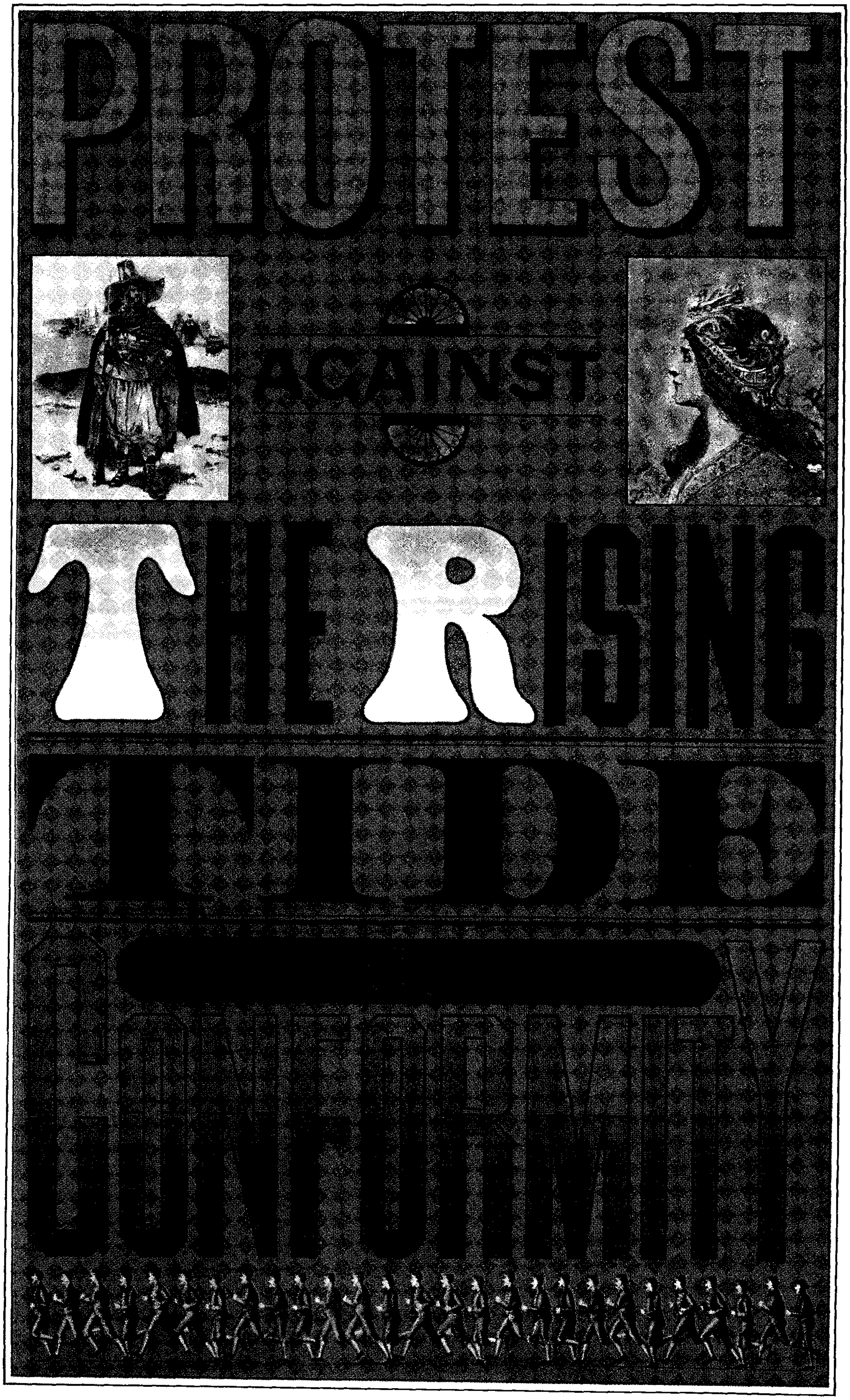
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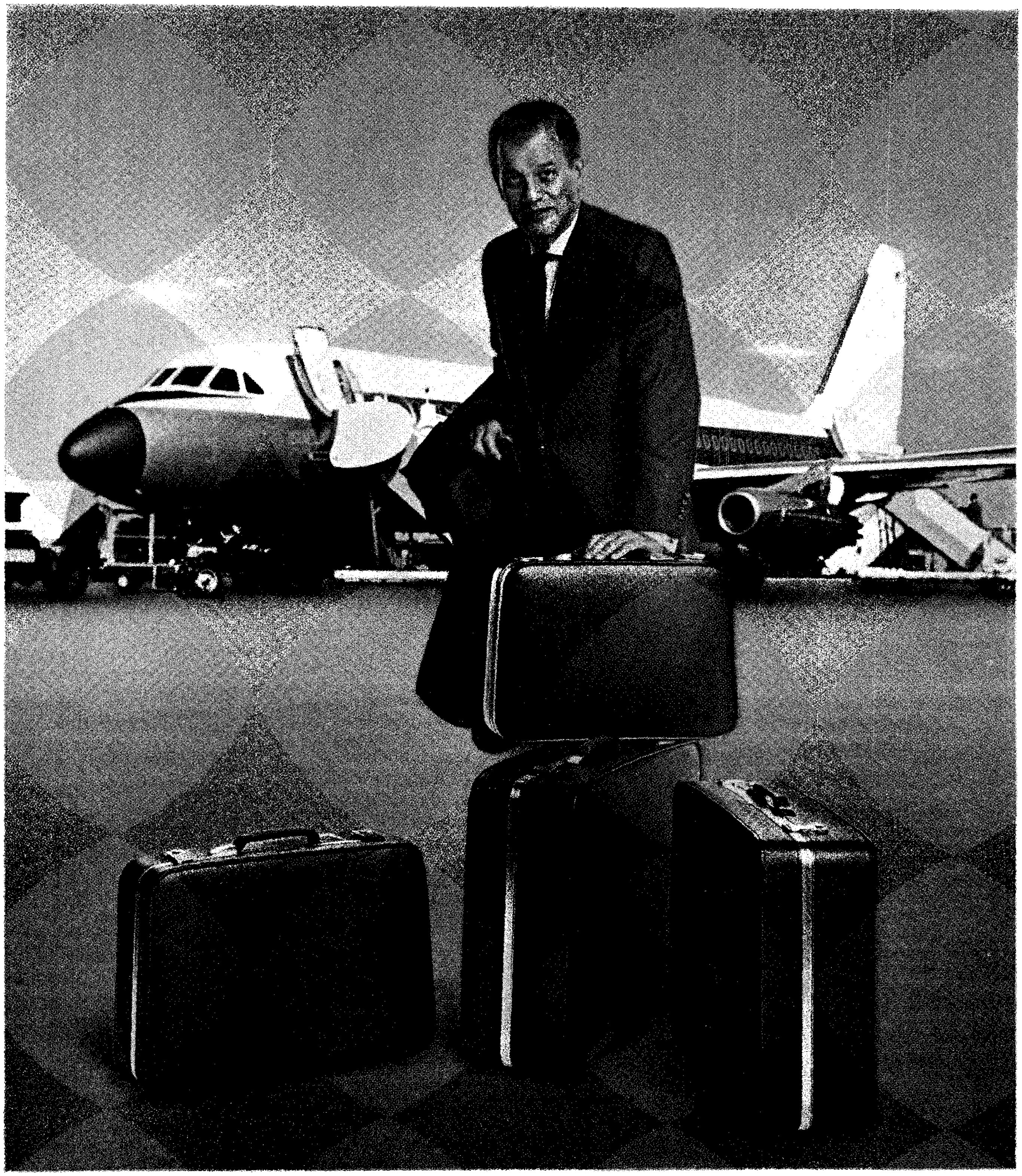

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out of the city toward the Wasatch Mountains, and then into Little Cottonwood Canyon, high above the city. Sheer cliffs of granite rose on all sides; Temple Square lay far below. "The original granite for the Temple was dragged down from this canyon by oxen," said the genealogical man. "The Temple took forty years to build, and hard work and struggle and true faith. Now we have built vaults up here, deep in this same granite, to make certain that nothing happens to our precious records." He and the visitor swung up a steep roadway hacked out of the side of a mountain, and stopped in front of four tremendous arched doorways of glass and concrete set into the face of the mountain. "The vaults stretch out behind, far behind," said the genealogical man, leading the way through one of the doors, and then through a service-and-office area, and finally through six long vaults, each constructed of cement with a concrete backing and a corrugated-steel lining, and each painted a different pastel shade. "We are six hundred and seventy-five feet below the top of the mountain," the man said. "Each of these vaults is a hundred and ninety feet long and twenty-five feet wide. Each is built to *last*. Each will contain one million microfilm rolls—the names upon names of the dead. We are taking no chances. We are ready. Maximum-security bank-vault doors seal off the vaults from other sections of this underground complex. It is always cool down here—from sixty-five to seventy-two degrees, with humidity between forty and fifty per cent. In the event of an atomic blast, special triggerlike arrangements will instantly close off the vaults. There will be no entry of radioactive materials. There will be no contamination of *these* records! No expense has been spared, no stone left unturned. Curiously, our engineers found water far back in the granite rock when they were building the vaults—a clear mountain spring—and we have put a poollike reservoir back there to hold the water and supply our needs. Many microfilm rolls have already been brought here, and there are many, many more to come. Millions of dead, millions yet to die. Hear the echo." He cried, "Hell-o! Hell-o!" "Hell-o! Hell-o!" came the echo.

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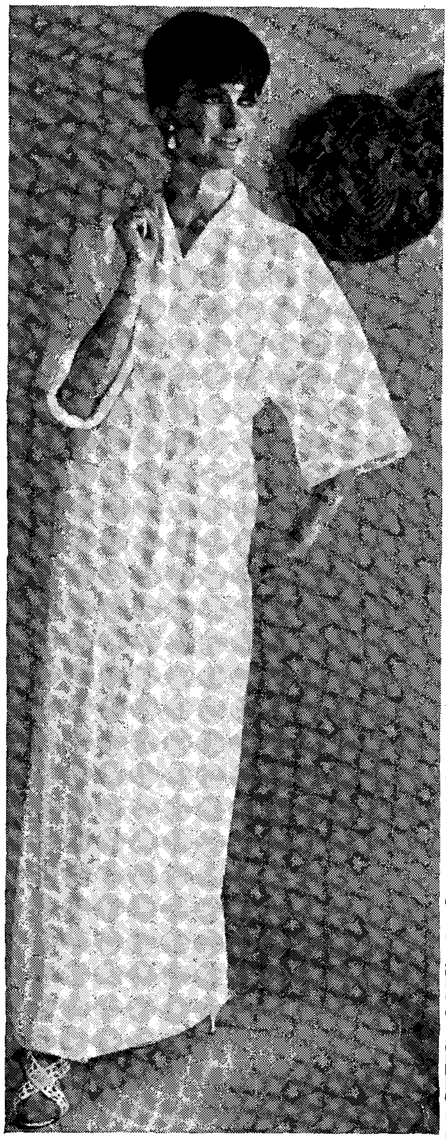

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First Presidency, and the First Presidency, which is the governing echelon of the Church, is composed of the President, the First Counselor, and the Second Counselor. The President was slightly indisposed; he is in his tenth decade on this earth. Mr. Brown is in his ninth decade. He greeted his visitor in a huge ground-floor office in the Church Administration Building, an imposing Greek Revival structure a few steps from Temple Square, the Hotel Utah, and Beehive House. Two clocks adorned the walls of the office. Sand slowly sifted into the bottom chamber of an hourglass on the First Counselor's desk. There was no ashtray on the desk. Family pictures were everywhere. Ivory knickknacks adorned the tops of bookshelves. A polar-bear rug covered part of the floor. "Good morning, brother," said the First Counselor, gripping his visitor's hand. His clasp was viselike. His cheeks were ruddy. It had obviously been years since he had been troubled by any loose ends. The First Counselor said he had been at work since six-thirty—so much work needed to be done, and there simply was not enough time in which to do it. "Missionary work is constantly on my mind," Mr. Brown said. "We are concentrating on South America. We believe in the democratic process and self-help. We send our wonderful young people into strange places to come into close contact with the people. Organization is constantly on my mind; one can do nothing without organization. I work on the matter of organization all the time. We have come a long way here in Salt Lake City. Travellers would pass through in the old days and would criticize us. We, in turn, would inquire whether they were or were not Mormons. Those days are gone. Our appeal is to the notion of a living God, not a distant one but a living Person, close to all of us. This comforts us, along with the thought that we will be with our loved ones forever and ever. The family unit will remain; the love will be there, all through eternity. Above all, we are well organized." He pointed out a sign on his desk: "The Glory Of God Is Intelligence." Then he looked at the two clocks on the walls and glanced swiftly at the hourglass. "The sands may be running out for me," he said, and then added, his voice booming, "But I have a seven-thirty appointment!" For just a moment, he seemed abstracted. "I'll tell you this," he said. "If I ever get over to the hereafter, I'll come back and tell you about it."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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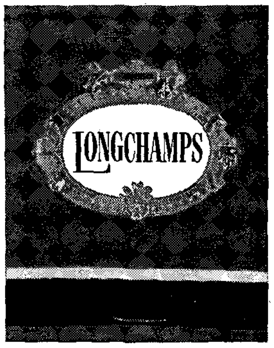

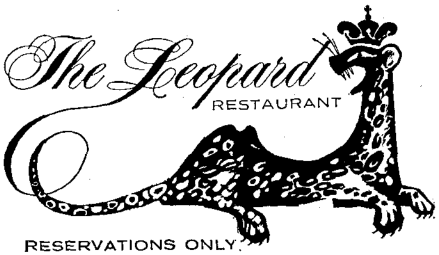

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Horns of Plenty

ON Wednesday evening of last week, in Philharmonic Hall, Hermann Scherchen got well into the baroque repertory, and since he is famous for his recordings of the music of this period, it was not surprising that a huge audience turned out to hear the small orchestra that performed under his baton. For those who love the sound of the brilliant little baroque D trumpet, it was an occasion for rejoicing. Mr. Scherchen had arranged a program containing a Concerto for Three Trumpets, by Georg Philipp Telemann, a Concerto for Two Trumpets, by Francesco Manfredini, and a Concerto Grosso for Six Trumpets, by Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel, all of which were accurately and glitteringly played by two or more of the soloists—Robert Nagel, Theodore Weis, Ronald Anderson, Donald Benedetti, Raymond Crisara, and Wilfred Roberts, Jr. There was also some music without trumpets—Mr. Scherchen's own adaptation of the incidental items written by Henry Purcell to go with Settle's "The Fairy Queen" (a seventeenth-century adaptation of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"); Handel's Concerto Grosso in G Major, Opus 6, No. 1; and Vivaldi's Concerto for Four Violins in B Minor, which suffered considerably from bad intonation, and even imprecise ensemble playing, on the part of the four violinists. The audience was rapturously enthusiastic. All the same, I could not refrain from some mean thoughts. Baroque music is today a cult, and a large one. There are many who collect baroque recordings as they would stamps, according to their rarity rather than their quality. Actually, there is a wide variation in the importance of the music of this period; Bach, Handel, Purcell, Monteverdi, and a few others stand out as geniuses, but quite a number of their contemporaries are formula-ridden composers of no great distinction. Telemann, for example, seems to me a fourth-rate composer by the standards of any era, and I have always found Vivaldi remarkably monotonous. On the other hand, last Wednesday night I found the Manfredini opus interesting, and the Stölzel work something more than that. It seems to me a shame, however, that

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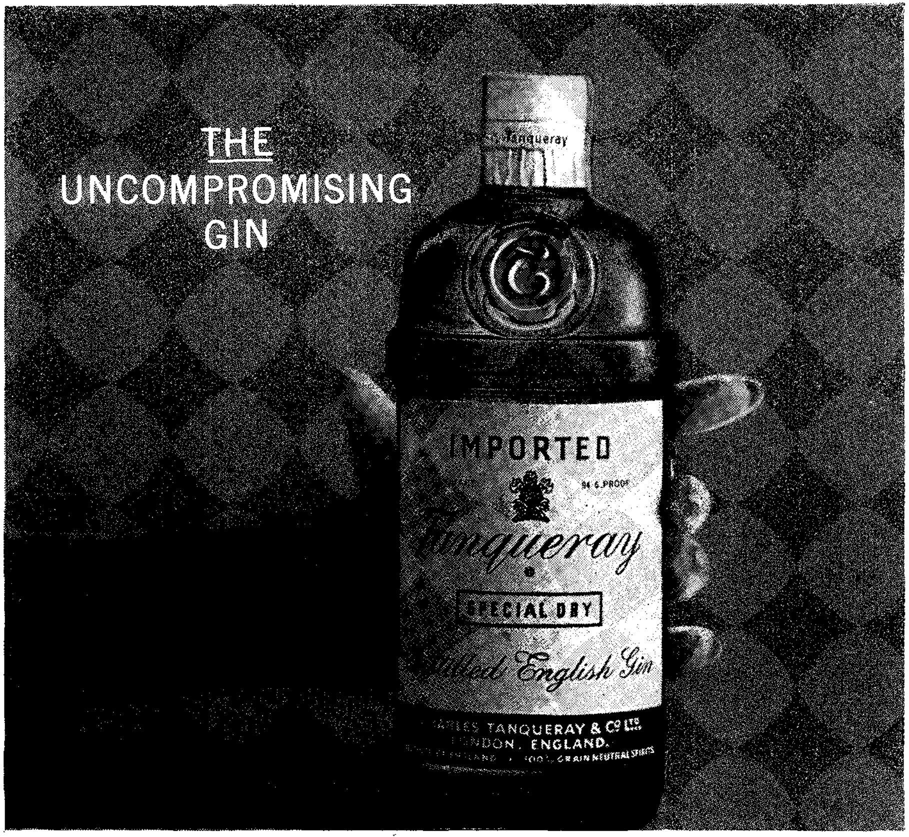

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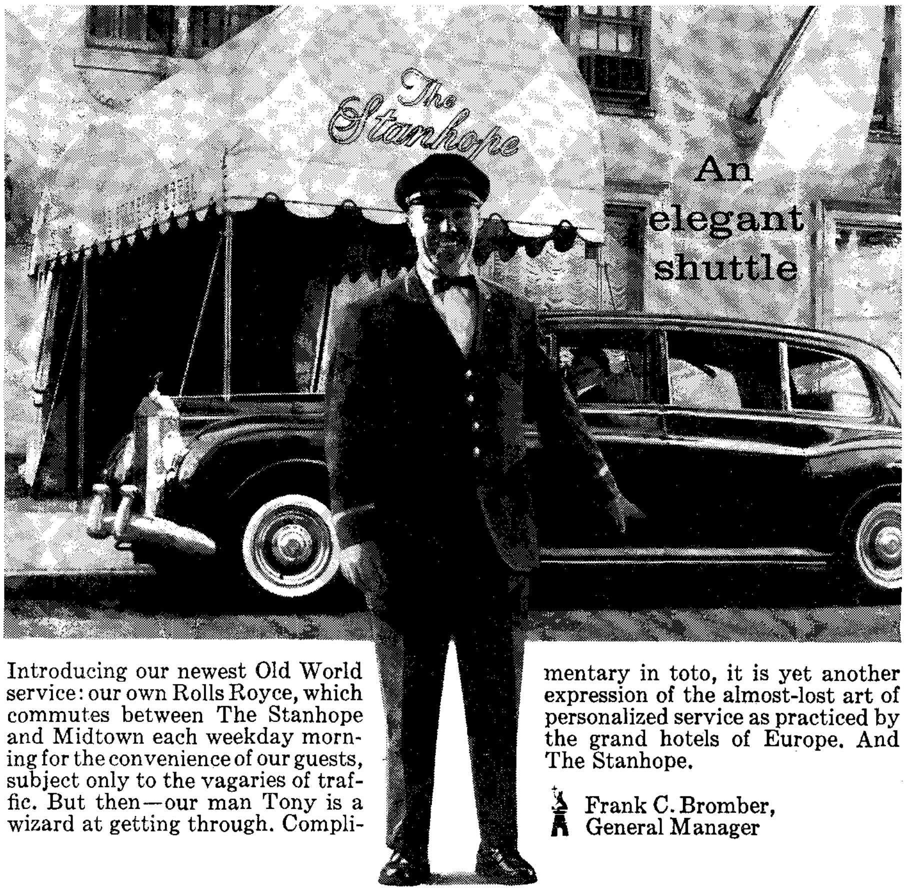

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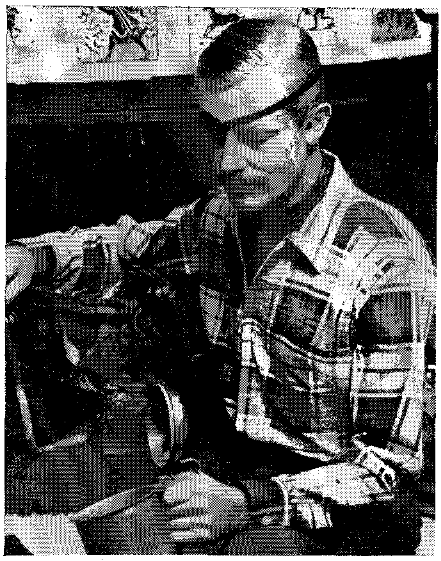

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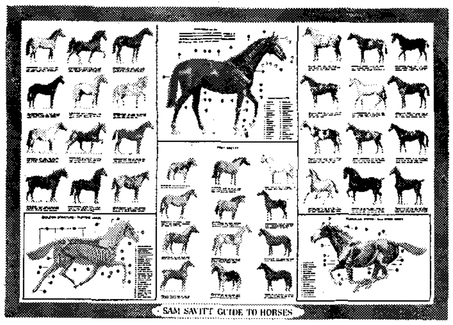
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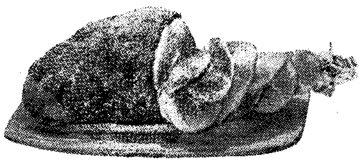
Mr. Scherchen—one of the greatest conductors of our time—should devote so much of his short visit here to a type of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music that was written long before conductors had any importance and that scarcely needs his services, expert though they are. I should like to hear Mr. Scherchen in a Mahler or a Bruckner cycle. *That* would be an affair to remember.

ON Friday night, the Metropolitan trotted out Gaetano Donizetti's delightful *opera buffa* "Don Pasquale," preceding it with a performance of Fokine's "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and staged by Alicia Markova. Of the latter, it may be said that though it was not exactly brilliant (except for the work of Hans Meister, the performance's male dancer), it was a very creditable offering for an opera-house ballet troupe, and it far outshone what one sees of this sort in most European operatic institutions. As for "Don Pasquale," it was given a production to beguile the eye (there is always Wolfgang Roth's wonderful set—a small stage that revolves before the audience, with the characters on it—and there was a lot of amusing business), and I suppose it was effective by the standards of the moment. Fernando Corena, however, hasn't the agility demanded by the score for the title role, and he did his own vastly simplified version of it, which might be described as more *buffa* than *opera.* Gianna D'Angelo had sprained her ankle, and so I will not comment on her performance as Norina except to say that it was fully adequate under the circumstances. Frank Guarrera is an experienced Dr. Malatesta, and he went through his stage routines deftly, but his voice was full of gravel. That left Luigi Alva's Ernesto, by far the best job of the evening, and his full-throated, idiomatic bit of Italian tenoring did a lot toward redeeming the performance from a vocal standpoint. Silvio Varviso conducted "Les Sylphides" at the pace of a funeral march, and in "Don Pasquale" succeeded in making the excellent Metropolitan orchestra sound like an assemblage of amateurs.

ON Thursday evening, in Philharmonic Hall, the New York Philharmonic started its first six-week term under the direction of William Steinberg. As always happens when a guest conductor comes along, the tone of the orchestra underwent a transformation—in this case, from the light,



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crisp sound produced by Josef Krips to Mr. Steinberg's weighty, sonorous, sombre, and very Germanic one. The works on the program were well suited to this sort of treatment. Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and Brahms' Fourth Symphony had imposing readings that didn't always take account of the pianissimos. The other work was Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 6, which was done well enough but which is a composition I have never learned to love.

EARLIER in the week, on Tuesday evening, the Chilean National Ballet made its New York début at the New York State Theatre, presenting its version of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" and an ethnological ballet called "Calaucan," to a tape-recorded score by Carlos Chávez. To me, "Carmina Burana" remains one of the most original and utterly charming compositions written in the twentieth century, and it was a pleasure to hear the music again, even though the company's conductor, one Victor Tevah, whose name I had a great deal of trouble locating in the program, failed to achieve the steady tempos on which so much of its effect depends. The doings on the stage could not properly be described as ballet or as modern dance. They stemmed from the old Kurt Jooss Ballet, of which the Chilean company's artistic director, Ernst Uthoff, was once a prominent member, and they had the emphasis on facial expression, pose, pantomimic gesture, and so on that has always—and not too happily—characterized the Central European notion of what ballet is all about. The scenery and costumes were exceedingly handsome, and the participants equally so. But I like my ballet to be full of dancing, and to convey its message through dancing, and in these respects the Chileans failed me. True, there were a few modest ballet steps here and there, but there was no such choreography as John Butler has concocted for the version of "Carmina Burana" that was on display at the City Center until a few days ago. "Calaucan" is one of those earnest affairs dealing with birth, fertility, Woman, cataclysm, oppression, betrayal, more oppression, and massacre, all set to loud thumping on the percussion. I did not enjoy it.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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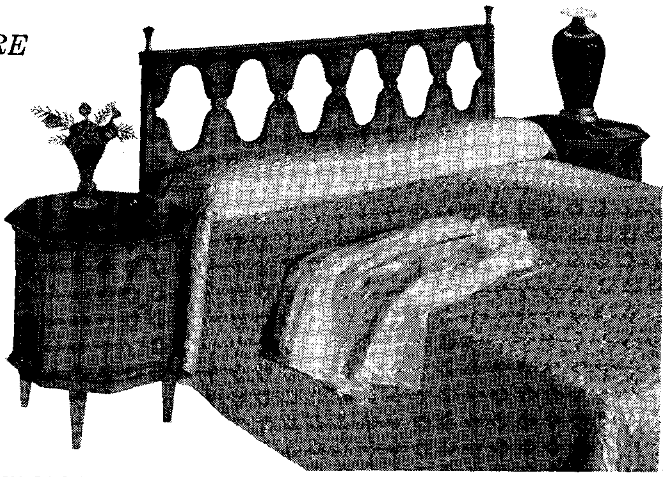

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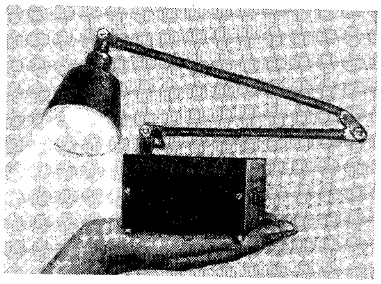

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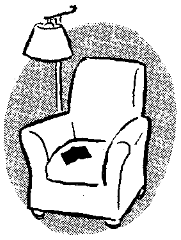
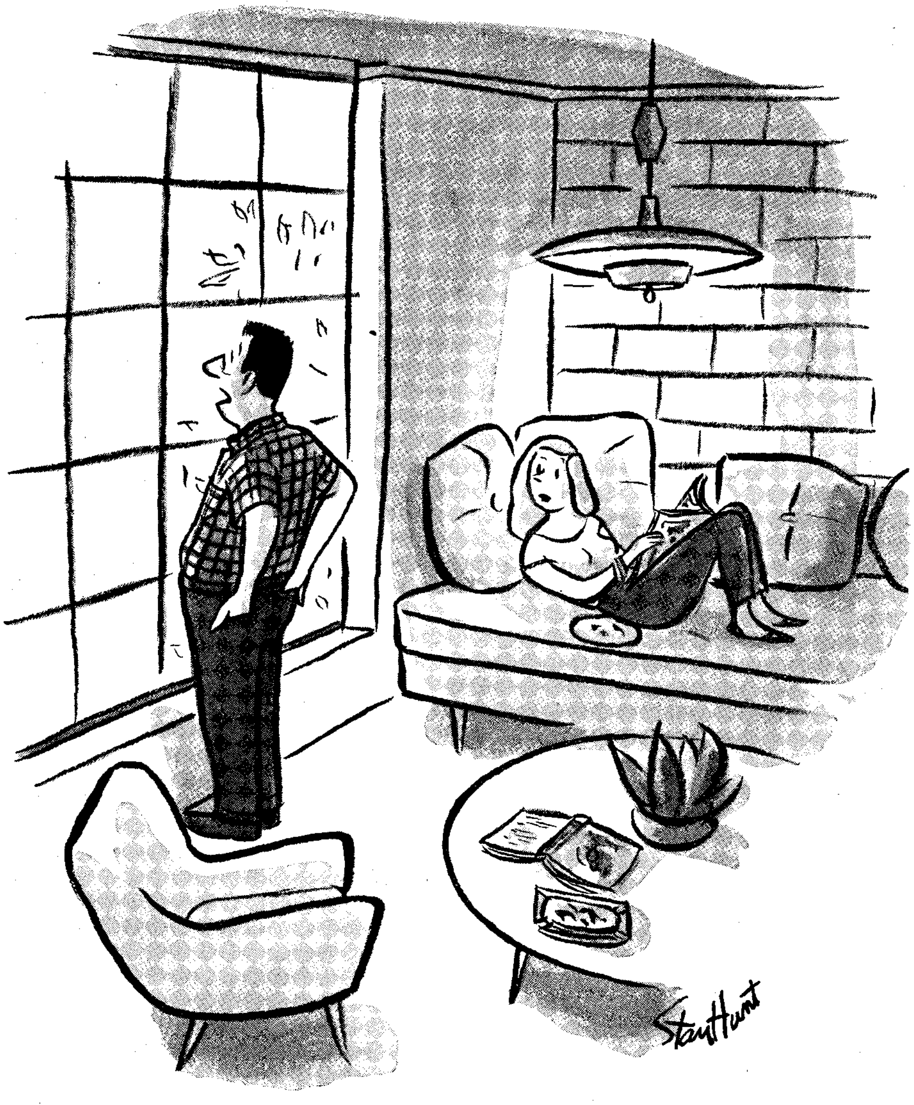


Dean (of Columbia University) Jacques Barzun's latest book, "Science: The Glorious Entertainment" (Harper & Row), has both the strengths and the weaknesses of a brilliant cartoon. There is wit, clarity of line, elegance, and irony, and there is also exaggeration for effect. Indeed, one is often led to wonder how Dean Barzun intends some of what he has written to be taken. Is he being funny, serious, mischievous, rhetorical, inflammatory, philosophical, metaphorical, or all of these at the same time, or all of these one after another? His introduction is not entirely illuminating. In describing how he is using examples, he notes, "That is why, in the present work, which is primarily descriptive, and which, like its predecessors, often uses for illustration not what is merely typical, but what is especially worthy of regard, I sometimes employ the rhetoric of argument—the form that most naturally incites the internal action called thought. To the reader it should not greatly matter whether or not he agrees with the conclusions I reach. The point of offering them is to reduce confusion and provide a spur to reasoning. For the aim of a critic, *beyond that of saying what he* thinks, is to make two thoughts grow where only one grew before." As the Italians say, *"Se non è vero, è ben trovato."*

Despite lapses into capriciousness, apparently for the sake of provoking the reader, and despite what I feel are some clear-cut misunderstandings about the quality of modern science, Barzun's book has a real fascination and serves a real purpose. Just because he is not a scientist, he can, without the restraint one might feel if one were actually engaged in one of the sciences, flail away at the numerous suppositions that underlie the modern scientific enterprise and its influence on society as a whole. And most scientists would accept and endorse most of his analyses. For one, there is his discussion of the contemporary attitude toward The Machine (or what he calls Techne). As he emphasizes, never before has there been a society so ready to surrender itself to The Machine. Science-fiction writers have long speculated about societies of machines that are plotting to take us over. But here, as elsewhere, they have underestimated the true phenomenon; man is apparently engaged in a pell-mell race to build machines, like the electronic computer, that will take over his functions one by one. I would be among the last to downgrade computers when they are used with discretion and tact as an aid to research, but their effects on many disciplines—both quantitative ones, like physics, and non-quantitative ones, like literary stylistic analysis—have often been simply disruptive. Some problems are posed merely because they can be programmed for a computer and not because they are in themselves interesting. (I have been asked, when I was working in a research establishment, whether I could *think* up a problem for the local computer, because it seemed a pity to keep it idle. In fact, inasmuch as machines are getting faster and more numerous, one wonders whether there can possibly continue to be enough sensible problems for them to go around.) Yet as striking as the impact of computers and automation has been on scientists and scholars, it is nothing to what it has been on society in general. For one thing, scientists have not been displaced by computers—at least, not yet. (As a graduate student, I once asked the late Professor John von Neumann whether he thought computers would replace the mathematician. His answer was "Sonny, don't worry about it.") But automation is changing the whole concept of labor. Manual labor, especially in large factories and assembly plants, is slowly disappearing. It has been pointed out that the muscular disorders that are concomitants of the more traditional forms of work are now being supplanted by the nervous breakdown. The human



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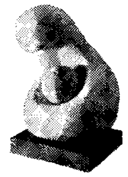

WH-1. MOTHER AND CHILD—WALTER A. HANNULA (American Contemporary). Replica of a 2 piece stone original. 8¾" high. **$37.50**

ST-X. CHINESE VESSEL. Original in bronze. Private Collection. Ht.: 10¾". **$10.00.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)

1016. THE KISS. By Auguste Rodin (French, 1840-1917). National Gallery of Art. Ht.: 12½". Original reproduction by Rodin. Reduction in bronze. **$37.50.** (Shipping — express collect.)

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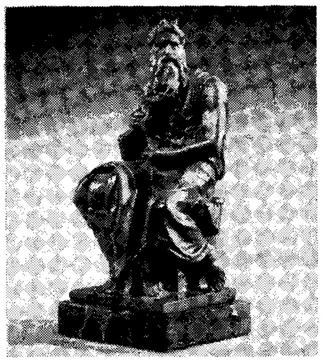

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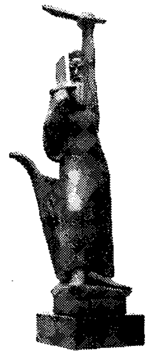
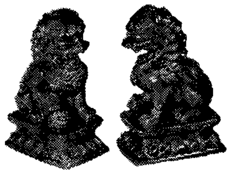


MM-1. ISAIAH. By Moissaye Marans. (American Contemporary). Original in metal. Ht.: 22". **$37.50.** (Shipping—express collect.)



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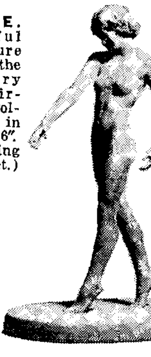

V-30. NUDE. This graceful dancing figure was done by the contemporary sculptress, Virginia Morris Pollack. Original in bronze. Ht.: 16". **$35.00.** (Shipping —express collect.)

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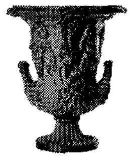

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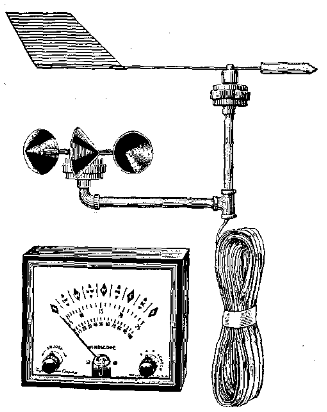

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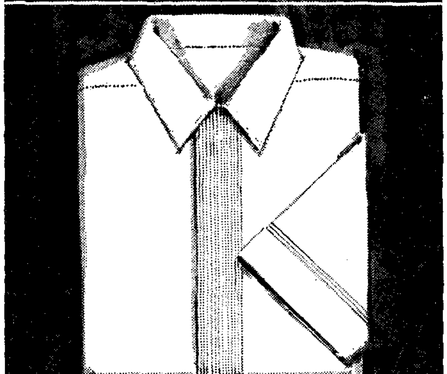

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nervous system has not evolved to the point where it can stand the strain of a job whose primary requirement is pushing buttons every so often to keep a complex machine in line. Barzun puts this situation very well:

> The machine in any case forces us to unceasing self-defense. We use up life in response to signs, being artificially surrounded by matter in violent motion. Our sorry integument is never more than an inch away from things that burn and crush, cut and poison; we move among charged wires, adapt our speed to their commands, and remake our thoughts in the image of their broken idiom. We look for the light, heed the buzzer, turn the dial, distinguish color and symbols on lamps and cards, remember numbers and codes, decipher acronyms—no purpose is exempt: pleasure, travel, domesticity, the *pursuit of art and learning.* We perish, nullified, if we lose the serial number, the trade name, mislay the key or ticket or device or formula or token.

And he adds:

> These are the requirements that overwork our nerves and make them an object of perpetual concern in common speech. Techne has relieved our muscles of strain at the expense of our nerve-ends. But our disorder is even greater than we admit, for in place of traditional work techne has made us pursue extraordinary forms of non-work. The primitive task of exerting force and mind upon some material object has disappeared in the abstraction of symbols on paper. In work other than farming and mining—and sometimes even there—men are busied with signs; they neither toil nor think but watch and tend. Across the nation they form a collective nervous system for the muscles of the machine. What they give is alertness to signals in order that other signals may be transmitted in turn; everything depends on the "flow of information" on "data processing." We may see in this something like a projection of the railroad signalman in his tower, abstracted into a collective, impersonal anxiety and agitation in the dark.

A return to the non-technological past is impossible short of a global cataclysm, and a moment's reflection will convince most people that it would hardly be desirable anyway. Most of us are much better off than we would have been in any past society except under very special circumstances. Barzun calls the idea that we can have at one and the same time the technological simplicity of the past and the numerous advantages of the present the Fallacy of Utopian Addition. If one accepts the benefits of technology, one must pay the price, but that is all the more reason to question whether a particular apparent technological advance makes us happier, richer people or just increases the appetite for further meaningless acquisition and futile leisure.

It might be imagined that a scientist

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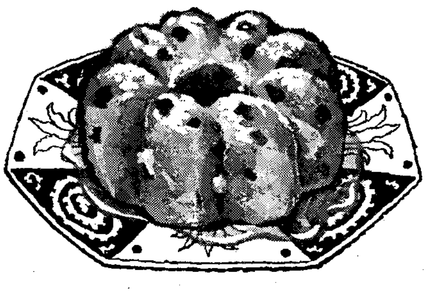

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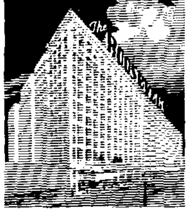

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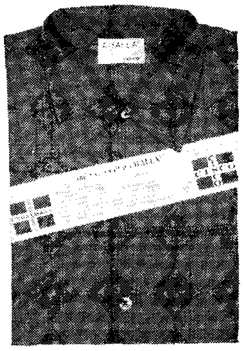

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looking about our Scientific Age would find no end of satisfaction in what he sees, for everywhere there are the manifestations of science and scientists at work. But the pleasure of this prospect is soon tempered by the realization that much of what he is looking at is not really science at all but a new kind of semiquantitative, jargonistic pseudo-scholarship that is merely masquerading in the costumes of science. As a rule, the scientist who comes upon this spectacle simply turns away from it and goes on about his own particular task. One reason is his attitude of live and let live toward people who appear to be well intentioned and who are figuratively (and sometimes literally) his colleagues. Barzun does not turn away, and watching him at work on pseudo-science with scalpel and crowbar is a delight. In example after example he shows how glibly and uncritically applied "scientific method" simply produces pompous distortions of common sense. An especially nice one is his account of a project "at a large and renowned institute which nestles close to a leading university in the midwest," a project that "brought together businessmen, academics, and civil servants to study Originality." The report of the conference read, in part, "Organizations, including business organizations, need creative talent. In April, 1958, businessmen and social scientists met together to examine research which had been done on creativity and conformity." This is what they found:

> People high on originality are usually high on intelligence as well.... Original people tend to prefer the complex.... Original people tend to have more energy and effectiveness.... Group pressures inhibit originality; groups discourage deviate (*sic*) opinions.... These pressures are at work in all organizations.... Original people do conform to group pressures, but they conform less than unoriginal people.... There are different kinds of conformity behavior. The kind which occurs depends upon the personality of the individual and on the situation in which he finds himself. Support for a deviate opinion, however small, reduces the amount of conformity.... There are steps that management can take to increase originality.

We are surrounded by pseudo-science. The newspapers, television, books, and even the visual arts bombard us daily with impressions that have merely the shape of scientific truths and discoveries. The mind reels and rebels, and one is tempted to cry out, with Sir William Petty, a contemporary of Newton, "As for Pitty, let it bee applyed to ye Ignorance, Incapacity & small obstinancy of ye World."

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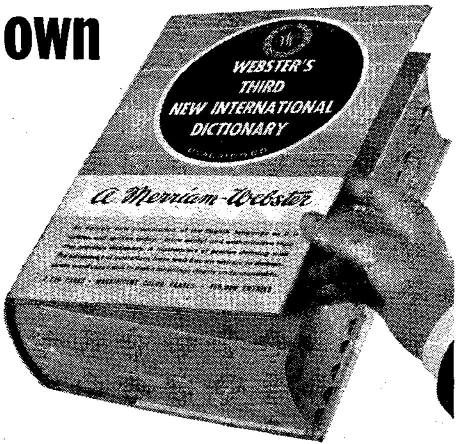

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that it can be put into quantitative statements that are testable. Scientific truths never disappear; an experiment done honestly and reliably will, no matter how many times it is performed, produce essentially the same answer. With this in mind, Barzun observes that the belief that, say, the behavioral sciences have not borne fruit because they are "young" does not hold water. "There is," he says, "no such thing as a young science; there may be a small science or a short science, such as mathematics in Greek times or chemistry in the early nineteenth century. What was known was little, but every bit of it was genuine in form and most of it solid in contents." One may not agree with Barzun's blanket statement that the "social sciences today have yet to show one universal element or one controlling 'law,' one unit of measurement, one exactly plotted universal variable, or one invariant relation," but the opposite view—that human behavior can be summarized in simple mathematical laws—is hardly less of an exaggeration.

Because genuine scientific truths can never disappear, scientific theories are never entirely discarded. It is a misunderstanding to say that twentieth-century physics (i.e., the theory of relativity and the quantum theory) has "refuted" Newton's laws, if by "refuted" one means that these laws have been entirely displaced. Newton's laws were invented to deal with the relatively slow motions of massive objects (slow compared to the velocity of light and massive compared to the mass of an electron), and as long as they are applied to such objects they will yield predictions that are almost wholly valid—as valid, certainly, as is necessary for most of the applications of the laws by, for example, engineers. The new theories telescope into the old ones in their common domain of application. Niels Bohr called this fact about scientific theories the Correspondence Principle. When he devised the quantum theory of the orbits of electrons in atoms, one of the ingredients that went into his derivation was the principle that the new laws should agree with the old ones wherever the old ones were valid. Likewise, the formulas of the theory of relativity dovetail smoothly with the formulas of Newtonian mechanics when the velocities of particles are truly small compared to that of light. It appears to me that a lack of appreciation of the connection between the new theories and the old ones has led Barzun to suppose that the new theories are more abstract and arbitrary than

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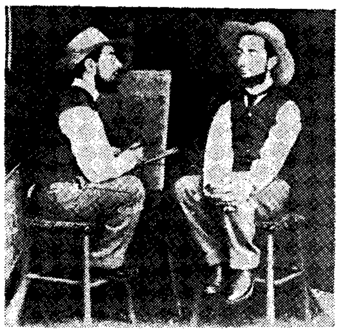

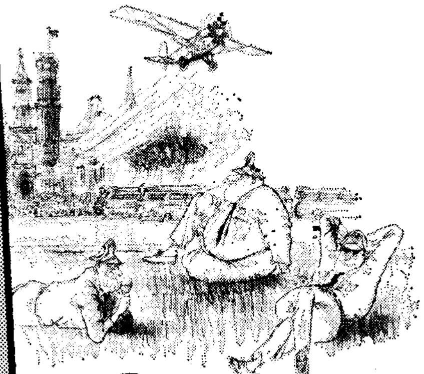

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they really are and that the old theories are simpler than they really are. He writes:

> If science had stood still on the apparently firm base of Newton's four laws, had only refined its measurements of conservation and atomic weights, had succeeded in subsuming electricity under mechanics and proving the existence of the ether, always increasing its power to predict until it filled out the grand system foreseen by the Galileos, Descartes, Newtons, Goethes, and Darwins, the peoples of Europe and America might shortly have mastered, if not the scientific habit of mind, at least the scientific vision, and the historian of ideas might have spoken with literal truth of a "scientific revolution."

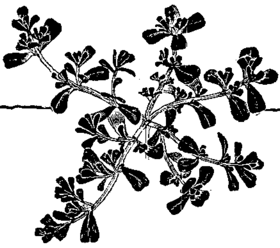
He adds:

> But just when it had captured power and authority, nineteenth-century science had to face insurrection within, a radicalism sprung from the anti-mechanical facts of electricity. As these difficulties were tackled one by one and revealed the strange workings of both the subatomic and stellar worlds, the great vision broke up, the fragments became less and less graspable, specialties multiplied, the proofs by observation and common sense gave way to mathematical demonstration.

As if there were no mathematical demonstrations in, say, Newton's "Principia." Barzun's attitude toward modern science as revealed by this and other passages in his book reminds me of a distortion of Pope's "Essay on Man" that was popular when I was a student:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in
night
When God created Newton and
there was light.
But came the Devil and He, with a
mighty Ho,
Created Einstein, who restored the
status quo.

This is not to argue that modern scientific theories are simple. But the idea that the theories of the past are more intuitive and more solid is based on an optical illusion induced by the passage of time. Anyone, even a contemporary scientist, who studies Newton's "Principia," with its fantastic array of geometric arguments and quasi-theological presuppositions, acquires a better notion of just how difficult and just how non-intuitive it was. Yet with time the ideas of "classical" science become distilled and popularized, and they ultimately seep into the common-sense attitudes of both philosophers and the man in the street. All of this is put succinctly in a wonderful essay, "Modern Physics and Common Sense," that is incorporated in "Modern Science and Its Philosophy" (Collier Books), by Professor Philipp Frank, a distinguished physicist, philosopher of science, and



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biographer of Einstein. Professor Frank writes:

> A glance at the history of science also reveals that the wide gap between these two kinds of theory ["intuitive" and "abstract"] is not understood in the same manner at every period of the history of science. Thus, at the time of its discovery, Newton's theory of motion was regarded as an abstract, merely mathematical theory; in our own day, however, it is often cited as an example of an intuitive theory, especially when philosophers wish to establish the abstract character of the theory of relativity and of quantum mechanics by contrasting them with an intuitive theory. In truth, however, the alleged difference between Newtonian and relativistic mechanics depends only on the undeniable fact that the difficult and complicated calculations and deductions required for understanding Einstein's theory of relativity are not required for understanding the phenomena of everyday experience. For these phenomena can be formulated with the help of the more simple Newtonian theory of mechanics. Hence the statement that a theory like Einstein's is abstract and nonintuitive simply means that it is more complex than is necessary for a theory that need describe only the facts of daily experience.

And that is exactly the point. The new theories have come about because new experience has forced them upon us. The quantum theory was not the product of a physicist's whim; classical physics simply did not account for what happened inside the atom. Physicists, often with the greatest reluctance, were forced to rethink the foundations of their science. What resulted was not something less than Newtonian physics but something more—a new physics that included the old as well. It seems to me that it is just here that Barzun has failed to understand what modern science has accomplished. For he says, "True to the Faustian ideal in its elevated form, science seeks only to know; it is as pure as any human effort can be. It directs itself along any imaginative path, often one of negation, in order to make new—satisfying thus man's deep instinct of anarchy and perpetual revolution." The image created by this caricature is of scientists idly speculating here and playfully rearranging nature there. Indeed, in calling cience a "Glorious Entertainment," his is apparently just what Barzun does nean. In fact, he says, "Out of man's nind in free play comes the creation science. It renews itself, like the generations, thanks to an activity which is he best game of *homo ludens*: science s in the strictest and best sense a glorious entertainment."

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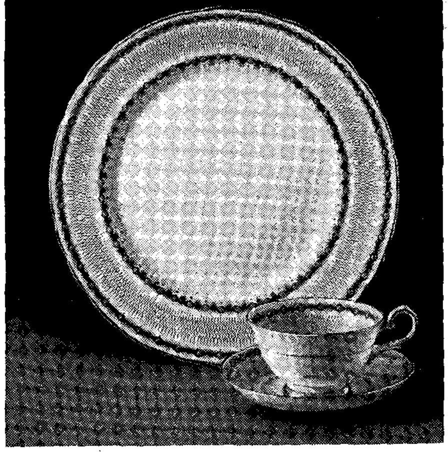

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of nature uncovered has revealed new order among the phenomena. The new laws are in every way as solid and as satisfying as the old, and they strengthen one's confidence that the mind of man is not too weak an instrument to grasp the fixed regularities in the universe. With Einstein, one can say, "The eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility."

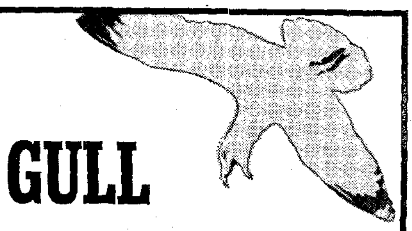
—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

ARABIA FELIX: THE DANISH EXPEDITION OF 1761-67, by Thorkild Hansen, translated from the Danish by James and Kathleen McFarlane (Harper & Row). The venture that Mr. Hansen here reconstructs from the letters, journals, and other writings of its participants was a pioneer exploration of Arabia, designed to scientifically illuminate the sources of the Bible (where, exactly, did the children of Israel cross the Red Sea?) and thus bring glory to King Frederick V of Denmark. It is a superb reconstruction—flawlessly organized, rich in narrative suspense, touched with irony. But it is also more than that. The expedition was at once a failure and a triumph, and Mr. Hansen clearly recognizes that the seeds of both were planted in the characters and the capacities of the explorers. Moreover, he so exquisitely examines these men—a lazy literary dilettante (Friedrich Christian von Haven), a highly skilled but touchy natural scientist (Peter Forsskål), a torpid physician (Christian Carl Kramer), an easygoing artist (Georg Wilhelm Baurenfeind), and an indomitable mathematician-astronomer-surveyor (Carsten Niebuhr)—that they take on life of an almost Dickensian distinctness. Indeed, Niebuhr, the only survivor of the expedition, emerges as one of the great men of the eighteenth century. Illustrated with maps and perspectives by Niebuhr and with engravings by Baurenfeind.

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, VOLUMES I AND II (Harper & Row). The first two installments (there are several to come) of a valuable document. Lilienthal's candid diary describes the author first (1939-45) fighting to defend and improve his Tennessee Valley Authority, and then (1945-50), with hardly time between to catch a breath, creating, as its first chairman, the Atomic Energy Commission. These books



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explain, at least in part, why Truman, like Roosevelt, couldn't think of a better man for the job at hand. For along with the expected uses of a diary—blowing off steam, expressing private hopes and fears, and recording assessments of friends and foes—Lilienthal employs his as a whetstone for sharpening his amazing professional skills; he summarizes, for his own edification, lessons learned, techniques acquired, and principles defined. Without having planned it, therefore, he has written a marvellous textbook of public administration. More to the point, perhaps, he has unself-consciously disclosed that David E. Lilienthal is not only efficient but wise.

LAUTREC BY LAUTREC, by Philippe Huisman and Mme. M. G. Dortu, translated from the French by Corinne Bellow (Viking). Although the text is more than a little pedestrian, and overadulatory as well, this book contains a good deal of material from hitherto inaccessible sources—much of it memorabilia of Lautrec's own, which explains the title—and is distinguished further by a wealth of carefully collated illustrations, to say nothing of dozens of full-color reproductions of Lautrec's work. Unfortunately, it is also stuffed with fragments of quotations from unimportant letters, repetitive reproductions of random sketches, and so on. Thirty dollars.

IBO VILLAGE AFFAIRS, by M. M. Green (Praeger). An anthropological study of an Ibo village in Nigeria, followed by some dubious theorizing about "the Ibo temperament." The village that Miss Green studied was so poor that no one owned a bicycle, but it was full of high spirits, and she enjoyed her stay. A preface bringing the book up to date (it was published in England in 1947 and is based on field work done in the nineteen-thirties) says, somewhat desperately, "Throughout the book Ibo should be Igbo."

NOTE: A collection of essays on art by Harold Rosenberg has been published by Horizon Press under the title "The Anxious Object." Most of them first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A KIND OF ANGER, by Eric Ambler (Atheneum). A Dutch reporter in the Paris bureau of an American news magazine is assigned to find and interview the fugitive French mistress of an exiled Iraqi Army of-

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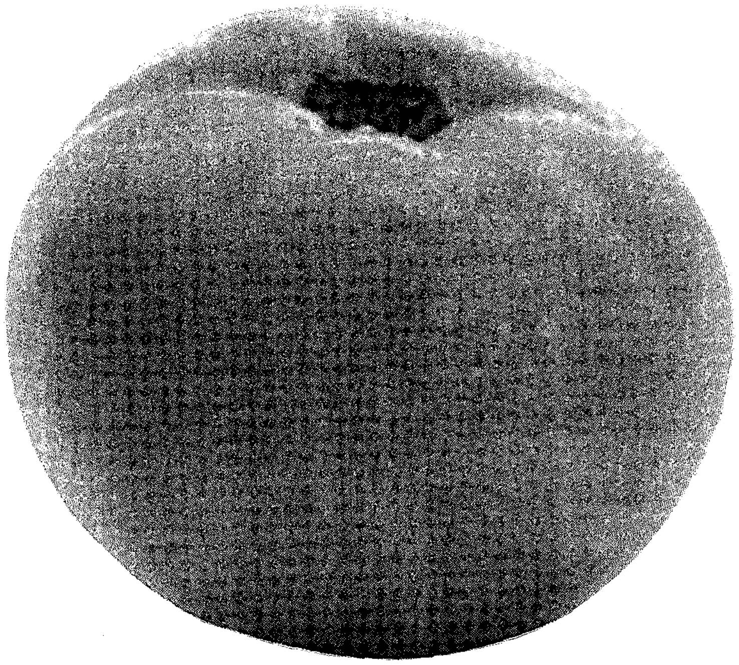

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ficer and Kurdish nationalist leader who was recently murdered in Zurich. Mr. Ambler's hero is, of course, an anti-hero—a neurotic, a moral and physical coward, and an aborted suicide. What is unusual is that the adventure into which Mr. Ambler plunges him is, though breathless almost to the point of strangulation, entirely lacking in violence. The quality, as always, is high.

FRIDAY THE RABBI SLEPT LATE, by Harry Kemelman (Crown). A first-rate mystery about the throttling of a pregnant housemaid. It is distinguished by fairness (no tricks), by real mystery, by plausibility, and by an amateur sleuth, Rabbi David Small, who uses the principles of Talmudic law to work his way to the truth. The scene is a small town thirty minutes north of Boston.

THE CHILL AND THE KILL, by Joan Fleming (Washburn). Wherever he lives and whatever his station, the true Englishman never fails to provide the unsurprised home atmosphere that is essential to the success of a murder in a civilized community. In this novel, an ugly little schoolgirl who is gifted with second sight keeps seeing things happen before they happen, and her squeaks of prophetic terror add something—not much, but something—to the grisly pall gathering over the pretty village of Marklane, which is so tiny that there is not even a post office, not even a pub where the London reporters can gather a bit of gossip. But there is all that local color, and all that menace, local and imported. The time is the present, more or less.

CALL AFTER MIDNIGHT, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). This foolish but engaging murder mystery has a Little Eva of a heroine (but a chic little Eva), two villainesses, one of them weak and one strong, and a nice assortment of heroes and bad men. The atmosphere is warm with money, and the scene is Connecticut and New York City.

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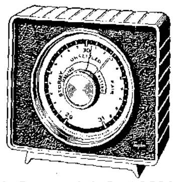

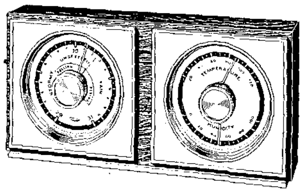

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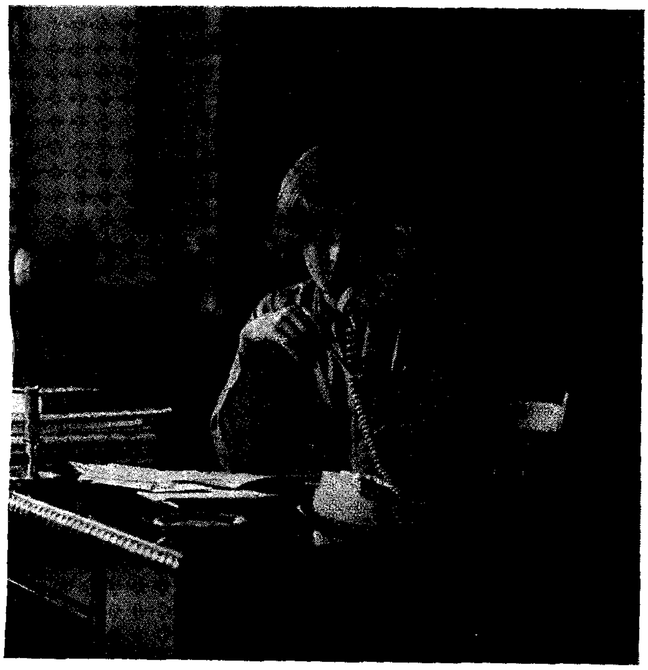

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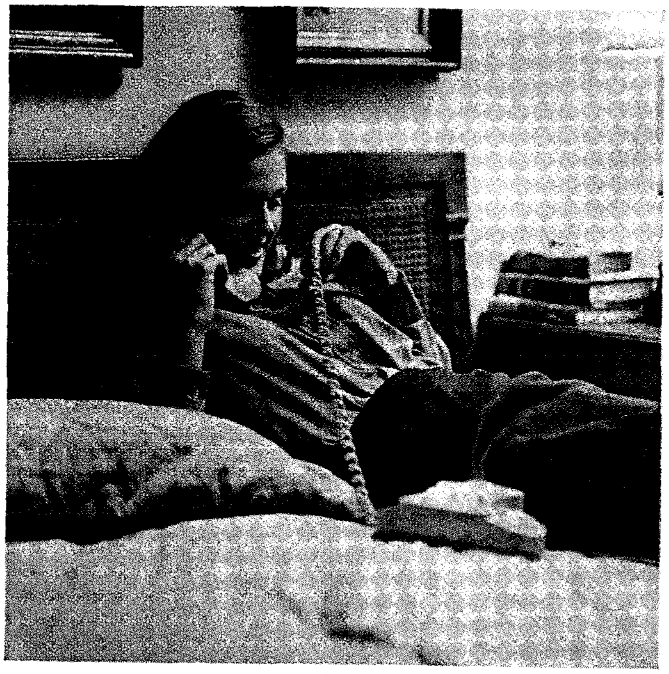

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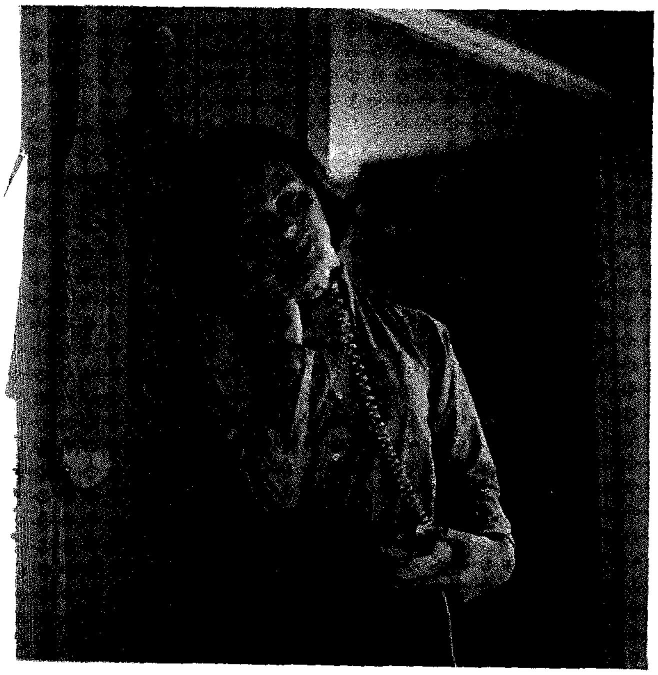

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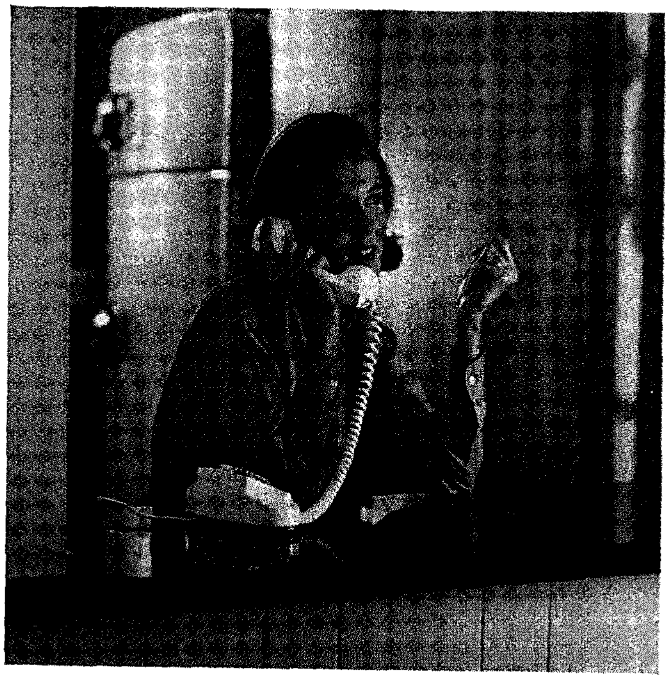

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